THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SWORDS AND ROSES

The Deep South—By Joseph Hergesheimer

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS NAST

The Battle of Lookout Mountain. Gen. Joe Hooker's Battle Above the Clouds

IT IS usual but not correct to regard the American Civil War and Virginia as synonymous. It is usual, in regarding the South at all, to think of it in the terms and within the bounds of Virginia, and that as well is far from comprehensive. The Civil War began, a great part of it was fought, in the deep South; the heart of the Confederacy was first held in Alabama. Later, Virginia became the principal theater of war; operations and the public mind were mainly concerned with Washington and Richmond; General Lee and Grant were ultimately placed above all other men; but the War of Secession was born in the deeper—in the deepest—South. It is a commonplace to think of it beginning in South Carolina, with the convention which, in December, 1860, at Columbia and then Charleston, repealed for the state the Constitution of the United States; but that, in turn, was largely due to the insistence of Mr. Hooker, from Mississippi, and Mr. Elmore, of Alabama. They were firm in the belief that if one state seceded it must automatically gain the consideration, the approval and support, of the cause of the whole South. And this Mr. Robert Barnwell Rhett, for South Carolina, was largely able to bring about.

He had, in reality, in 1850, presented almost the same course to his state; but then Andrew Pickens Butler was alive. Mr. Butler opposed his extraordinary gifts to secession and it failed.

In 1860, however, with Mr. Rhett as active as possible, supported by the urging of Mississippi and Alabama, South Carolina withdrew from the Union. Mr. Rhett was very radical, very bitter in his attitude toward the Republican victory that elected Mr. Lincoln—and, by inference, ended slavery in all the territories of the United States—and for that reason he was not raised to be president of the Confederacy. A convention of deputies from six Southern states met in Alabama, at Montgomery, the February of 1861. They honored Mr. Davis and made Alexander H. Stephens vice president, and drew up a constitution almost precisely like the one from which they had just withdrawn. The right of secession was completely ignored and, in the face of the declaration that the Southern states were acting in their sovereign and independent character, the Confederacy was declared to be permanent. Mr. Davis was drawn to his inauguration in a carriage resplendent with white horses; he took his oath on the steps of the capitol building; a cannon was fired by the granddaughter of President Tyler. Later there was an illumination and a ball.

Jefferson Davis was known to be moderate in his views—a military figure rather than a statesman; and Mr. Stephens, from Georgia, had been opposed to secession. He was, at the very least, pessimistic—an incredibly emaciated gentleman with the voice of a girl. There was, though, no accent of doubt in it when Georgia left the Union. His allegiance, he considered, was not due to the United States or to the people of the United States, but to Georgia. He was not very gay about the new Confederacy. Robert Toombs, who was Secretary of State, fought against demanding the surrender of Fort Sumter. It would, he said, be fatal.

None of the principal figures in the South were gay—the South was not prepared for war; it didn't, the truth was, expect war. It had no arms. It had no ammunition. It had none of the materials of war. It was without the means of transporting armies. The North, the convention at Montgomery optimistically thought, must allow the Southern states to withdraw peacefully under their construction of the rights sacred in the Constitution.

The absurd mistake, the ridiculous and fatal siege, of Fort Sumter followed. Gen. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard opened with his cannon at daybreak, April 12, 1861; Major Anderson surrendered for the Union midday of the thirteenth; Mr. Lincoln called for his volunteers; and then Virginia was irrevocably dedicated to the Confederacy. In the deep South the deputies to the new confederation of states found Montgomery badly supplied with hotels and the incidental comforts and pleasures of administration, and the capital was transferred to Richmond. There began then—there began at once—the endless internal struggle inseparable from all government and the rights of individual states and men. Mr. Rhett and Mr. Rhett's supporting paper in Charleston, the Mercury, began their ceaseless attack on the presidency; Mr. Davis at once disposed of William Lowndes Yancey, the pillar of words of the South, by sending him on a pointless mission abroad.

In November, at Richmond, Jefferson Davis was confirmed as the first president of the Confederacy, with a term of six years, and his military characteristics became clear. Mr. Toombs had already left the cabinet, complaining that he was no more than a clerk, and the government was considering a conscription act. Mr. Davis, the truth was, refusing to regard the Confederacy in any light but that of war, was pursuing the only course open to success. Due to his single-minded persistence, he almost succeeded. He actually did. The first battles were very far from being Union victories—so far that they frequently had the look, the substance, of Confederate victories. Mr. Davis fought factions in his government; not only the Charleston Mercury but the Richmond Examiner—Edward A. Pollard—attacked him with a personal vindictiveness; he never

had the support, the weight, of the political South; and yet the bitter singleness of his being at least twice brought his army, his land, within sight of freedom.

He never had sufficient political support, but he did have in and about him the bright power of Southern spirit. It, too, in essence, was military—that is, it molded superb leaders of war. The North and the South, where the ranks were concerned, fought with an equal and persistent and splendid resolve; but the captains of the South were more notable, at once more able and flaming, than those of the Union. The South almost won because of its commanders; the North was victorious because of the multiplication of its troops. Material resources brought about the fall of the Confederacy; it was upheld through the brief period of its being by an immaterial, a transcendent, power. It was, for one thing, not only protecting the conception of its integrity, but its adoration for the actuality of a land—its fields and rivers and mountains, its gardens and houses and its past. Compared with that, the incentive of the North was hardly more than theoretical. The position of the Union was a negative position.

The South had at least the form, the preference, of an aristocratic tradition—the tradition of leaders: its courage, its views, were personal; better than that, they were local. It had never been a region of cities, but of localities; the institution of slavery had at best given it the habit and responsibility of superiority. Slavery, the further truth was, had never, until the Civil War, generally occupied or troubled the West or the North. Emancipation gathered its abstract nobility, its consuming power as a cry, in the person of Mr. Lincoln. Before that it had been the property of a few politicians and of a single and small abolitionist paper. Yes, the Confederates were defending an actuality and the Union an abstraction. The abstraction, with the assistance of an overwhelming material superiority, won; the actuality, defended until the end by no more than spirit, lost. The spirit of the South, the deep South, vanished except in memory; but the beauty of its memory easily transcends the successfully established fact of the North.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS HART

General Thomas J. Jackson

The deep South was wholly different from what, at the beginning of secession, formed the northern tier of Confederate states. Its difference lay in perhaps the greatest of all physical influences—in climate. Alabama, for example, was almost tropical. It had no winter whatever. As a result of this, its land and its people had a definite appearance and character. The beauty of Alabama is somber; its land is more indifferent to humanity than a temperate land; there is no shade, no grateful transition, between the darkness of its forests and the crushing light of its cotton fields; it is violent and oppressive and passionate. That is the effect of great heat. As a result, the temper of its people is at once indolent and passionate, a people of violent emotions and universal valor. Alabama—the Alabama of the Confederacy—was entirely rural; it was more rural than Virginia or South Carolina; a state of small isolated communities and wide lonely plantations.

Its people came together only for court days and sales days, at the musters of the militia and for the agricultural fair held on a plateau above the Alabama River near Montgomery. Prizes, silver cups, were given for the tallest cotton stalks, the stalks that had the greatest number of cotton bolls and for those with the best leaf. Aside from that, there was a general fox hunting, dove shoots in October and the running of deer hounds, the concerns of men still living between planted fields and a wilderness. For the most part the houses were small, built in the shadow of the woods, on secretive streams or in communities of small people. The great plantation houses, of course, were formal in design and spacious in manner. A wide hall led from front to back; there was an immense hanging lamp resplendent with prisms; and when, late in the afternoon, a faint air stirred there was a faint cool music from the stirring glass prisms. A gallery at the front had a small balcony above; on one side of the lower hall were the double parlor and perhaps a library, on the other the dining room and smaller chambers; there might be a glass flower pit.

There were excessively fine houses, houses with the woodwork, the staircases, of rosewood; with marble columns and ballrooms, carved marble mantels and Italian mosaics, with all the door knobs and window catches and light brackets run from pure silver. The kitchen, because of the heat, was built separately, with the house servants above; the left wing of the mansion itself held an office for the instruction of the slaves. Fragile chairs with reeded legs and piano inlaid with tortoise shell and cut brass, burnished metals and Irish crystal, high wax candles, dark mahogany beds with solemn canopies and feather mattresses, linen fragrant with lavender. Smokehouses and feed houses—where the screenings of the wheat were kept for the chickens—dairies with shallow pans for skimming cream and deep pans for curds, spring houses with watermelons cool in summer. The wells were more than a thousand feet deep, and the water, drawn in a cedar bucket, was cold as ice water. Perishable food was lowered in them. The wells were haunted; they were the subject of negro legend; but the legends were all romantic. When the slaves slowly drew up the water they commonly sang. Their songs and the sound of the winding chains were a part of the early spring morning. There were dippers about the wells, gourds for the negroes, beautifully wrought silver for white people. The negroes, it is conceivable, were not more unhappy than the whites; they were negroes, remember, on plantations, in the country; in a country that was never cold. They worked in the fields or in the house and slept in small cabins. They were, within the rigid fact of their slavery, free—they had no responsibility, they had no debts, and when they were old they were safe: they cleaned the ornamental brasses, they tended the making of tallow candles, managed the lamps and with soft cloths rubbed brilliant the cut prisms, the teardrop prisms and the pendentive prisms.

That elaborateness, however, was limited to the great plantations. For the most part Alabama was rural in the common experience of that condition—the small villages, cabins on water or in little fields, habitations gathered into the region of a water mill, a grist mill. The mill dam, with time, bred fish—mill-pond chub; there were flights and flocks of water birds, water lilies and snake doctors and, more unfortunately, cottonmouth moccasins. The grain was hauled on the backs of mules, piled high around the negro riders—water-ground meal was richer, more yellow, than any other kind. The forests and canebrakes and swamps that separated the cultivation, the living, deepened, made absolute, the loneliness. The swamps, hushed with

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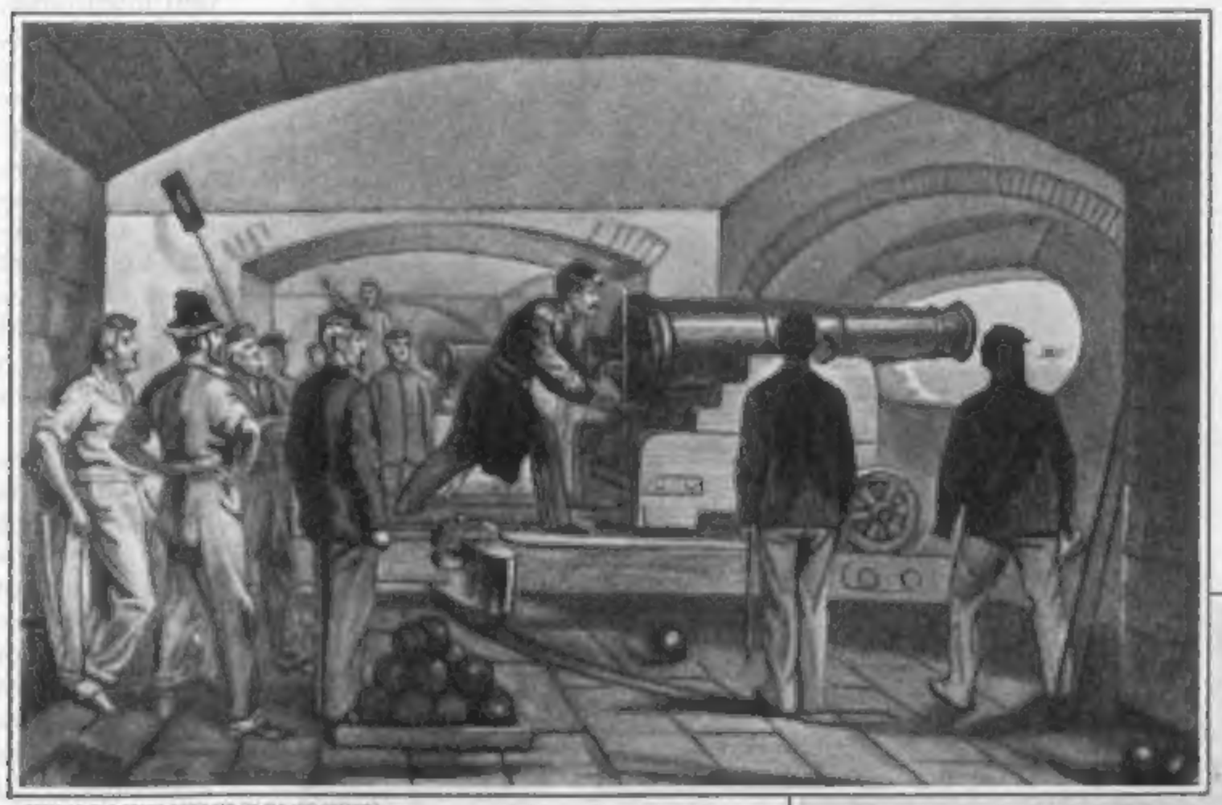

FROM AN OLD PRINT SUPPLIED BY CULVER SERVICE

Firing the First Gun at Fort Sumter

General McGowen Addressing the Thirty-Fifth Abbeville (S. C.) Volunteers in Front of the Charleston Hotel. This Band of Confederates Was Composed of a Hundred of the Wealthiest Citizens of the District

PROFESSIONAL REASONS

Only a Certain Look in His Eyes When She Came Near Him Betrayed It

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"OH, I GUESS Dawn Fay's not so bad to work with," Henry Parker remarked meditatively, "for most people."

The way Henry Parker loved taking the joy out of a situation always made Gordon Roland mad.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" he demanded. "Everybody says she's the most considerate star in the country, and it's a good part anyway."

"I just meant she was kind of sweet for my palate. I'm glad you've got the job. It's a good job."

"Then why try to spoil it for me?"

"I wasn't trying to spoil it. You'll probably be crazy about it. Lots of people are. My knees didn't callous up quick enough, that was all."

"Is that so?"

"Maybe you're good at perpetual adoration. I wasn't."

"You mean I'll be expected to make love to her off-stage too!"

"You try to make love to her and you'll get a slap in the face. Oh, you'll catch on. You've got tact. That's where you've got it over me. Just watch your step and this job ought to be good for sixty weeks, and sixty weeks of work wouldn't hurt, would it?"

"Don't I know?"

If it hadn't been for loans from Henry Parker, Gordon would have been thrown out of his room long ago, and though he'd eaten light of late, that he'd eaten at all was thanks to Henry Parker.

The opportunity to be Dawn Fay's leading man came providentially, for Henry Parker was just starting out at the head of the Chicago company of the Cocktail Crowd, and Gordon hadn't any other friends from whom he wanted to borrow.

"The only danger for you, I should say," Henry Parker went on, "is your age. Don't be too gaudy about your youth. Dawn is a little nearer sunset than when she began, you know."

"Why, she's not so old."

"No, she's not so old if you figure that she began to be starred when she was fifteen, which is her story. But just have a look at some of the back files of the Theater Magazine. And have you noticed what mellow leading men they've been giving her lately? I can't see why they picked a kid like you this time."

"The part calls for somebody young. I play her husband. We're newlyweds."

"Oh, that's right. I read in the paper that, in defiance of her adoring public, Dawn Fay was going to play a married woman instead of the budding girl which has been her specialty. Let me see; it was seven years ago that she had the part of a divorced marchioness, wasn't it? But it flopped and I guess her P. A. thinks that anything that happened so long ago as that never happened at all."

"I don't see why you're so sour on her," Gordon said.

"Sour on that lovely Dawn Fay! You're crazy," Henry Parker told him, and rose. "Well, good-by, young fellow, and good luck."

"You've never worked with Miss Fay before, have you?" asked Miss Mandeville, who had the sporty spinster part. "You don't know what a pleasure it is. It's just a privilege to be in her company. She's just as lovely off the stage as she is on."

Mr. Stickney, who was to play Miss Fay's uncle, was a little deaf.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I say it's an absolute privilege to play with Miss Fay."

"Yes, it's a privilege," Mr. Stickney agreed, and nodded his head back and forth. "Some people are afraid of my hearing. She isn't. She knows she can trust an old trouper."

The clever little ruses by which Dawn Fay had covered the results of Mr. Stickney's infirmity were one of the fond legends of the theater. Gordon had read about them lots of times.

Just then Dawn Fay herself came upon the bright, empty stage where they all sat. She was wearing an ermine coat cut in a sports model, and a pale green hat. In her arms she carried a long, curly Pekingese.

"Oh, isn't she pretty?" Miss Mandeville exclaimed audibly, and dashed over and began saying "Darling! Oh, darling!" and squeaking at Miss Fay.

Mr. Stickney went over, too, and was bluff and courtly, and received a kiss, at which there was great merriment. Mr. Bauer, the director, sauntered up to Gordon and, removing his cigar, said, "Do you know the lady?"

Profoundly impressed that anyone could soften Mr. Bauer to the extent of causing him to speak in that vein, Gordon said: "No, I don't."

"I'll take you over."

It was like being led toward a dais.

As soon as Miss Fay saw them approaching she stopped talking and stood tiptoe in spirit.

"Miss Fay, this is Mr. Roland."

Dawn Fay's eyelids fluttered; she pursed her little mouth in the famous Dawn Fay manner—just between a kiss and a smile.

"Oh, yes," she said. "You're to be my leading man, aren't you?"

With the catch of her breath it became the speech of a shy, overpowered little girl, magnified so that the shyness and the *empressement* couldn't be missed, so that not even an audience out beyond the footlights, had there been one there, could have missed them.

Gordon knew it essential to his career to put his best foot forward.

"It seems too good to be true," he breathed. "You see, I've been in love with you ever since I can remember."

The eyelids stopped fluttering. The eyes behind them, which had softened so many thousands with their sweet limpidity, were, close at hand, singularly piercing eyes. Dawn Fay had a chin too.

"I like that," she said. "It sounds as though I was about fifty."

Gordon Roland had not yet learned to leave bad enough alone.

"I matured late," he babbled, trying to remember what she'd been in recently. "It happened when I saw you in Forever and Ever."

"Three years ago," Miss Fay shot forth. "You ought to see a doctor."

With those words she turned back to Miss Mandeville and Mr. Stickney.

Gordon stood completely miserable. He'd been clumsy enough to charge the whole atmosphere with the idea of his youth.

The first rehearsal of Needles and Pins began. Worried sick, he read his lines almost brokenly. If he lost this job he didn't know what he'd do. Go back home perhaps. But home, which was Cleveland, and the sort of work he'd have to get there would be insupportable after three seasons in New York, two of them filled with a good measure of success.

At the close of the rehearsal no one said anything to him. Miss Fay, Mr. Bauer and Mr. Waller, the author, gathered in a tight little group. Ostensibly they were discussing changes in the last act, which was terrible as it stood, but Gordon was sure that before they separated one of them would say, "Well, one thing is certain: Young Roland is out," and the others agree in the casual manner people employ when they spoil somebody's life: "No need to discuss that." "How did we happen to get him anyway?"

Gordon would have liked the comfort of talking to some sympathetic contemporary, but there was no one in the cast anywhere near his age. Now that Henry Parker was gone he didn't know to whom he'd turn for friendship. You never saw people in New York unless you were in the company with them.

Rather than listen to whatever Miss Mandeville wanted to yawp, he pretended to be in a hurry to leave the theater, pulling his overcoat from the seat where he had left it as he passed. Its lining was shabby and ought to be renewed, and he had a hole in his left shoe.

Last season, on the chance of an awfully good job which he'd been promised, he had turned down several mediocre opportunities, and the good job, when it happened, had been given to someone with a bigger name. How did a name ever get big if things went like this, he wondered bitterly.

To add to his cheer he saw, when he pushed into the lobby, that it had begun to rain a dogged, November rain. He hated to take a taxi, but he couldn't afford to risk a cold. At the moment the traffic through Forty-sixth Street was at a standstill and the last taxicab in the stream of vehicles waiting for the signal to start was only a few yards east of the Cushman Theater.

Gordon turned up his coat collar and made for it. The driver said something which Gordon, in his tussle with the door handle, didn't catch. He got the door open and his foot on the step before he saw that there was something feminine inside.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, withdrawing his foot.

"Come on in if you want to," a gay voice issued permission. "I'm bored to death."

"Thanks."

In the half light of the gray afternoon within that brown-leather obscurity he couldn't see much except that she was a little person. Her voice had been young.

The driver pushed back the front window.

"Say, didn'cha hear me when I ——" he began.

"Oh, don't be an old crosspatch," the girl told him. "I said it was all right. Go on, will you? There's the whistle." To Gordon she added: "I hope you're bound uptown. I am."

"I'd be glad if you were going to Poughkeepsie," Gordon said, and meant it, though it would send him into bankruptcy.

"I'm not," she laughed.

His eyes had grown accustomed to the obscurity. She was so tiny that her face, looking up at him, was tilted at an amusing angle; a gay, round face with dark eyes whose lashes curled back sharply.

He took a cigarette, and while he lit it he knew that she was observing him, but being observed was his job, so he managed it without the appearance of self-consciousness. She was shameless in her interest.

"Don't put that out," she commanded him as he lifted his thumb to snap the lighter shut, "and turn around so that I can see the front of you. No, it can't be, and yet it can't not be. Are you or are you not Gordon Roland?"

"I'm Gordon Roland," he admitted, trying not to sound too pleased.

"And my favorite actor."

"Now, now," he admonished.

"But it's true. I swear it is. I simply adored you in Button Gwinnett. I saw it five times. Twice were theater parties, but the other three I just went to look at you. Your legs are so cute."

"They aren't cute at all!" he roared at her.

"Yes, they are. And you hold them so cutely. And your pointed face was simply divine over that lace stock. I don't suppose you're half so good-looking in modern clothes."

"I'm not," he agreed, "and don't think I don't know that you're jollying me."

"As Park Avenue is my witness!" she swore; they had reached that thoroughfare and turned up it. "And I'm not the only one. Five of the girls who came out that year felt just as I did about you. What have you been in since?"

"Come On In if You Want To," a Gay Voice Issued Permission

"Nothing. I've been at liberty. Sometimes it felt a little more as though I were at rest."

"Madge Harkness and I almost wrote to the theater-program people about you just last week."

"I wish you had."

"I'll do it tomorrow," she promised. "'Where, oh, where is Gordon Roland?' Signed 'Desperate.'"

"It wouldn't do any harm, though I've got a job."

"I'm so glad. Now I'll have some place to spend my evenings."

The taxi drew to the curb and stopped.

"Is this where you're going?" Gordon asked.

"I'm afraid so. But can it be that I've found you only to lose you? Of course I haven't. Come on in to tea. This is my day for being a home body and having it with mother."

"I'd love to," Gordon said.

He paid the chauffeur through the window, the girl waiting for him.

"Now we'll run for the door," she said. "I haven't an umbrella either."

He had expected her to make for the apartment entrance near which they had halted, but instead she scurried up the steps of a tremendous stone house which stood next it. A big private house on Park Avenue! Gordon had never been in one or anything to compare with it. There was a vestibule in which they took shelter before the door was opened.

"My name's Virginia Brown, Handsome," the girl said as they stood in it.

"Any alibi I'm supposed to work in with?"

"No. Mother's fairly well trained."

A censorious-looking butler opened the door and took Gordon's coat. Miss Brown led the way upstairs to a walnut library with yellow curtains at its long windows, a fire in the hearth, and a lady sitting behind a table on which stood tall, handsome tea silver.

"Hello, Ann," Miss Brown said.

"Well, Jinny," the lady returned, "I waited my tea and then had it all alone, and I'm in a black rage. Who's the young man?"

She was a handsome lady with dark eyebrows and shingled gray hair, which gave her head the appearance of a great, glossy pearl.

"It's Gordon Roland," Virginia Brown answered. "The one I used to pant about when he played in Button Gwinnett. . . . Mr. Roland, this is my mother. But before you shake hands with him, Ann, perhaps I'd better explain."

"Explain what?"

Miss Brown pulled off her hat and stood for a moment with a smile which was rather nearer a grin.

"I know it's smart to be very proper this year," she said, "but I thought that, just for the afternoon, I'd be an old-fashioned girl and flap a little. I picked him up."

"While I had my tea alone," Mrs. Brown commented.

"It didn't take any time at all. My taxi was stopped in the traffic. That's how it happened. He got in."

"Is that supposed to silence every protest on my part?"

"No. He's supposed to do that. Isn't he grand?"

"I don't know that I think he entirely justifies your conduct."

"Oh, don't get grand duchess, Ann. Look at him. . . . Just show Ann your profile, Mr. Roland."

"My nose is out of joint already," Gordon protested.

Mrs. Brown studied him. "I've never cared much for male beauties," she remarked. "Now, how do you take your tea and what are you playing in?"

He replied to the important question first. "I'm trying out the lead in Dawn Fay's new play. It doesn't seem to be very much my type, though."

"I always love to hear you actors spread verbal nets against possible future mishaps," Mrs. Brown said. As that was exactly what he had done, Gordon reddened perceptibly. "And now, about your tea?"

"A lump and lemon, please."

"I'm afraid this batch is rather tepid. . . . Ring for some fresh, will you, Jinny?"

"Can't I ring?" Gordon asked.

"Over by the fireplace."

He had nice manners and he had always been catnip to older women. Despite her snubs he did his best to beguile Mrs. Brown, but when he rose to leave and she said, "Really it's been very pleasant. I hope Jinny will have as good luck the next time she decides to do anything so vulgar," he couldn't help realizing that Mrs. Brown was still something less than enslaved.

Virginia Brown hadn't talked much since they'd been there. Sitting on an ottoman in front of the fire, she'd spent most of her time playing with an ash-blond Siamese cat which she addressed from time to time as "Vishnu, you old bum," but occasionally he'd known that she was looking at him.

"I'm awfully glad I jumped into your taxi," he said to her in farewell.

"It was fun," she answered. The tense and her tone seemed to relegate the whole matter definitely to the past.

Feeling somewhat bruised, Gordon walked from the room, but by the time he reached the head of the stairs he'd decided he was a fool not to ask if he could call again. It couldn't do any harm anyway. He was probably imagining coldness that didn't exist. People had told him he had an inferiority complex. He turned back. The library was quiet, but as he took his third step the silence was broken by Mrs. Brown's voice:

"Well, now you've seen an actor. I told you what they were like."

"Isn't it better to have got it out of my system?" Virginia answered.

"Did it have that effect?"

"Do you have to ask?"

Gordon retreated noiselessly; all that had been pleasant in the afternoon turned poisonous. What had he done that they should despise him? What was wrong with him? The

butler's face was a sneer as he held Gordon's coat. He'd seen the lining, of course.

The rain had fizzled into a mist. Gordon stood on the corner, undecided whether to take another taxi. He heard a tapping on glass and turned.

Virginia Brown was in a window on the first floor. When she knew that he'd seen her she raised one hand to her mouth, the other to her ear in a pantomime of telephoning, then held up seven fingers.

"Me? At seven? Telephone you?" he pantomimed back incredulously.

She nodded hard that that was right.

Her voice, when he got her on the wire, was the same eager, gay voice that had chattered to him in the taxi.

"One can count on Ann's being in the tub at seven," she explained. "I wanted to tell you not to be annoyed at the way she acted. It was only to be expected."

"I wasn't annoyed at anything she did. She hadn't asked me."

"Meaning that I did, and I've done something wrong."

"I was starting back to ask if I could call again and I heard what you and your mother both said."

"Oh, my darling! You didn't."

"I wish I hadn't."

"Don't you understand?"

"Perfectly, I think."

"But you don't. You don't. When can I see you to explain? Quick. Tomorrow sometime?"

"I'll be free tomorrow after four."

"Do you know the grill where they dance at the Plenipotentiary? I'll be waiting there from four o'clock on. Come the instant you can."

"What's the hurry?"

"You're thinking harshly of me and I can't bear it. I'll explain every word. Will you be there?"

"The minute I get out of rehearsal. As a matter of fact, I may get fired tomorrow morning. In that case you'll find me there when you arrive."

Gordon was not fired, however.

"I was rotten yesterday afternoon," he began to Mr. Bauer next morning as the opening wedge in an argument against too hasty a judgment.

"No, you wasn't," Mr. Bauer said. "Miss Fay said you was all right. . . . We discussed you, didn't we, Miss Fay?"

The star had just entered in a brown-leather motor coat embroidered in gold. That day she was carrying a great bunch of tawny chrysanthemums.

"Didn't we what?" she fluttered. "I'm afraid I didn't hear. I'm still riding through the hills of Westchester in my mind. Oh, it was glorious!"

"Give the kid the O. K.? He's worried. Thinks we're going to fire him."

Miss Fay turned to him. "You worked into the picture just as I want," she said; the words clicked out as impersonally as they could have been by the keys of a typewriter. "Don't ham up that reading." Miss Fay then proceeded to be charming: "Will you hold my flowers while I take off my coat? I brought them in for old Mrs. Eaton, who's ill. They're the last flowers from my garden. I have such an adorable garden at my place in the country. You must come and see it. That's where I really live; not in the horrid old theater."

She was taking him into a great secret. She blinked her eyes and crinkled her mouth with the secretness of it. Then she set about taking off her coat, panting slightly like a very absorbed little girl.

"Do I look blown to pieces? The wind was like a big tiger."

"You look beautiful," Gordon assured her.

"I think I'll take off my hat. It's so tight that it gives me a headache." In time Gordon was to learn that all hats gave Dawn Fay the headache. "There, that's better."

"It certainly is," Gordon heard himself gushing.

She did have beautiful filmy pale gold hair. It was wonderful that they always got it the same shade.

She made a soft deprecatory sound and glanced at him through her darkened eyelashes.

Then she addressed Mr. Bauer: "Has Mr. Waller thought up something for that last act? There's no use going on at all if he hasn't."

"You there, Mr. Waller?" Mr. Bauer called into the dusky auditorium.

"Yep." The author emerged from its dimness.

"How about that last act?"

"I've got an idea that I think is kind of cute," Mr. Waller stated, addressing Miss Fay. "I don't know whether it will appeal to you. You know when Doris and Ned quarrel? Well, it seemed to me it would be a good idea to rewrite that and have the subject of the quarrel because Doris wouldn't let Ned give the baby a doll, because it would bring the kid up wanting to be a wife and mother, you know. That's kind of in line with Doris' crazy modern ideas, you know."

"Yes, I think people would think that was cute, too, because they know how I adore babies."

The currency of that knowledge was indeed extraordinary, considering the fact that Miss Fay's own union with a banker named Blumenthal had never been blessed.

"Well, when Ned comes back on Doris' birthday, I thought we'd have her think that of course he'd come around to her modern way of thinking, and regret that he had and tell him so, and he'll stand looking pretty sheepish. But to show that he isn't that kind of a fellow, we'll have him pick up the overcoat he's laid down, and under it will be a big box and she'll cry: 'Why, what's that, Ned?' and he'll say: 'I'm afraid it's a doll.'"

"That gives him the last line." Dawn Fay's voice was the stroke of a blue pencil.

"Oh, no, it doesn't. She'll just stand and not know whether to laugh or be angry. You know the way you do. And then she'll go and put her arms around Ned and say: 'You devil darling,' just the way she did in the second act before. I noticed how good that was the way you did it."

"Yes, I guess that's all right," Miss Fay said. "What do you think, Mr. Bauer?" Mr. Bauer grunted an assent. "And it gives me a chance for a pretty curtain call with a big doll in my arms."

"I'll get busy on it this afternoon," Mr. Waller promised, and the rehearsal began.

•

There was something droll and intent about the small figure of Virginia Brown sitting alone at a table in the crowded Plenipotentiary grill. She was like a Scottie with its nose to the crack of a door.

"Before you say anything," she greeted Gordon, "I like you ever so much. I don't know when I've liked anyone so hard. What you heard me say to Ann I just said because I'm a little sneak. Ann mustn't have any idea that I care a rap about you."

"I could see she wasn't very enthusiastic."

"It's not that. But she's got ideas about my future. And she's so clever. It sounds feeble-minded to admit it, but if she tried, I'm not sure she couldn't make me think you're not as nice as you are."

"I don't see, then, why you told her about how we met."

"Because it's my line to be frank. I am frank really. I hate lying. I wanted to wash my mouth out with soap and water after she and I had that talk yesterday. I never lie except about things that are vital and that she'd interfere with. I'm going to lie like sixty about you."

"Are you?" Gordon asked, tremendously amused by her tiny earnestness.

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"Oh, a Dolly!" Dawn Fay Almost Shrieked

The Noble Nature of Private Waldo Grant

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

GWENDOLYN'S passion for ice-cream cones was often the subject of debates between us, and it would be pleasant, thinking back, to know that I had been able to control her, you see, for her own good. But Gwendolyn always won in our arguments. She was simply the major force, the locomotive power, and irresistible. She knew where every canteen on Leon Springs Military Reservation was placed, and when her ears went back and the leather tightened in my hands, it was just no use trying to head her the other way. The smell of ice cream heaped in a cone of thin dough roused her beyond the mild amble of her normal gait. She would positively trot, and once or twice I have known her to gallop. If she is still alive—and mules last longer than many horses—she has probably interrupted and saddened the thoughts of a hundred riders by this time. In August of 1917 she was not an old mule. Regimental Supply Sergeant Robinson calculated that she was about five. But she was getting tubby even then. Rich foods were doing the worst to her middle, and she was gathering folds around her neck.

I Was Swearing at Her. She Let One Ear Fall Back. I Blushed and Held My Tongue

"No, Gwen," I said. "We're going over to the training camp to call on Brev Connor. . . . This way."

I made these sounds politely and even delicately. Gwendolyn pawed the dry trail and kept on turning. She had her advantages. Both my feet were bandaged, and the right one was so sore that I had nothing on it in the stirrup but a carpet slipper. She knew that I could not kick her too seriously. So she turned and headed quietly toward a grove of trees containing the canteen of our regiment. She just went along, while I spoke to her—always politely—in English, French, Italian, Spanish and Latin. I know many oaths in those languages. The only result obtained was when I called her "mulier infamosa et atrox." She looked at me then, and her eyes stated that she knew this to be pretty bad Latin and a worse pun. Nor, her eyes said, was she deluded by my polite voice. I was swearing at her. She let one ear fall back. I blushed and held my tongue. We came under some pin oaks to the canteen. Gwendolyn put her nose against the screen of the door and ordered me silently to produce ice-cream cones.

Her admirers clotted at once inside the screen and spoke to Gwendolyn. Boys often idled into the baking office of the supply company and tried to borrow the gray beast from Sergeant Robinson. For some moments she cost me not a cent. Several ice-cream cones were offered and taken. She had a chocolate cone and a vanilla cone and a strawberry cone. It was Private George Dewey Brown, of F Battery, who tried to be funny and gave her a mere cone filled with cotton from a box of cheap wrist watches. Numbers of moist young soldiers watched her sniff at this cheating gift and then refuse it. She looked around at me and her eyes said "Well? And then?"

"Here's a quarter, G. D. B.," I said; "get her cones in bulk. I want to go over to the training camp and see a man I know."

"You gonna waste two bits feedin' her ice cream, corp'ral?"

"I am. It's the best way out of it. She has a yen for cones this afternoon and I want to see Connor over at the camp. Here's fifty cents. Get her ten cones. I'd be interested to see what happens."

"All I gotta say," said G. D., "is I know some folks 'at'll die poor. Yes, sir. . . . Ten cones?"

"Yes," I said, "ten. Or nine—that gives you five cents for commission."

A dignified deep voice here observed: "I should think that wasn't very good for her digestion, corporal. It's a very hot day. Are you sure that's healthy?"

Some voices turn eyes. Even a busy youth at the long counter stopped uncorking bottles and looked over heads and shoulders at this speaker. I looked at him. G. D. stopped backing through the half dozen bodies in the doorway and looked at him. Gwendolyn looked at him. Around the doorway came an odd silence. G. D. mechanically put the fifty-cent piece in his mouth and bit its edge.

Private Waldo Grant—let us look at him. You know how he appeared, because, unless you were blind, you saw images of Private Grant a lot in 1917 and 1918. He glowed upon posters and in large sketches of newspapers and in the best magazines. He was neat as the mind of illustrators could contrive him. He was beautiful as the day. If you don't yet know what he looked like, I shall do what I can for you. Of course he had curly yellow hair. His eyes, hedged by dark-brown lashes, were blue as a mountain lake at noon. He was not very tall—the illustrator had forgotten to make him six feet long. But he carried himself admirably. He carried his clothes admirably. His shirt was buttoned up to his neck. The red cord on his hat was clean and fresh. The reddish leather strips on the inner side of his leggings were polished exactly to match his shoes. His face, instead of sweating dirtily in a temperature of ninety-nine Texan degrees, was brightly clear and bronzed to perfection. He was appalling to see. He seemed about seventeen years old. We all stared at him.

"A mule," I said, trying to get over this shock, "has a fine digestion."

"You must know best," Private Grant modestly answered, after glancing again at my sleeve, "but it's a very hot day. And it isn't healthy to eat much cold food in a high temperature."

He then turned away, with the simple dignity of one who has tried uselessly to do his best for a great cause. I blushed.

"Some fellas," said G. D. unexpectedly, "oughta know when to hold their mouts shut!"

Private Grant returned the gaze of his blue eyes to G. D.'s flat and soiled face and said, "Oh, I wasn't trying to interfere, you know. I was just asking a question."

Private Brown retorted, his voice rising in the lilt of a Lower Mississippi male voice when it means trouble, "Uh-huh? An' who told you to open your mouf round here anyways, chicken feed? G'on back up Norf an' ——"

"But I was just asking the corporal a question!"

"Yeh-heh? You ask any mo' fool questions when I can hear 'em, Yankee, an' I'll wrastle your d'gestion outa you an' use it to clean my shoes on."

"But I ——"

I hope you understand that G. D. was behaving improperly. He had bristled up in front of this beautiful and well-behaved soldier as if Private Grant was his worst enemy in Persis, Mississippi. Everybody gaped except Gwendolyn, and nobody interfered when G. D. suddenly and smartly hit Private Waldo Grant in the face. Nobody interfered, either, when G. D. went backward and lay flat on the floor among many feet. Several youths got down on their knees and looked at him distressedly. Private Grant's right fist was slowly unclasping itself near his hip. What had started was now over. Someone passed a handful of chopped ice from the bins in which pop and root-beer bottles were lodged, and a friend dripped particles on G. D. The rest of us went on looking at Private Grant's right fist.

"The best thing," he politely said, "would be to rub his temples with it, I think."

G. D.'s nurse at once began rubbing ice on G. D.'s temples. It seemed to me that G. D. slightly opened one eye just here, and then shut it again. He was far from a fool, although he was scarcely sixteen years old. Perhaps I was the only person who saw the eye flicker. He had plenty of

attention for another minute, and then lifted a hand to his pink jaw and said "Mamma!"

Corporal Kaelred, of C Battery, now came forward and said officially, "We won't have no more of this, here nor anywhere else. Clear outa here, Grant!"

"But perhaps I've hurt him badly, and ——"

"Naw," said Kaelred, "don't you worry. Y' can't hurt a thing like that. Do him good. Clear outa here!"

Private Grant turned and left the canteen. If the business had been properly run, numbers of admiring acquaintances would have followed him. But he went alone. G. D. then sat up and commenced moving his jaw to and fro.

"Who's that noble fella?" Regimental Supply Sergeant Robinson asked from a corner of the counter. He had climbed up there to see a fight and was still standing, with his tobacco pouch on one palm and a slip of rice paper on the other.

"His name's Grant, Robbie," said Corporal Kaelred.

"I ain't seen him before."

"Naw. How would you? One of the bunch 'at come in on Wednesday from Columbus."

"Well, well," said Robinson, spilling tobacco on the paper, "and now this man's Army has got an enlisted guy in it more beautiful than you, Katie."

"Go sit on a hot stove an' boil," Kaelred told him—"and that's all about Katie!"

Kaelred was also designed by the same illustrator who had drawn Private Grant, but he had altered the design by shaving his yellow hair close to his neat head and by having a rattlesnake tattooed in a somber coil where his shirt opened on his chest. He was a nice, amusing boy, about twenty-four or three, and popular in his battery.

"Where's that Grant from, K?"

"I dunno, Robbie," Kaelred lied, "but I think it's Chicago."

"Well, this Army's gettin' to be very mixed," Robinson complained, "and a lot too elegant. I been twelve years in the service of my country and never heard enough grammar to make me miss my school-teacher back home. What with college guys and kids that graduated from high school and ain't never been expelled from nothin', it's gettin' mixed."

"How've you been twelve years in this Army, Robbie? You ain't more'n twenty-five right now," someone asked.

"My service record," said the slim sergeant, "says I'm twenty-eight. . . . Chicken," he drawled toward G. D. Brown, "an awful good thing to do when you're hittin' a guy is to get back from him fast. 'Cause maybe you'll annoy him. And never assault a fella just because he talks fastidious. It might not be his fault. Some persons are educated to do it."

"Yes, sir, sergeant. . . . Hey, who saw him hit me?"

A red-headed boy from A Battery said that it had been Private Grant's right fist, but he would not say that he had seen it happen. They all stood, in this pretty haze of smoke and thin wire and slanted shadows of the pin oaks, arguing about Private Grant's right fist. Gwendolyn, seeing that nobody would feed her another ice-cream cone, reversed and took me away from the door. Remembering that I wanted to go to the training camp for officers a mile and a half from this regiment's cantonment, she ambled off quite briskly into the forest of lean trees.

This forest was sorcerous in its effect on my mind. My poisoned soles might sting and the sun might rake my neck, but the forest soothed me. In Texas, grass and trees have no air of really belonging to the gray soil. They seem to be washed on carelessly by some painter with an eye to altering a monotony of gray and yellow. It is a brittle scenery, scattered and set up, and not a true forest on the hills of Leon Springs, although the oaks and grass are honest when you touch them. Private Grant was examining the bole of a tree with a thumb when Gwendolyn halted to look at him.

"That's an oak," I said.

"I imagined that it was of that family, corporal."

His voice was majestic and alarming as that of a bishop engaged in committing a senator to the earth in front of a large audience of bankers. It stunned me. It made Gwendolyn draw two feet back.

"You're one of the new lot that came on Wednesday night?"

"Yes."

"Must have been ghastly on the train coming down," I said.

"It was pretty stuffy," the boy answered, and briefly was like a real boy of seventeen. "And all the men smoked so much. I don't think that's quite right. It impairs their military efficiency and it tends to enlarge the heart. And we all ought to keep ourselves in the best shape possible, oughtn't we?"

I simply did not believe any of this stuff. The kid brought it out in precisely the manner of a professional lecturer, and he was not doing it with an effort. It just burbled from his lips as if he could go on endlessly.

"I suppose we should, Grant. And how do you like C Battery?"

"Should one," he asked, "say C Battery or Battery C?"

"It really doesn't matter. Either is correct. How do you like it?"

"Oh, very much!"

"Glad to hear it. You've got a prize fighter in there to practice on when you need a boxing partner."

"Really, corporal? Who's that?"

He was again a boy for a moment.

"Private Ancedra—Kid Bullet, professionally. A dark boy with a broken nose. About your size too."

"I'll get Georgie to introduce us," said Private Grant. "I'm fond of boxing."

"Who's Georgie?"

"Oh, my brother. I suppose soldiers," said the soldier, "don't know much about first names. Corporal Kaelred—we're brothers."

"You look alike," I murmured, trying to align Kaelred with any such thing as this. "I noticed that just now. But I thought your name was Grant."

"Legally," said the stately young person. "My stepfather adopted me. My name was Jimmy Kaelred. But mother and Mr. Waldo Grant didn't have any children and he was educating me. He adopted me. I'm Waldo Grant."

I jumped and looked at him, and knew him.

"You're Waldo—the Perfect Child?"

"Yes," said Private Grant with a very weak flush, "I am."

He was. He even believed in his own perfections. If you have been photographed and patted by celebrities and cooed at by conferences of female educators and made to write letters to Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts about diet and the noble nature—one of his stepfather's specialties—and you have lake-blue eyes and curly yellow hair and a beautiful body, you get to believe things about yourself, although Waldo was not a stupid kid. I had been sick of him a long time, in advertisements of the Waldo Grant Memory-Training School fifty dollars the course—and the Waldo Grant Gymnastic Series for Adolescents and the Waldo Grant Diet Book, in which Waldo was a frontispiece, in a white blouse, eating macaroni seraphically.

He appeared first in 1909 or so, photographed naked, lifting some dumb-bells. His stepfather really had taught him wonderfully complicated sentences and historical lists and philosophic sentiments to be spilled at eugenic tea parties and congresses of mothers. In 1912 he was promoted to a pair of running pants for his incessant photographs, and a dazed professor at Harvard said that his mentality was remarkable, after listening to him for an hour. It was hard even for George Kaelred to shut Waldo Grant up. For, as it happened, the whole thing was sincere. The solemn theorist who had acquired this property by marrying a farmer's pretty widow in middle Ohio really thought that he had produced a super boy. He had just trained a fine body to be fine, of course, and had drilled a mass of truisms and historical dates into the Perfect Child's good brain. I sat dreamily looking at the completed article.

"I never believed that you really existed."

"Some people don't seem to," Private Grant said. "Georgie—my brother—told me to be careful about saying who I am. And a boy up at the recruit barracks said he'd like to kill me, because his family used the Grant System on him and it did not work, he said. But they probably didn't use it consistently, you know. An educational system has to be persevered in consistently in order to produce the maximum of benefit to — "

"Shut up, Dodo!" said Corporal George Kaelred, behind us.

"I was just explaining that "

"Shut up! . . . Honest—oh, honest, I never heard anything like you, babe! You talk like an advertisin' pamphlet! If mamma an' Mr. Grant knew what they've done to you, they'd —— Honest, Dodo, you can't go round talking like that. You're in the Army now! You ain't tellin' a congress of mothers

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"And Then," Said the Perfect Child, "I Hit Him"

RADIO COMES OF AGE

By Lee De Forest, Ph.D., D.Sc.

As Told to Georgette Carneal

IT WAS the opening night of Enrico Caruso in Cavalleria Rusticana at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1909. I had, with great difficulty, obtained permission to erect a radio-telephone transmitter that was connected to two microphones placed along the footlights of the stage. This transmission of the voice of Caruso represented the first broadcasting of any music other than phonograph selections

It was a warm spring night and I had invited some half a dozen friends and co-workers to listen-in to the opera at my home. Only a small announcement had appeared in the evening newspapers and we were greatly surprised when one of the papers sent up a reporter. Caruso sang, probably, to the smallest audience of his career. The music was obstructed now and then by static disturbances, but the notes of the great singer's voice were clear and beautiful.

Although only a few pioneer amateurs and ship operators had heard the opera, we knew that it had been a success. The reporter had listened carefully. During those early days of broadcasting little talking occurred, and when the young man now and then made enthusiastic comments we motioned him to be silent. Imagine my surprise when, at the termination of the opera, he asked me to give him some statement to make a story.

"Why don't you write about what you have just heard?" I suggested.

"Oh, I will," he hastened to assure me. "But it's pretty hard to get that sort of thing into the paper."

His attitude served to dampen my spirits, but I talked. I prophesied radio broadcasting within a few years as a medium for entertainment that might rival the stage, opera and concert hall. The young man smiled, thanked me and left to write the story.

Two of my friends who had remained during the interview, discouraged and tired of public hostility, began to criticize. At that time it was the general opinion among radio engineers and men of science who hoped for national broadcasting at some future time, that it was foolhardy to give out our private beliefs for publication and hence ridicule. My friends thought that I had gone too far in this interview; that I had better have qualified my statements; and such was my frame of mind that I agreed. I telephoned to the newspaper and spoke to the reporter.

"You'd better change that statement I made when I said 'a few years.' Make it twenty-five years."

No Chance for Exaggeration

HE LAUGHED. "Don't worry," he said. "All our radio stories have to be very mild. I made it 'a hundred years' instead of 'a few years.' The man on the copy desk made it 'a hundred and fifty years,' and put in a few extra 'ifs.' And—I don't like to discourage you—but it probably won't get into the paper anyway."

Twenty years has seen radio, then called wireless, link the entire world in a huge network. Today, when I am approached on the latest inventions in the field, I say: "When I left my laboratory at seven o'clock this evening, we were working on a new amplifier. But I would rather you didn't quote me on it, for by tomorrow the news may be stale. They'll probably have a better amplifier on the market that I've never heard of."

The First Portable Radio Telephone Installation. Phoning Without Wires by Dr. De Forest's Radiophone From Near Newark, N. J., to the Wireless Station at Newark. At Left—Dr. De Forest With the First American Radiophone for Airplane Work, 1916

Within a shorter space of time than any other product of science, radio has come of age. Today leaders in the industry are turning from the main highways of music, entertainment and the primitive instruction of our national broadcasting stations, to explore the bypaths and determine upon what to do with the by-products of radio. The first thought that comes into the minds of those who, like myself, are acquainted with the magnitude of these by-products, is that no prediction as to the future of radio, no matter how wild and visionary, can be dismissed as impossible. International broadcasting, television, control of airplanes by radio, scientific problems of today, are but forerunners of that era of limitless power which mankind undoubtedly faces. The industry has come to that stage today, within a miraculously short space of time, where it is possible to draw breath and take thought of the future.

But before I explore this new universe an examination of the immediate broadcasting situation may serve to explain just why scientists predict this unlimited future. Radio experts and laymen alike still want to know: How soon may we expect a clear and uninterrupted reception?

The immediate objectives of broadcasting, as every layman knows, are the simplification and standardization of the details in radio equipment and its maintenance. Engineers are making every effort to dispense with batteries of all kinds—accumulators and B batteries in particular. The single dial control is practically universal in all the newer types of radio receivers.

The minute we can dispense with batteries and accumulators, costs will automatically be reduced. The first cost for a receiving set will not be less than that of battery equipment, but the first cost will be the last cost, so that these newer sets will actually be much cheaper. The perfect set will last indefinitely; the life of the apparatus outside of the tubes—that is, the box with condensers, coils, and so on—will likewise be limitless. The tubes themselves should burn several thousand hours. Some tubes even now burn 10,000 hours, and since these tubes burn only three or four hours a day in most homes, or six hours at most, they should last 2000 days, or approximately six years. Engineers are concentrating on tubes and will soon have tubes on the market that will easily last for several years.

More real engineering and research are being done on the tubes than on the sets at this time, for static has been classed as more or less of an eternal and hence secondary problem. The radio audience fails to conceive the problems that confront the engineer when he attempts to remove static from the home set. The problem is too vast and too many practical difficulties are present. Engineers have found it necessary to concentrate upon transoceanic work, where size and cost and spread of antennæ are not factors to be considered. Great achievements have resulted. At present, static has been pretty well eliminated from transoceanic receiving equipment. It is a very different problem to accomplish static elimination in a compact, reasonably priced home set, requiring perhaps an indoor aerial. Some day receiving sets will advance to the point where they are practically immune from static disturbances, but not much work is being done at present, because all experiment is limited by cost and space. It is not possible, for instance, to employ a receiving set that fills an entire room, or an aerial that runs across two townships, in experimenting with a home set; and these are important elements in combating static.

The Bête Noir of Radio

STATIC eliminators, I believe, will be added to the home set within the next five years, but at present the work that inventors are doing upon this new apparatus is too unsatisfactory to raise the hopes of the public. The static eliminator for the home set is still in an elementary stage. When it finally emerges for public use, it will probably be in a large-sized cabinet. It will greatly aid reception, but may never completely eliminate such severe static disturbances as, for instance, local thunderstorms. Leaders among the radio engineers have been trying for thirty years to remove this *bête noir* of radio, but there are times when we feel we are no nearer to our final achievement than we were twenty years ago. Yet some genius may arise and solve the static problem overnight.

A less baffling problem is that of how to improve materially the quality of sound reproduction. One wonders why its solution has been so long arriving. Today our amplifiers and loud-speakers are still imperfect. In the better broadcasting stations, however, microphones are very nearly perfect.

As to the problems of power at the source and wave lengths, the Federal Radio Commission is regulating the amount of power and wave lengths which the various broadcasting stations shall use, with about as much intelligence as the law which Congress has just enacted with the Davis Amendment will permit. This law divides the country into zones, or districts, and stipulates that the number of stations, amount of power, and wave lengths used in any one district shall be governed by those

employed in other districts—that is, these zones, no matter what the difference in population and area, shall have allotted to them essentially the same amount of power, number of stations and wave lengths. It is to be hoped that the Radio Commission will finally use its own judgment and ameliorate the inequities of this law to such a degree that the radio public will not materially suffer.

I have always maintained that there are far too many broadcasting stations, and the quality of the programs of many of these is abominable. It would be far better to have comparatively few high-powered broadcasting stations, judiciously scattered throughout the country to cover its entire area, and have these stations linked up to a few nation-wide networks, supplying a few really high-class programs originating in perhaps a dozen of the larger cities. In addition to these stations of high entertainment and instruction value, the rural districts should have an adequate number of small broadcasting stations for disseminating local news in which the farmers and ranchmen are most interested. This has been—and still is—my idea of how to solve the whole broadcasting problem.

Radio manufacturers for the past few years have been concentrating upon making their radio sets smaller and more compact. The most modern sets on the market today are about as small and compact as they can ever be made. It is cheaper for the manufacturer to make smaller sets, and certainly more convenient for the home, but as soon as static eliminators are introduced—there are patents now pending for these—the sets will necessarily be considerably larger. Better amplifiers and loud-speakers will likewise contribute their element of expansion and perfection to the sets of the future, so that the final set, with all the refinements of tonal-quality reproduction, will be an element of furniture in the home.

Radio is destined to become a public utility like gas, electricity and the telephone. The transmission of radio over telephone wires could be accomplished within a few years if the telephone companies should definitely determine upon this policy, but long before it is introduced by the telephone companies, wired radio will be in the home—at least in the rural districts—over the channels of electric light wires.

Entertainment Sold by the Kilowatt

A VERY large electric light and power organization is already at work on just this job and has expended a great deal of effort and capital in studying the problem. Once established as a public utility, radio broadcasting will be paid for by the consumer on a monthly basis, either at a flat rate or for metered service. That it will make the initial outlay for the consumer far less than he pays at present for his radio apparatus is obvious, for the radio equipment will remain the property of the power company, its use to be paid for by the consumer at a small monthly rental. I anticipate this change within the next few years. The millions who compose the radio audience of America should receive this news optimistically enough, for it will mean relief from incessant bother and expense of upkeep, as well as a generally cheaper and much more satisfactory reception.

Great advances are being made in the field of short-wave transmission; first for private telegraph communication services,

Edith Mason

such as news agencies and brokers' services, and second for long-distance telegraph service, both transcontinental and transoceanic.

The present news-gathering agencies located in our cities require elaborate private-wire linkage for the gathering and dissemination of news. In these headquarters the service is now very largely performed by automatic-printing typewriters. Any such telegraph typewriter which can be operated by wire can be equally well operated by radio. Such machine telegraphy is capable of high speeds of word transmission, of much greater speed than it is possible to send by manually operated telegraph keys, and much faster than the most skilled operator can receive.

In addition to this new type of machine telegraph operated by radio, we shall see in the near future whole typewritten sheets of news received *in toto* by telephotographic methods similar to those methods now used for transmission of photographs by wire The present telegraph method, as the reader knows, is that of typewriting word by word the message received by wire or by wireless from a distant point. This newer method will simply be to photograph or otherwise reproduce the complete typewritten page. This process will make news transmission faster and therefore cheaper. By this means it will be possible to transmit an entire newspaper across the country in a few minutes. In brokerage agencies news of the stock market will be transmitted by a like process. In time this telephoto method or the successor of the present telephoto method can be introduced into the home for those who are willing to pay for the service, but the apparatus will necessarily cost much more than the ordinary broadcasting set, and hence will prove practicable for only a few.

Paths Through the Air

IT HAS been said, in the field of transoceanic aviation, that the engineer has outstripped the scientist. None can possibly dispute this fact. Since Lindbergh first crossed the Atlantic people interested in aviation—both flyers and some manufacturers of planes—have, it would seem, been more interested in transoceanic aviation as a public spectacle, in which the lives of the pilots have been left to luck or death, than in establishing aviation as a means of travel as safe and sound as that of travel by ocean steamers.

Altogether too little attention has been given to the incalculably valuable aid that radio can render to aviation. It should be possible, for instance, to develop a beam radio transmitter so that comparatively narrow beams of short-wave radio will stretch in various directions across the trackless wastes of the sea: lanes invisible, down which the aviators will fly, their ships held automatically in a given direction as reliably as are now our ocean steamers by the Sperry automatic helmsman. The present complete apparatus of the gyroscopic compass is very heavy and, if used for aviation purposes, would require a dirigible to carry it; but in time this apparatus and automatic helmsman may be made sufficiently light and the airplanes of the future sufficiently massive, so that the gyroscopic compass and helmsman may be employed.

But the radio channels to which I have just referred will require no heavy equipment on the airplane for steering purposes, and will accomplish even more than can be expected from the gyroscopic compass, because they will take care of side drift due to transverse wind currents, at present one of the most baffling elements for the aviation navigator. For instance, if by side drift the plane is carried out of the radio channel, the aviator will at once be apprised of the fact, because his radio receiver will no longer receive the signals which are automatically sent out from the distant transmitter at the aviation station and confined to the radio beam in which he should be traveling.

Let us take, for example, a hypothetical radio station located near Brest, whose radio beam is directed to the flying fields of Long Island. We shall call this Zone No. 34. The French transmitter sends out automatically a continuous sequence of these

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The American Tenors, Mario Chamlee and Orville Harrold, at a Radio Tea Given by Lucrezia Bori, Metropolitan Opera Soprano, in Her New York Apartment

PERFECT CONTROL

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WITH nothing to do and hours to do it in, I drifts over to the Sorghum Springs park, not with any hopes of stirring up business or even of watching a butter-fingered ball game, but just to say hello to Red Spellacy. Before Charley horses, glass arms and other sundries of athletic age had shunted him into a Class D managership and me into scouting, we'd dusted diamonds together for several years in the big time.

"Well, well," exclaims Red, after greeting me with the curses of cordiality, "so the Blue Sox are down to rummaging through the Hog-and-Hominy League! Can I help you to a couple of infielders, a pair of slightly used southpaws, a bow-legged bat boy ——"

"How much for the lot?" I cuts in.

"We haven't had such a good season," returns Spellacy, "but I'm willing to pay their railroad fare away from here. On the square, Mike, you're not figuring on uncovering any ball tossers in this sink of the swamp, are you?"

"Why not?" I asks, just to make palaver. "After all, talent's where you find it, not where you look for it, if you know what I mean."

"I haven't a thing on you," comes back Red. "I don't, but if it was even related to talent by marriage it wouldn't be here. The Hog-and-Hominy is the bone yard of baseball. There's hardly a bobo in the whole layout that hasn't been released and revised downward by every league in the country. As for my club," continued the manager, "outside of two youngsters, I haven't anybody that ——"

"Be of good cheer, laddie," I interrupts. "I'll neither disturb your dead nor rob your cradles. I'm here," I explains, "just passing the time away between mixed freights. Been up to Hattonville looking over a pitcher named Gormley."

"I've heard tell of him," remarks Spellacy. "Has he got anything?"

"Yeh," says I—"a gold-plated watch and chain and a cousin in the hide-and-tallow trade."

"He's got it on my troupe," growls Red, "by a watch and chain anyways. Who tipped you to him?"

"Some friend of Grogan's," I replies, "who doesn't know a hurler from a succotash tree. Talk about wild! This boy Gormley has just about as much control over the pill as I have over the late queen's privy purse. In the few innings I watched him he walked four men, beaned three others and finished up the gala by heaving one into the grand stand to catch a guy stealing home. The ball hit me on the shoulder."

"That's what you get," grunts Spellacy, "for sitting in back of first base in this section of the country. Or was it third? Speaking of control," he goes on, "I've been breaking in a couple of switch-around kids that ——"

"What kind?" I asks.

"Switch-arounds," repeats Red. "A pair of brothers, each of whom can pitch or catch. Either way you take 'em, they're a good combination."

"In the Hog-and-Hominy League," I shrugs indifferently, "brother batteries and birds that can play any position on the team are thicker than ticks in the sticks, but I never heard of one who even got as far as a try-out in the Tri-State."

"I don't know," says Spellacy. "Sometimes I think Joe and Jess are going to click heavy higher up. However, I'd want odds to bet a burned match on it. After you've been around the side meat and cider as long as I have you lose your judgment of truffles and turtle soup."

I have a little more respect for Red's opinion than he has. The old-timer never was one for hurrahing a nix into a nifty, especially when there was no percentage for him in it.

"Why," I persists, "do the tea leaves tell you there's anything ahead for these lads? What have they besides the same mother? A rural free delivery?"

"Control," returns Spellacy. "Neither one of 'em can field or run or burn 'em down to second for Sweeney's maiden aunt, but they can cut the corner of a dime ninety-nine times out a bare hundred and let you pick the corner."

"I see," says I politely. "What have they done for you?"

"Well," comes back Red, "the H-and-H is, indeed, a mangy league, but we're in first place. We were in sixth a month ago when the kids joined up. Want to take a look? I'm working 'em today."

I'm willing enough. It's still three hours before my train time and I need a dose of control to get the taste of Gormley out of my mouth. I follows Spellacy from the clubhouse. A short distance away a couple of long, rangy yokels, running largely to feet, are shunting a ball back and forth.

"The Flitch battery," announces the Sorghum Springs manager—"Joe and Jess, reading from left to right. The thing in back of 'em is a fence."

"Which one is supposed to be the backstop?" I asks, observing that both the youngsters are featuring light fielder's gloves. "And what of it?"

"Either," returns Red. "In my wisdom I haven't decided yet which of 'em I'll start behind the pan this P.M. The kids," he explains, "never use mitts—nor masks nor chest protectors nor shin guards for that matter."

"Why the shoes?" I inquires. "Aren't they considered upstage at this fork of the creek?"

"Just a trifle effeminate," says Spellacy.

For a few minutes I watches the boys at the warm-up, but I sees nothing to cable the King of Spain about. The lads fling 'em with an easy, lazy grace and fair speed, but the curves and breaks they uncork are in no danger of ever losing their amateur standing.

When I looks away from the performance I finds Red grinning at me and holding out a bat he's picked up.

"Just for pretty fun," he suggests, "let's see what control, and nothing but control, can do against an ancient eagle eye like you."

No matter how splayed and spavined a ball tosser gets, he never loses the itch to wrap his lunch hooks around the old wagon tongue if it's only for carpet beating. I takes the willow eagerly, selects my fence and gets set.

"Just a minute," says Spellacy. "I'm trying to think what it was you used to be a sucker for. Was it fast ones wrapped around the neck or ——"

"Very little in the way of pitching got by me," I cuts in, "and that little didn't. However, there was some loose talk once about me not being so Delehanty against knee-high flings on the outside corner, but ——"

"Oh, yes," recalls Red, and goes off to talk with Jess, the taller of the two silo stuffers. Returning, he drops his cap for a plate and motions me to take a stance.

"Come on, control!" says I, frisky.

Without a wind-up, Jess lets go. I can see the pill coming from the distance—the pitch's that puny and undernourished—but as I swing I know I've missed. Those knee-high heaves on the outside always were poison to me—rough on bats so to speak.

The second throw—also lacking in vitamins—I passes up, figuring it too wide for the practical purposes of a practical man, but it isn't. The ball cuts across the visor of Spellacy's cap just as the first one had done.

"Two little strikes all in a row," says Red. "Will you have another in the same place?"

"If can do," I returns.

Jess can do and does. He zips not only one but a dozen in succession down the old alley, keeping the groove over the boss' chapeau hot with repeaters. The ball just runs on narrow-gauge rails for the kid. I get so interested in his accuracy that I don't even attempt to interfere with it.

"Now," says Red, taking my dazed bat from me, "watch Joe wrap 'em around my neck."

My Wrist is Nearly Busted and My Hand's Stinging Mad From the Telegraphed Impact of Horsehide on Wood

The brothers change places and I stands behind the catcher to get an ump's slant on the twirling. Joe has more smoke and, if possible, even more control than Jess. Without apparent aim or effort, he routes a bevy of balls over a private line between Red's chin and shoulders and there's not the slightest variation in speed or direction as far as I can see with the undressed eye. Spellacy makes no particular attempt to meet the pill, merely flourishing the bludgeon about to show that Joe's job's being done under fairly normal conditions.

After this exhibition the two boys are turned loose to pitching 'em as I calls 'em. At Red's invitation I holds a bat out stiffly at different heights, angles and lengths for the battery brothers to shoot at. In ten minutes I quits. My wrist is nearly busted and my hand's stinging mad from the telegraphed impact of horsehide on wood. Besides, the game's about to start.

"See anything ahead for the kids?" asks Spellacy, as we're walking over to the dugout.

"Yeh," says I. "They ought to win lot of cigars on the pike throwing balls at nigger babies."

I've spent too many years plucking morning-glories in the bulrushes to commit myself quick on anything. Nowadays I won't admit that two and two are four unless I personally know the guy who's putting the question, why it's being put and what's in it for me.

As a matter of fact, I'm all steamed up over the Flitches. It's long been a theory of mine that most of the time pitchers spend developing speed, spitters, curves and breaks is so much waste seeing that control's the only thing that's really worth a hooey in your hat. Matty, Cy Young and a few others knew it. That's why they lasted so long and delivered so well while they lasted.

A baby who can lay 'em where he wants 'em need have nothing on the ball but the seams to make a star slugger look like an astigmatic sap. The stuff you hear about swatters who can hit any kind of pitching is the merry moonshine. There isn't a batter in the business who hasn't a blind spot, and it's no trick to discover where the spot is either. The trick is to get a bird in the box who can zing 'em down the taboo track and keep zinging 'em there without side trips or detours. That means perfect control, and pitchers having same are about as thick as garrulous oysters in the mountain country.

I says nothing further to Spellacy, but sets myself for a look-see at the Flitches in action against Goose Creek of the Hog-and-Hominy League. Jess goes to the firing line.

"That's Chuggins," explains Red, as the first batter steps up. "He's a fish for anything that cuts the inside corner of the plate heart high. Watch!"

Fish is right. Chuggins squirms himself into a snarl in an effort to connect up with Jess' easy toss, but in that groove he couldn't have hit a bean bag with an ironing board. Three heaves, three swings and he's back at the water bucket. Up comes the next Goose Creeker.

"Halleck," announces Spellacy briefly. "High and wide."

Jess speeds up some for this baby, but he's a short horse and quickly curried. A trio of fast ones over the outside edge of the rubber, level with the Adam's apple, and Halleck is again to be found among the splinters in the bull pen. A short, stocky somebody takes his place at the pan.

"This bird," frowns Red, "is a new one on me. I don't know what his favorite weakness is—yet. I'm flagging Jess to use his judgment."

The kid's judgment is not so hot. It's not even tepid. The unknown leans against the first pitch—a low one inside—and smears it against the center-field wall. The poke's good for three bags on its own merits, but a sloppy relay home from the pitcher's box gives it a bonus of an extra base.

"That duster's a stranger to me," I remarks, "but I can tell you something confidentially about him that you ought to know before this game goes any further."

"What?" grunts Spellacy.

"His weakness," I returns, "is not low ones on the inside."

With the Strength of a Maniac, He Drags the Kids to the Clubhouse Door

"Well," shrugs Red, "the gal at the exchange can't begin giving you wrong numbers in a serious way until she knows exactly what you want. In a week I'll have that bohunk hunting oculists. The lad at bat now," goes on Spellacy, "we tumbled to in one game. See what happens when you lay 'em across his belt buckle."

What happens is an easy strike-out. The visiting girl takes a bilious look at two along the midriff and misses the third by the distance between hither and yon.

"Tell me," says I, while the sides are changing, "where'd you get these Flitches?"

"From Wild Bill Meloney," comes back Red. "Remember him?"

"Meloney?" I repeats. "That the bimbo who bumped off Dan Crimmins? Didn't he beat it to Australia or some such place?"

"Nope," answers Spellacy. "He's been living at his sister's farm, about fifteen miles from here, ever since Crimmins' death. The old boy never got over it."

"Hard lines," says I; "but where do the Flitches come in?"

"They're his nephews," replies Red; "his sister's children."

"I see," I noda. "Bill's the little red schoolhouse where they learned their baseball, eh?"

"Not baseball," corrects Spellacy—"control, with the accent on both syllables. Meloney's gone goofy on the subject. Croaking Crimmins must have jarred his agates loose. A couple of months ago," continues Red, "Bill drifted in here with a kid in each hand and asked me to give 'em a chance. He told me he'd spent ten years hammering control into the boys. 'Nobody else in this family,' says he to me, 'will ever bean anybody.'"

"I guess he fixed that, all right," says I. "What was his system?"

"Just work," returns the manager. "For hours a day, every day in the week, he kept Joe and Jess sharpshooting at chunks of wood, holes in the wall—anything. You know," adds Spellacy, "when you get after a couple of bambinos and keep pounding one thing into 'em for ten years they're bound to get pretty good at it."

"Pretty good," I grunts. "Those Flitches are near perfect if the quality of apples I've seen so far is the same right through the barrel. Any of the other ivory engineers been here looking 'em over?"

"No," comes back Red. "I've been sort of keeping the youngsters under cover. Meloney's after me to get 'em a try higher up, but I don't figure they're ready yet."

"Why not?" I asks.

"They need more speed," replies Red. "With all their control, I'm afraid the least the boys in the big tent would do would be to bunt 'em to death."

"Roll 'em down another alley," says I. "They'd have a swell chance of bunting safe off babies who can throw necklaces at will. As a matter of fact," I goes on, "the Flitches'd do better against top-cream stickers than they're doing against the skim-milk swingers in this here now section."

"I'll take a bite," offers Spellacy generously. "Why?"

"Because," I tells him, "a Class A slugger knows exactly what he wants and what he doesn't want in the way of a pitched ball, and you can give him precisely what he doesn't want. In the Hog-and-Hominy they just shut their eyes and wallop. Any one of these Bolognies is likely to start for an outcurve around the knees and paste a neck-high inshoot over the garden wall. Their only strength is their weakness. And talking about weakness," I grinds on, "which do you imagine is easier—prescribing for a guy with one disease or for a bird with a merry *mélange* of 'em?"

"Gosh, you're smart!" exclaims Red. "I'll bet you can even read printing."

Jess having gone back into the box again, I turns my attention to the game. The boy is just plain deadly. Nine pitched balls and the side's retired. "What a cushy spot for the umps!" I remarks. "Nothing to do but yell 'Yer out!'"

"They've got so," says Spellacy, "they don't even call strikes when the Flitches are working. They just assume 'em."

The Ball Smacks Him Plush on the Shoulder

(Continued on Page 62)

Twenty Minutes Late for Dinner

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS extraordinary to Hobey, even in the surge of his emotion, how suddenly the thing finally happened—the decision which it had never occurred to him that he would make. It started abruptly out of the hidden channels of his mind, complete, to change the whole nature and direction of his life.

One moment he was as he had been for the last three years—secure, in spite of the lift of delight in him because of Evelyn, a slow wave that poured over him, warm and strong as the Florida sun, briefly appearing between the low white cloud layer. He sat on the barracks step, wallowing in both, thinking of nothing very much except Evelyn—vaguely happy. He was aware equally of his own brown paws, loosely clasped, sticking from worn dungaree cuffs; of his Navy shoes planted in rough white coral; of the gray governmental buildings of the Coast Guard about him; of men's voices, familiar and droning, from open windows and from the boat slips on the bay side. He heard the thrash overhead of palm fronds in the stiffening sea wind and, from the southward, the gradual approaching snore of an airplane, which was the commander coming back from a patrol out at sea.

Hobey Looked Down at the Cornered Man on the Deck. He Was a Rat—a Livid, Murdering Rat. Murder Was Nothing to Him, Because He Was Outside the Law Anyway

It was all exactly as the years of his enlistment had been—simple, understandable, uncomplicated, male. With the moment of change almost upon him, he savored it below his abstraction, waiting to ask the commander for an extra hour of liberty, so that he could get down to his mother's place in Miami an hour or so before dinner. Because of Evelyn. The very name in his mind was a sting of delight in the haze of his content.

The next moment it was changing; it had all changed. Like the sudden rearrangement, to an utterly new pattern, of the same bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, everything was different.

There was no longer any hope of simplicity and directness for him. He had only made himself think there was, because his mind had desired it so. Nothing very much happened, and yet everything happened, leaping up in him like slow explosive, three years laid. Charlie Brown came by with the mail and gave him a letter.

It was smooth pale orchid, addressed in Evelyn's handwriting like a cobwebby, uneven picket fence. His blood stung in his chest as he held the letter in his hand and looked at it; thumped in his ears, just as it did when he looked at her, at the soft curve of her upper lip and the clear mysterious blue of her eyes. He turned it over and over in his hand, trying not to grin too self-consciously, waiting until Charlie Brown and Saunders, one of the motor machinists' mates, talking above his head, should have gone on. The thick paper was creamy to his fingers. The sun ceased to glare upon it, being shut off by the low, whity-gray clouds. The sea wind ran chill and damp across his eyelids, wet salt across his lips, and they were saying that it was a tough life.

"I'll say it's a tough life," said Charlie Brown, lighting a cigarette.

Saunders borrowed his match. "It's a tough life, awright. M' girl ga' me the gate last night."

"That red-headed girl you was with the other night in Miama? What she give you the gate for?"

"Yeh. Swell girl, awright. But she ga' me the gate. First she was letting me take her places and buying her dinners, and then she ga' me the gate."

"Maybe she saw you with that blonde in Lauderdale one time and got sore?"

"Nah, she never —— I never went with any other girl since her. She knows 'at, awright. She knows 'at. I was simple about her was how it was."

"Well, what's her idea? Must of been some idea, swell girl like 'at."

"Yeh. Well, it's a same old line. You know. Didn't your wife hand it to you? She made out like she couldn't stand going out with the Coast Guard on account of not liking probition and us chasing the rummies. All like that. Says we're on'y cheap probitioners, snoopin' around with a hand out for what we can get, and double-crossing the rummies when we get it. Gee, I was sore. And then this Coast Guard trial comes up down there, see, and she knows a girl was cousin to the rummy that got killed, and they said the Coast Guard on'y got him because he hadn't paid up, and like that. I told her we wasn't out for probition specially. I tried to tell her about being under orders about preventin' smuggling—pearls and dope and Chinks or anything. But she ga' me the gate just the same. Gee, I was sore."

"Yeh. It's tough awright. But you can't tell a woman anything. They all ack the same down here. They think these rummies are swell, like movie actors. It doesn't get you anything arguing with 'em. You can't tell 'em anything."

"That's the third girl ga' me the gate on account of probition. What do I care about probition? It's like I said to her, I said, you got to do what you're told or you get court-martialed. We got to. It's like there wasn't anybody else to do the dirty jobs but the Coast Guard. We didn't ask for probition. We got it wished on us, same as any kind of contraband. But I couldn't tell her nothin'. She's going with a bootlegger now, I guess. I was sore."

"Yeh, I been sore myself. But you can't tell 'em nothin'. They like things romantic."

"Yeh. That's right. I sure was sore."

Hobey sat still, listening to the voices moving over toward the office, where he could not hear the words any more. He was turning and turning Evelyn's letter in his hand. Then he ripped it open.

That was the moment when the thing happened. His world—his secure masculine world—crashed about his ears and he was Hobart Allen, 3d, again, back in that fussy world his mother and his Aunt Agatha and the Allen money and the Allen social position had wrapped about him mufflingly since he was born. Womanish and subtle and indirect and confusing, he was in it again, up to his ears. Because Evelyn wrote the thing he had not let himself imagine. She would not marry him if he reënlisted next Wednesday when his time was up. She said she was wild about him and he thrilled her to death and she adored his exquisite mother and his Aunt Agatha and it would be too marvelous to be Mrs. Hobart Allen, 3d, and live in the Westchester house, but she simply could not marry anybody who had so little ambition and so little regard for his mother's wishes as to be satisfied with being a kind of prohibition agent all his life. She would marry him next month, if he came to his senses and refused to go back to that weird life of wearing a uniform and stopping people's yachts and being ordered about by men whose incomes wouldn't pay his mother's butler. He didn't love her enough if he couldn't be glad to give that up. And he must come early tonight, because she couldn't wait to see him, and she trailed the word "Darling" all across the last page over her signature, that poised there, delicate as a butterfly.

It was exactly like that trick she had of fluttering her eyelashes against his cheek impishly, when she would not let him kiss her—a butterfly flutter of a caress that shook him down to the heels of his boots.

He folded the letter and put it in his blouse pocket. He was licked. He knew it. There wasn't any use fighting any more. He might have known he hadn't had a Chinaman's chance from the first. He saw that perfectly clearly. The decision was made in him, like a tremendous overturning. And, once made, he had left no other emotion than a slight dizziness. It was Evelyn. She was the most adorable, the most marvelous, the most ——

She would marry him. Perhaps she was right about his laziness and his lack of ambition. And yet, he remembered, as if from a remote distance, he really had wanted to keep on going up in the service. Next to Evelyn, the thing he

had wanted most in the world was to pass his officer's exams and be an ensign. Certainly he had worked harder, actually worked longer and steadier and with more concentrated enthusiasm, than he had ever worked in his life before, or been allowed to. His two pampered years at college, with his mother taking a house off campus to be near him and making him give up after that because she worried about his eyes, had been nothing like this.

He looked down at his brown, thickened hands. They had been pulpy that summer his mother and Aunt Agatha had left him alone in the Cape Cod house when they went to San Sebastian. It seemed to him that had been the first time in his life he had been left alone. He knew perfectly what he was like then—a slight, mild youth, studious and awkward. His mother had always been so distressed because he would drop the tea cakes. Once he had spilled scalding tea on the bishop. Yet that was only three years ago. He had to grin, looking down at his brown right fist. It had held other things than teacups since then. It had known blisters and bruises and grease and frostbite. It had pulled at ropes and on oars. It had gripped boat hooks and pistols and heavy paintbrushes and chipping hammers. It had scraped decks and cleaned brass and tended engines and scrubbed his own clothes and peeled potatoes. It knew the kick of a wheel in bucking seas and the satisfying smack of a right hook to the jaw. There was that time he had knocked out Lefty Flynn, cold. Next Wednesday he had been going to reënlist. He had been careful not to mention that to his mother and his Aunt Agatha.

He remembered, as if for the last time, fleetingly, how it had begun. He remembered himself pounding blindly down the beach to the Coast Guard station with Aunt Agatha's telegram crumpled in his hand. They were coming back. It had been the first summer that he had sailed a boat all he wanted to, with no one watching him with binoculars from the upper balcony to see if he were in danger. He had capsized three times in winds too strong for the other boats and taken two swimming prizes and got his feet wet constantly and spent hours hanging around the Coast Guard station. So that, when that cable came, something leaped in him and he enlisted.

He had been in uniform when he met them in Boston, and he was browner than they had ever seen him, and heavier, and his hands were already calloused and his mind was rooted and grounded on content. For the first time in his life he had been able to meet with a little detachment the nervous crisis of their dismay. He could even endure his mother's hysterics. It showed him, more clearly than anything had ever done, that, in spite of their gentleness, their rapt devotion, their tea-rose complexions and their small, vague hands, there was something in their love for him that was smothering—oh, very loving, very gentle, but like having your breath slowly shut off with rose-silk pillows faint with attar and edged with ancestral lace. Blue serge and hip boots and sou'westers and wet feet as a matter of routine, and gray seas smashing up into a narrow gray bow, were lungfuls of rousing sea air after that. They had had to accept it.

Until he had seen Evelyn he had intended to remain in the service always.

He had to hand it to them—the suave, shrewd little ladies. They had got what they wanted with the inevitability of admirals and diplomats. After the first, they had not cried or protested. His mother, whose nerves had always held him in secret terror, had not once been hysterical after the first few months. Aunt Agatha's jaw line, well concealed with ivory lace and a pearl choker, had not once asserted itself. When he had been transferred to Florida they had taken a house in Miami only the second winter. And when the base was transferred to Fort Lauderdale, they had not been plaintive about it. They had worked carefully and discreetly and slowly. He had been perfectly aware of that. He had laughed a little to himself, watching them accent the masculine bareness and rigor of his life with their own cars and servants and delicate luxury. It had not worried his content, in the slightest.

But then they had sent for Evelyn. They had made no mistakes about her. They had not praised her too much. They had spoken of her only casually, as poor Cousin Sarah Garnett's youngest girl, who would be so grateful for a winter in Florida. They had not insisted that he get away from his work to see her often. They were, as he knew so well they could be, soft and innocent and watchful and utterly determined. They put him on his guard with all their softness and subtlety.

But nothing had made any difference from the first moment when he had seen Evelyn. The warmth in him grew now to a great, dazed glow. She had walked straight out of a door into the full, blistering dazzle of white light on a white beach, with the sapphire and white thunder of ocean beyond her, all shapely gold, laughing, and the dazzle had leaped to his veins and his throat and his head, and stayed there. She took the life out of everything else and crammed it into her own gesture. Behind her everything paled. The content that had been in him was nothing; his ambition, nothing. When she clung to him with the soft palms of her hands the poignance of it ran him through the heart—as it did now.

That he had planned to reënlist next week fell from him like an unimportant memory. A fever to see her, not just think about her, swept him to his feet. It was incredible that he had never seized her roughly and kissed her, and kissed her, as he meant to now.

The commander's plane swashed across the bay to the runway, a huge khaki-colored bird, clumsy now that it was out of its own element. Hobey walked slowly down toward it. He'd speak to the commander right now. He could shave and dress at his mother's, to save time getting there. He hurried, lost in the color of his own thoughts. What a rotten whity-gray day it had turned into, to be sure. The sea wind was altogether too searching for his idea of a Florida December. He noticed, for the first time, how, without the sun, the whity-gray light lay drearily on the gray board buildings and the rough white earth. The palm trees struggled in the wind like bedraggled birds. Gosh, imagine spending another three years here, being told to do things and having people—his own people—furious with him for doing as he was told.

He forgot even the slight formality the Coast Guard likes, even in its less official moments, and spoke to the man loping up toward him from the beach.

"Look here, commander," he said abruptly, "I've got to ——"

"There you are, Allen," the commander said to him softly, like a man bringing good news. "You remember that black boat? It was about twenty-five miles off Hillsborough when I saw it, heading southwest. Looks as though they were making for Baker's Haulover, coming from West End. The way they were going, if you get right out on a southeasterly course you ought to pick them up off Hollywood. You better take out the chaser and go look. Take Saunders and Charlie Brown and Perkins and Willis and Anderson."

(Continued on Page 100)

And Yet the Chaser Was a Great Craft. He Had to Admit That. She Was Taking the Short, Choppy, 'Longshore Sea Like a Gray, Leaping Cat

THE LITTLE HOME IN THE COUNTRY

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

A Young Wife Leads Her Husband Into the Country and Shows Him a Semicollapsed Farmhouse and Talks Him Into Buying It

THE place for happiness, peace, rest, health and genuine leisure is the country. Ever since the days of the poet Horace, literature has been plentifully sprinkled with fascinating references to the delights of escaping from the dirt and tumult of cities and occupying a small cottage in a sylvan retreat or a lush meadow some three miles removed from the nearest drug store.

In such surroundings, according to poetry, fiction and the drama, the air is pure and fresh, the scent of flowers and the soft twittering of birds soothe the jangled nerves; and by digging in the damp and fragrant earth, one may easily induce unbroken slumber and raise vegetables qualified to compete with such growths as Jack's bean stalk and the pumpkin that became Cinderella's coach.

Particularly prominent in literature is the dilapidated but attractive home, bowered in vines and shrubs, which those who move from the city to the country discover in a sequestered but scraggy nook and bring to perfection with two cans of paint, three pounds of nails, four weeks' labor and eighty dollars in real money.

Having long been an enthusiastic student of books and magazines that extol the joys of a little home in the country, I have conducted various searching experiments along that line during the past ten years; and it is my sad duty to state that it is not so easy as it sounds.

It is, for example, very thrilling and absorbing to find in a garden magazine a list of instructive suggestions or suggestive instructions, as the case may be, with some such title as Week to Week Among the Bloomers, and read: "About this time dig up and set perennials in temporary beds, making notes as to color, height and season of bloom, and good companion plants."

Perennial Prostration

SUCH directions fill the resident of a little home in the country with a quivering enthusiasm. The directions are simple and anyone can carry them out, though the digging is usually somewhat complicated by the arrival of several friends just as the perennials have been wrenched from their resting places. One would naturally suppose that when the perennials have been dug up and the notes have been made, the matter would be definitely and satisfactorily settled. It is this supposition, it seems to me, that drives so many occupants of little homes in the country to nervous prostration and an early death.

The books and the magazines seldom warn the little-home dweller that there is a catch to all the easy operations connected with living in a sylvan retreat—a catch so prominent and so barbed that it frequently leaves the little-home enthusiast hanging high in the air.

When one reads in Week to Week Among the Bloomers that notes should be made concerning the color, height and season of bloom of transplanted perennials, one finds no mention of the highly important detail of where the notes should be preserved until they are needed again. It is easy enough to make notes on the height and color of plants, and to draw diagrams showing where plants have been planted or where water pipes have been concealed in the walls of the little home in the country, but when the following spring comes around and the notes or the diagrams are needed, they cannot be found. The person who made them can look through several drawers, thoroughly disarrange all the papers on and in a desk, rancorously accuse each member of his family of having deliberately destroyed them, and lose his temper several times, but they are seldom, if ever, discovered in time to be of any value except as something with which to start a fire. They are usually located unexpectedly at the end of a three-year period, when they come to light between the leaves of a seed catalogue that has been carefully concealed behind the books on the bottom shelf of the bookcase. In such cases as this the magazines and newspapers that are so free with their suggestions concerning the making of notes might render a genuine service to dwellers in little homes in the country by maintaining reminder bureaus. Then when the occupant of a little home drew a diagram showing where the coreopsis, the delphinium, the bleeding heart, the sweet William and what not ought to be planted, he could mail the diagram to his favorite magazine or newspaper, saying to the reminder bureau: "Remind me of this diagram on the fifth of next June."

The newspaper or magazine would, of course, be obliged to protect itself against the possibility of a malicious-minded or disgruntled employe changing the contents of various envelopes, so that Mrs. Smith, in her little home in the country, would receive, on June fifth, the garden diagram carefully drawn by Mr. Jones, and vice versa—a state of affairs that would at least result in two canceled subscriptions and two cases of apoplexy.

A Crawly Sensation on the Back of His Neck or on His Hair or Up His Sleeve or Behind His Ear

The Process of Absorption

SOME years ago, inflamed by whimsical articles telling how semidecayed farmhouses or tumble-down sheds had been transformed into miniatures of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum at practically no expense, I acquired an ex-stable on the coast of Southern Maine and undertook the pleasant task of transforming it into one of the little homes in the country that one reads about in the newspapers and magazines. I anticipated no difficulty in achieving pleasing results at small cost; for the stable was not old and had been stoutly built on stone foundations. It upheld the best traditions of little homes in the country by standing on moderately fertile ground eminently qualified to produce large amounts of vines and shrubs, and the land around it appeared to be too restricted for important money to be spent on its development.

I may as well state at the outset, however, that this little home in the country, with its surrounding half acre of land, has—with scarcely any change in its outside appearance—gradually absorbed as much money in its transition from stable to five-room summer cottage, as would build a fifteen-room house with brick walls, slate roof, pergolas, six bathrooms, silver door knobs and landscaping by the distinguished architects who were responsible for the external beauties of the Chicago Exposition.

It has not only absorbed this amount but it pants thirstily for more, and it is my unalterable belief that if I live long enough and retain my health and strength, it will eventually swallow up more than enough to build a model village including a Colonial library and an athletic field. While the home was still

in its infancy, Mr. Hugh MacNair Kahler, the distinguished author, gave it a name to show its origin as well as the ravenous manner in which it digested all my available resources without showing results. This name—Stall Hall—it still retains for all public purposes, together with the motto Nobody Ever Told Me About That. Privately, however, it has received several other names. These are usually bestowed while the carpenters are engaged in

The Floor of the Living Room Began to Sag in a Peculiar and Disturbing Manner, and Offensive Fungoid Growths Began to Emerge From Joints in the Floor Boards

making their yearly additions and repairs, and have carelessly walked out to attend to another job, leaving every room thoroughly bestrewn with sawdust, shavings, disarranged furniture and large masses of kindling wood. It is hardly necessary to add that these names are too unpleasant to be printed anywhere except in the most up-to-date works of our youngest and most admired authors.

And All That's Left Unsaid

IT IS not my wish to cast aspersion on the persons who write whimsical pieces for the papers, giving readers the idea that a farmhouse can be remodeled as cheaply and as easily as one can buy a secondhand automobile. In many of these whimsical pieces, a young wife leads her husband into the country and shows him a semicollapsed farmhouse and talks him into buying it; and then the two of them, with an old hammer, a borrowed saw and some secondhand nails and screws, proceed to hammer it into perfect condition in no time at all. I do not care to say that this is impossible; for there may be people who can do it. I do not even wish to point the finger of disgust and loathing at the garden experts who produce vivacious essays telling how two days' work on the part of the merest novice will transform a revolting rock pile into a captivating fernery. I always read these essays avidly, and never do so without feeling the urge to plunge recklessly into the building of a fernery, disastrous though the results would be to me and the fernery as well. Probably somewhere there are people who can successfully evolve ferneries out of rock piles; and far be it from me to discourage them by any cynical or ill-considered remarks. I do, however, desire to cry a bitter cry against the manner in which occupants of little homes in the country are led to embark on ventures without being warned of the grief that may await them if they, like myself, believe too implicitly in seed catalogues and incomplete directions.

This matter of incomplete directions is one that I find trouble in mentioning without bursting into low, searing curses, and it is responsible for the motto of Stall Hall—Nobody Ever Told Me About That. I had no sooner acquired my little home in the country, for example, than I felt the immediate need of a high, dense hedge to intercept the dust of passing automobiles and to intimate subtly to passing golfers that it would cause me no ungovernable grief if they would keep to the road instead of ambling nonchalantly across my front lawn. Consequently several amateur hedge experts were called on for information as to what would make a high, dense hedge in the smallest possible time; and it was the consensus of opinion that laurel-leaf willow would make the highest, densest and quickest hedge. A number of florists' annuals confirmed this opinion with the words: "Salix laurifolia—laurel-leaf willow. Grows eight to twenty feet, with shining, lanceolate, dark-green leaves. Makes a nice screen for any unsightly object." In spite, therefore, of being vaguely resentful of the phrase "any unsightly object," I purchased and inserted, at three-foot intervals, along three of the boundaries of my small property, one hundred laurel-leaf willows, each one of them being a trifle too fragile at the time of planting to be used as a switch for a recalcitrant puppy. These willows, as time went on, more than lived up to the promises of the florists' annuals. They rapidly grew to a height of ten feet, of fifteen feet, of twenty feet, as advertised. They even pushed on to twenty-five feet, but their width, unfortunately, grew as rapidly as their height; so that in a short time the ex-stable must have had the same choked, overwhelmed feeling that a very small child should have when it is surrounded by a towering circle of admiring relatives. The willows grew so high that in addition to shutting out the golfers, they also shut out the breezes, following which they shut out the sun. Nobody, I scarcely need to state, had ever told me that such a thing would occur.

As a result of the closeness with which the willows were planted, adjoining branches began to die, thus giving the centers of the trees a hollow, tuberculous look.

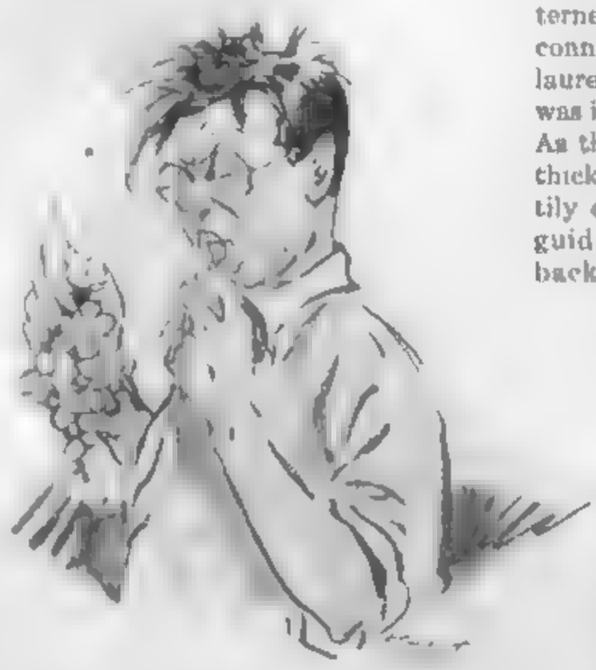
When I sought to cure this by cutting out alternate trees and some of the lower branches of those that remained, the strength of the trees went into the upper branches, so that they became top-heavy and leaned toward the house and over the road with a dissolute and intemperate air.

Meanwhile the stumps of those that had been cut down sent out vigorous shoots in every direction around the bases of the existing trees, something like inverted hula-hula skirts. In addition to this, the roots of the trees inserted themselves impertinently into all water pipes, choking them neatly and efficaciously, and also came up to the surface of the ground in a tangled net that strangled half the perennials in the flower beds. None of these

My Snout Beetles are a Tough and Hardy Breed, and a Few Good Drinks of Arsenate of Lead Merely Spur Them On

things had been mentioned in the florists' annuals, which had contented themselves with remarking that laurel-leaf willows "make a nice screen for unsightly objects." It has frequently occurred to me that laurel-leaf willows, unless carefully controlled, make unsightly objects of anything they are set to screen, but it is probably unreasonable to expect the florists' annuals to make any such statement.

I must also speak with some bitterness of still another matter in connection with the nice screen of laurel-leaf willow—a matter that was ignored in the florists' annuals. As the nice screen grew higher and thicker, the branches arched prettily over the front gate, hung languidly over the front, side and back yards, and even stretched carelessly across the lawns and knocked annoyingly at the doors and windows.



A Variety of Grape of Excessive Acidity

A Few Pests

BUT toward the middle of summer each year the leaves on the lower branches, which had started by being shining, lanceolate and dark green, as advertised, took to turning a dull mud color, shriveling noticeably and falling off briskly onto the lawn. By early September each year the nice screen was entirely denuded of leaves and was not, as one might say, quite so nice.

Before and during this phenomenon—during, that is to say, the months of June, July and August—any person who walked in or out of the front gate or stood beneath or touched any portion of the willow hedge was soon annoyed by a crawly sensation on the back of his neck or on his hair or up his sleeve or behind his ear. Careful investigation invariably revealed that this sensation was caused by a very small and very restless black bug, which perambulated slowly but with the greatest persistence over the person on whom it found itself. Further investigation showed that each one of the half million or million leaves on the hedge of laurel-leaf willow was populated by one to ten of these small black bugs. In addition to occupying themselves in gnawing the shine, the color and the lanceolation, so to speak, from the willow leaves, they further disported themselves by letting go all holds and dropping from their roosts whenever a dog or a human passed beneath them. Whether

I Have Watered the Sleeping Seeds With Patient Thoroughness, Regardless of the Water That Drips on Me

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HIGH-CLASS SECURITY

A Car Derailed on a Long Drag Freight Train. Twenty-three Box and Flat Cars Went in the Ditch

By A. W. Somerville

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

THE railroad had ordered five thousand double-sheathed automobile cars. High topped, fifty-ton capacity, steel underframe box cars with steel ends and double-width, staggered doors. One of the stipulations the railroad made when they let the contract was that they would be permitted to put inspectors in each department of the car works to insure the proper construction of the cars, to prevent any deviation from the specifications and the blue prints. The problem that arose from this stipulation, that confronted the railroad management, was this: Should they hire outside inspectors to do this work—this inspecting of materials and construction—or should they send their own skilled workmen—their carmen and machinists and car inspectors? The former appeared the more logical; it was obviously the less expensive, the less troublesome. If they sent their own men—men who had little or no experience in inspecting contract shop work—there was the possibility that friction might arise that would be avoided if the other method was adopted. In addition, it would be necessary to take mechanics away from their regular work; this would cause some confusion and would be injurious to the organization at home. The heaviest argument against their own men was, however, the cost. If railroad mechanics did the inspecting they would be paid on an hourly rate—so much for every hour they worked. There was no way to estimate closely just what the job would cost *in toto*. But if the inspection was let out as a contract—let to some firm that specialized in this work—then a flat price was paid for the job and that was the end of it.

The general manager and the mechanical superintendent of the railroad were in conference.

"Now this is the point," said the general manager: "On the one hand, we know what our cost of inspection will be, we have some surety that the work will be done with a minimum of friction, we will not break down or confuse our organization at home. On the other hand, we don't know what it will cost, we may have a row every ten days with the car works and our main shops will have to break in new men to fill the shoes of the men that have gone. Now, I'd like to see our men go, but I fail to see where the advantage is in doing it. Of course the change of work, the experience, the new conditions they would encounter might react to our advantage in the long run, but that's theory. The bonds that financed this new equipment—these cars—bear interest. How much interest, in round gold dollars, would the additional money bring us—the extra money we would be forced to spend if we should decide to send our own men?"

"I'm not a prophet," answered the mechanical superintendent.

"I want some facts, not prophecies," retorted the chief.

"Look here now," argued the mechanical man. "Whatever I say now isn't a knock at the car company. They're the same as any other outfit, any other business. We've got some tough specifications for them to live up to, and we've got the price whittled down to the last red cent. Lemme tell you something about this outfit that's building these cars. They've got three main building tracks, and every day thirty cars come down each track . . . built! Ready to load! They've got troubles of their own, they've got schedules they have to meet, they've got nearly a hundred cars a day to build. They don't use these cars; we use 'em! Our men use 'em, and our own men ought to inspect 'em."

"Not if it runs the costs out of reason," answered the chief.

"It won't," declared the mechanical man. "I'm not saying it will cost less to send our own men, but it won't cost much more. For material analysis and inspections at the steel mills, we'll have to depend on outside inspectors. And just like anything else, if we're going to get the best we're going to have to pay for it. We can't send our own men out on work like that; they don't know anything about it. But they do know what kind of workmanship we require, they know what kind of a car we want—and they're the men to supervise the actual building. Look here, boss. We specified a double-sheathed car, costing nearly twice the price of a single-sheathed job, because in the end we figured it would cost us less. We should send our own men for exactly the same reason; in the long run we'll save money."

"How?" demanded the boss.

"They're our own men," replied the superintendent—"that's the whole thing in a nutshell. This isn't anybody's standard car; this is our standard car. After they get 'em built they don't wave 'em good-by; they come back home an' live with 'em! Their responsibility does not cease. They have a sense of loyalty that you can't hire offhand, they have a knowledge of local conditions and our standards that the outside inspectors couldn't have. Any extra expenditure we have to make on account of them is nothing more or less than security, a guaranty that we'll get exactly what we're paying for."

"You mean," corrected the general manager, "that our security is the loyalty of our own men, plus their knowledge of local conditions and our standards. You believe that strongly enough to insist on the expenditure of quite a few thousand dollars?"

"You can put it any way you care to," declared the mechanical superintendent. "You might even write them down as collateral for the extra money. But as a matter of fact, they would be the collateral for the whole equipment-trust bond issue. Their interest and loyalty, their responsibility and knowledge, is worth a whole lot more than what we'll spend. You wait a few years after the cars have been in service—we could keep a sort of informal record of their performance—and I know that you'll see it as I do now. So far as I'm concerned, I feel that the only thing to do is to send our own men."

"You don't put any trust in a contracted inspection?" said the chief.

"Don't get me wrong now," answered the mechanical man. "I don't say the outside inspector wouldn't do as good a job as he could. I say that our men will have our interest at heart, that they will be responsible to us and not to a third party, and that they'll know what we want and will see that we get it while the outside inspector is wondering whether we want it or not. That's my position."

"All right then," said the general manager, "I'll ride along with you. Make up your authority for expenditure, including expenses and standard rates of pay, for thirty men. I'll sign it."

The railroad inspector in the truck shop caught it first. The axles came off the lathes and the burnishing machines like wheat cakes off a griddle; they rolled them past him down the rack toward the hydraulic ram, where the seven-hundred-and-fifty-pound wheels were applied. They had four great stacks of finished axles in reserve—four towering piles, a thousand axles to the pile. Whenever the inspector could get away from the ram for an hour or so, he would hang around the axle lathes or check up on the axles in the piles.

The first week the inspector had the world in a jug. Everything was lovely. The wheel fitters consulted him at every opportunity; they wanted to please the inspector, they wanted to do the job right. Anything within reason they would be glad to straighten out; all the inspector had to do was to tell them what he wanted. They were there to see that what the railroad wanted was what the railroad would get. That's what they told the inspector.

"Fine business," said the inspector.

The second week the work came off the axle lathes and off the boring mills even faster than before. One noon hour the inspector wandered over to the axle piles and noticed that axles had been taken from one of these stacks. He took his notebook out of his pocket and consulted it.

When noon hour was up he went to the wheel press, to the axle rack in front of the ram, and he marked out eight axles that lay in a row. The fitter came up and asked him what was the matter.

"Bad wheel seat," answered the inspector.

The fitter had micrometers. He put these mikes on the first two axles.

"I can fit these," he assured the inspector.

"Not for me," replied the inspector.

"What do you want me to do about them?" asked the fitter.

"I don't care what you do with them," answered the railroad man, "only don't put them under any of our cars."

The fitter signaled the overhead crane. Down dropped the hook.

"Which ones?" asked the floor man, unhooking his chains.

"They're marked," said the inspector, pointing.

"You grade 'em close, brother," said the floor man.

"They pay me for it," retorted the inspector.

"You oughtta take 'em," declared the fitter; "they're good axles."

"No," said the inspector.

"You're kinda hard to get along with, ain't you?" sneered the floor man, as he raised his hand for the pick-up.

"I want a good job," replied the inspector calmly.

The fitter spoke up. "What was the machine number on those axles?" he asked.

The inspector grinned. "I didn't notice," he lied.

"I'll go see about it," promised the fitter. "They probably all four come off the same machine. If his tool post wasn't tight it would have done it. We won't have no trouble, don't you worry. I'll go right back and see about it."

"You do that," said the inspector.

It was several hours later that the inspector noticed the gauge on the hydraulic ram behave in a manner that it wasn't supposed to. He was expecting it to behave in this manner; he had let this particular axle go to the press because he wanted to get the agony over with. The gauge showed no pressure until the wheels were almost on. Then the needle jumped to seventy-five tons. The inspector made them hold the wheels where they were. He took a feeler gauge—a thickness gauge—and stuck it into the fit. In places the three-thousandths feeler went in four inches, at no place did it go in less than two inches.

"That's rotten!" he declared. "Press 'em off!"

The fitter was there. "Bad fit?" he asked.

"Tapered wheel seat," answered the inspector.

"Oh, no," said the fitter. "Just a bad fit. I miss 'em every once in a while."

"We'll know in a minute," replied the railroader.

They pressed the wheels off and the inspector put calipers on them. The wheel seat showed a taper. The inspector drew his notebook out of his pocket and consulted it.

"What's that for?" demanded the fitter.

"Why," explained the inspector, "I've got the numbers of three bad lathes in this notebook—at least, they were bad. I'm just sorta checkin' up to see whether I was right about some of the axles that you got stacked over there. I am right. I can tell you right now that I don't want any more axles that come off three of your lathes, and if I've already taken any, I'll let you have 'em back!"

"The hell you will!" exploded the fitter.

"Exactly," said the inspector. "And I'll tell you something else I'm going to do: I'm going to shut down around here so tight that a clam will look like the Mammoth Cave to you. I want a better job of journal rolling from now on, or you can take them back and roll them twice. I want the ends of every axle filed and hammered to get the burs off. I don't want anything I'm not entitled to, but I'm sure going to get what's paid for."

"You've got some swell ideas," said the fitter.

"I think they are," retorted the inspector. "And I think I'll make them stick. Now I'm going to get my chief and bring him over here, and you better go get your superintendent, and we'll have a little talk. Maybe you'll fit these axles and maybe you won't."

"I been fittin' a long time, son," retorted the man, "and I've fitted lots worse axles than these. You don't look very broad across the seat to me!"

The inspector went after his chief; he found him in the wood shop looking over the material—decking and siding—that they were laying out along the construction tracks.

"Chief," said the inspector, "I've got an unholy mess over in the truck shop. I wish you'd come over and give me a hand."

"I'm busy," retorted the chief. "Settle it yourself."

"If I go back there alone," explained the inspector, "I'll have to take the responsibility for throwing out about a thousand axles. I want some help; there's going to be lots of fireworks."

The chief spat judiciously. "And if I go back there with you the same thing happens," he said. "Also, I miss seeing whether these boards are up to snuff or not. What's the benefit?"

"There's going to be the devil to pay about this," was the reply. "You might as well come over now and have it out, as wait until they try to run it over us."

"Now, listen," said the chief. "They ain't gonna run nothin' over us. They own these cars till we sign the paper, an' we don't sign the paper till we're satisfied. See? Now I'll go over there with you, and I'll look at your axles if you want me to, but I won't have one word to say. What you say goes! Don't be askin' me what I think of this or what I think of that; you know what we want as well as I do. We want a job!"

They walked back over to the truck shop. The superintendent of the truck shop was there waiting for them

"Here's the dope, captain," said the inspector to the super. "We got a bunch of bad axles—tapered wheel seat We don't want 'em."

"So," said the super, "you don't want 'em."

"Nope," said the inspector.

"How many you got?" demanded the super.

"I haven't counted 'em all yet," replied the inspector. "There's so many of 'em that I hate to start countin'. If you can tell me how many axles these lathes turned out - six and three and fourteen—I can tell you about how many bad axles you got on hand."

"You talk like a schoolboy," sneered the super. "You run along and I'll settle this foolishness with your boss here. He's an old-timer like me; he knows something about cars. You take your calipers an' run over there an' play with 'em, an' I'll settle this with a man."

"Now, now," said the chief inspector, "let's get this straight. You don't settle nothin' with me. You settle with him."

"Let this kid here throw good axles away?" demanded the super. "Say, I was buildin' cars when he was in diapers. You and I can settle this an' settle it right. We don't kick if you throw out a seamy journal or a sandy wheel, but don't send some schoolboy over here to throw out stuff that don't please his eye. They're your axles, don't forget that!"

The chief looked through his pockets. "I don't seem to find that bill of sale," he answered coldly.

"Those axles will pass any inspection," retorted the super. "You'll have to take 'em."

"You talk too big for me," said the chief. "Maybe this man here can understand what you're hollering about."

So the super talked to the inspector.

"You can talk all night," declared the inspector finally, "but you can't talk those axles past me."

"You better be careful what you throw out or I might make you eat 'em," exclaimed the super angrily.

"I've got a good appetite right now," retorted the inspector, "and there's an axle over there with nice chalk marks on it that I just threw out. I'd like to see you make me eat it."

"If you're going to pull stuff like this," declared the super, "I'll stop your clock. I'll see that you don't come

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"I'll Stop Your Clock. I'll See That You Don't Come In This Shop at All. What Do You Think About That?"

THE SANDALWOOD FAN

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Listen," Said Scissors in a Feverish Whisper, Clutching Dick's Lapels. "Can I Talk to You?"

WHILE awaiting the arrival of the criminal lawyer who was known to notoriety as Little Amby, Dick examined the fan that had come so oddly into his hands.

It was a surprisingly cheap thing, worth only a dollar or so, a sample of the tawdry trade goods that adventurous Chinese merchants import to America to exchange for the gold and silver of the natives. It was sandalwood, and properly fretted with holes, but it was machine made and showed no sincere attempt at artistry.

It belonged with superstitious little images of wise monkeys, and with dragon-festooned crockery jars; it didn't belong in a solid silver box that Dick would have given a hundred dollars for like a wink. Looking at the box, Dick could be properly grateful to Garry Duane, the donor.

The doorbell rang. Dick's man answered it and ushered into the living room a trig little gentleman of middle age who was attired with fastidious vulgarity in a black-and-white-check suit, a scarlet necktie with gleaming stickpin below the soft collar of a green silk shirt, and patent-leather pumps.

"Mr. Phillipse?" The manner and the slightly nasal voice were rather pompous. "The man's an actor," thought Dick, without meaning a compliment. He liked people to be themselves, not realizing how unfair it was to ask that of such fellow mortals as were small and furtive and rascally and badly in need of a front. And then he was gazing into as cajoling and knowing a pair of black eyes as he had ever seen in human head.

"A pleasure, Mr. Hinkle," he said.

Little Amby sat down in a chair that swallowed him to the ears, and tapped a gold-tipped cigarette on a gold case while prismatic flame flickered across the row of large diamonds in the rings on his hand. He drew a varicolored silk handkerchief from his breast pocket whence it had coyly peeped, leaned over and flicked with deliberation a breath of dust from his gleaming footgear; the handkerchief, or shoe rag, was heavily perfumed. Dick objected to jeweled and perfumed men, thinking them unmanly; he was almost forty and was getting set in his ideas. He was beginning to identify his prejudices and coddled notions, as successful men will, with the public weal, sound morality, and the laws of Nature. He looked with cheerful condescension at Little Amby, who, being well over forty and even more set, now looked back at him judicially, and prepared to assign him to his ordained place as a fool or a rascal.

"I thank you for the fan," said Dick. "May I ask where you got it?"

"From Mr. Scissors Lafetra, a client."

"Oh, the man who's in jail."

"No."

"Is he out?"

"Today, on a habeas corpus."

"Why, I don't understand that. The police were holding him for questioning."

"There's no provision in our law, Mr. Phillipse—none that I'm acquainted with," said Little Amby, letting his stomach swell impressively—"for pulling citizens in merely to put them to the question. This is America, and not the Middle Ages. That's police oppression, and it's the sort of outrage that the writ of habeas corpus protects the public against. It compels the police, or any other incarcerators, to produce the prisoner in court and give a good legal reason why he should be in jail."

"But didn't a witness that was passing on the road see your man entering Garry Duane's house that night?"

"If that was so, Mr. Phillipse, the court would have held him until proper process could attach; and if I thought it was so, I wouldn't lift a finger for him. I shot a man down there to Blue Point to snap the house from the road. It's off there behind a forest of trees, and you can't see a sign of it at ten o'clock in the morning. That witness, Zittel, committed plain perjury. But that's no novelty in our courts, I'm sorry to say. Mr. Phillipse, you laymen have no idea of what we lawyers have to contend with; conditions are something frightful. People nowadays don't seem to value the obligation of an oath any more than yesterday's newspaper. That's what we meet; and how can a lawyer beat a case when he can't choose his defense until he hears the other side testify? It's getting so bad that when we hear the truth from the stand, we have to claim surprise and demand an adjournment. That's a humorous exaggeration, of course. You understand, Mr. Phillipse, that I'm not criticizing your attitude in the matter. I know you don't countenance perjury."

"I don't," said Dick. He might have been more hearty about it if the dapper little man in the big chair opposite were not, by common report, the most unscrupulous practitioner of the city bar. However, he was feeling apologetic and properly rebuked for his complaisance, when he thought of the fan. "But, look here," he said strongly, "where did your man get that?"

"Out of Garry Duane's house that night."

"Oho, then he did break into the house that night!"

"I'm not debating that. The point I take is that he did not get due process of law. Even a criminal is entitled to that. The fundamental institutions that are the glory of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence——"

"What do you expect me to do, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Mr. Phillipse," said Little Amby, breathing smoke lightly, "you will do as your honor and conscience dictate. Here's a man who walked out of court as free as good advice, and then he turns around of his own free will and hands you back the loot. Are you going down now, with the evidence he put into your hands, and take out a warrant?"

"Certainly not—not on a charge of stealing these things."

"Just what I told him. I told him he'd find you a man and a sportsman. But why do you specify these things? Is it common sense to suppose that he bagged something else? Would he put that evidence into your hands?"

"It certainly doesn't look that way," said Dick slowly. "However, I don't bind myself not to proceed against him if it should appear in the future that he has not made full restitution."

"Agreed. The simple facts are that this man, driving a car, had lost his way, and seeing this house ——"

"From the road?"

"No, when he got up to it. He walked in to ask a direction and nobody was around. Being well-meaning but light-fingered, he lifted this pretty silver box, and walked out. A complete stranger to whatever transpired in Garry Duane's house that night, and learning later—with what consternation you may imagine—that insinuations were being made against him."

"He wasn't exactly inveigled in there, Mr. Hinkle," said Dick with a trace of impatience.

"Granted," said Little Amby, seeing that he was laying it on too thick. "He admits your entire case, gives you proof of his part in it, and throws himself on your mercy."

"But, Mr. Hinkle, you don't want me to believe that you came here solely to restore this property."

"I do," said Little Amby steadily. And only after Dick had abandoned the attempt to stare him out of a look of honesty that long usage had made second nature to him, he resumed: "But I have a more solemn reason than mere solicitude for you in your trifling loss. I am here, Mr. Phillipse, out of respect for the dead—because I would not permit my interest, or that of any client, to interfere with the solemn duty that we all owe to those who have joined the great majority."

"Well," said Dick undecidedly. As a good citizen, he had done jury duty in his time, and the voice of his visitor had become suspiciously orotund. Little Amby was feeling in his pocket.

"There was this letter in the box, addressed to you, Mr. Phillipse."

Dick pulled the inclosure from the unstamped envelope. "Pardon me."

Dear Dick: I write this in case—get ready to laugh—I should die before your return to America. As this letter will probably pass through other hands before you see it, I won't explain more about that.

Dick, I'm being sued for a great deal of money on a snide claim. You know I pay my honest debts. But if I should die with my affairs as they are, and if this claim should be upheld by the courts, my estate would be stripped and those dependent on me would be thrown out on the world penniless.

I want you to take care of things and am making you my executor, with Doctor Wessel, who, I think, is my true friend. Sit tight until that rotten claim is settled, one way or other. Tell them all you know, let them take all they can find; don't conceal any assets or tell any lies for me. When they give up hope buy them off for two cents on the dollar.

Then get busy with this fan. You know all about fans, that being your specialty. Having the fan, you'll know what to look for next, and I will tell you where it will be. It will be in my safe. I'll put a lot of other odds and ends in with it, so nobody but you will recognize it. Suydam tells me that a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of personal stuff is exempt from their execution.

Dick, the fan is mentioned in that will I made yesterday while I was reflecting on the uncertainty of life, especially for a man like myself who has trod on people's toes in a business way, but I give it to you now so that nobody can take it away under a claim against my estate. I've told Nell to give it to you, and I guess she did. I've done a lot of studying to fix up something that would work and that wouldn't ask you to do anything wrong you wouldn't do it, you darned old Puritan

Dick, I hope I'm just morbid and losing my nerve. You don't have to sit up nights figuring how to get a hold of my money so as to give it to strangers, do you? Tell them all you know about what I got and sit back and let them go the limit. When they have signed off, you get busy and turn a last trick for your old friend,

GARRY DUANE.

Dick sat silent for a moment, toying with the letter from his vanished friend. Its light tone did not beguile him into a smile; its casual phrasing did not incline him to slight its content. He had been listening to the compelling voice of the dead.

"That's why you got the fan," said Little Amby, "and that's why you can command me for anything in my power. I think it might help you to clear the ground if I were to send Scissors Lafetra down to Blue Point with you and have him show you just what he did that night, and all he noticed."

"Not a bad idea. You are very kind. I'm thinking about this reference to the safe. The safe was empty."

"Empty? Strange. Well, I suppose a man who is worked up to the killing pitch doesn't do everything according to Hoyle. The tone of the letter, too, doesn't quite chime with the idea that it was penned by a man meaning suicide. There's no question but that Garry Duane killed himself?"

"That hardly admits of argument or surmise. Doctor Wessel made the certificate, and you see right there that he was Garry Duane's friend."

"Just a flash," said Little Amby. "He says you're an expert on fans. What is there about that fan?"

"His ideas were altogether too flattering," said Dick, turning the commonplace fan over. "I don't begin to know everything about fans. For instance, I don't know a thing about this one, beyond what shows on the surface."

"You collect fans, don't you, Mr. Phillipse?"

"Perhaps you'd like to see what I have here," said Dick, hoping to afford a half hour's entertainment to a man who had done him a graceful service. He led the way into a room that the builders of the Berkeley Chambers had intended for a library or guest room.

"To begin at the beginning," Phillipse said, pausing before a tall glass case, "here's an antique I picked up in Egypt."

"It looks more like a snow shovel," commented Little Amby, whose unusual breadth of information was largely due to his never hesitating to show his ignorance.

"It does somewhat. Those holes bored all around the rim held ostrich feathers. It's supposed to date from the time of Rameses the Great, who lived not long after Moses."

"What Moses was that?" asked Little Amby interestedly. Being a New Yorker, he knew not a few of the name. "What—you don't say—you mean the Moses who brought the plagues into Egypt, according to the books?"

"That Moses. You remember that one plague he inflicted on them was a plague of flies. He certainly must have produced them in quantity to get under the skins of those people, for they had lots of flies of their own. You can imagine conditions in a hot and dirty country, with no screens on the windows. That's how the fan developed. When an Egyptian made money he bought a fan like that, and a slave to swing it and drive the flies from his master. The man with the fan is a stock figure in the old bas-reliefs.

"There's a similar flyflap from old Mexico, with staff inlaid with semiprecious stones There's the Mexican word for such fans—*tleoatzehuaquetzalli*."

"The flies would have me before I could holler for that!" chuckled Little Amby. He was leaning over a glass case. "There's a pretty one—as good as an oil painting. How much is that one worth?"

Dick glanced compliantly at a beauty whose leaf had been painted by Boucher. "I paid three thousand dollars for it, and it was a bargain."

"Here's an open-work one," said Little Amby, after a prolonged and respectful stare at the ounces of parchment that had fetched the price of a race horse.

"Cabriolet—Louis Quinze. There's a painted Dutch fan of the early eighteenth century. There's one—that one that seems to be closed—that's a bit of a curiosity. It's a dagger fan of the Italian Renaissance. Let me show it to you. You press here, and—pull on the handle, and it comes off, and you have a businesslike stiletto in your hand."

"Preparedness, eh?" said Little Amby, looking at the strong and blood-guttered blade. "I can see where a cavalier of those times would put on his best boiler plate when he went to pet."

"There's an iron fan from Japan. Such fans were carried by fencing masters to defend themselves from people of low blood. The Japanese, as you know, are a very punctilious people, sometimes valuing life less than etiquette. To my mind, it's another example of their racial imitativeness; a man has little original force of his own who can be trained out of all sense of proportion. The Japanese fencing master would be killed, fan in hand, rather than soil his sword with low blood. Here are painted Japanese fans. . . . They are certainly a most artistic people, but their art, due to their imitativeness, is conventionalized."

"Very pretty," said Little Amby, contemplating a flight of black crows executed by the great Kiyosai. "And where are your Chinese fans?"

"Here is a war fan. The handle, you see, is iron and can be used as a club; the chief purpose of the fan was for signaling orders to the troops."

"Oh, yes—but fans of a smaller variety?"

"Here is one in *vernis Martin*—Louis the Fifteenth again. The Martin brothers—four of them—were in the business of manufacturing varnish, as the words indicate, and they turned out a mighty good article—good enough to stand competition with the really marvelous Chinese lacquers ——"

"But they were Frenchmen, weren't they?"

"Oh, I see—pardon me. You're interested more in Chinese fans. Here's one in ivory and mother-of-pearl, with a painted silk leaf. Personally, I don't care for the

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"How Dare You!" Cried Nell, Leaping to Her Feet, Her Hands Clenched in Fury. "These are the Lies and Delusions. Garry Was Not Like That! He Was Good, Kind, Honest, Loving—You are Horrible People"

OFT IN THE SILLY NIGHT

From a Huddle of White Upon the Ground Were Issuing Sharp Little Yelps and Moans of Terror: "Ach, Don't Leave Me! Don't Leave Me Alone With—It!"

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THERE are several ways in this world of becoming committed for life to a lady who may or may not be one's choice. One may ask the lady; the lady may ask him; parents may arrange the matter; an interested onlooker may take a hand. Any one of these proceedings is usually sufficient to fell the victim. How if all four should be employed at once? Would he or would he not survive?

There was an interim in which Easom Scherr did not greatly care whether he survived or perished. The shock of the discovery that he was singly, doubly, triply and quadruply affianced to Miss Celia Criddlebaugh was such that for a time even the great primal law did not operate in his consciousness. For Easom did not love the lady—that was one difficulty. Another, even greater, was the fact that he was perhaps the kindest young man who ever came out of Okey County to take up residence in the Scrabble Creek district of Buthouse County. When, for instance, Easom Scherr found a fly buzzing proprietarily about in the house he had recently inherited from his Uncle Christian Garms he did not kill the fly; he captured it kindly but firmly and eased it without. Similarly, with the same fatal tenderness of spirit when he found Miss Celia Criddlebaugh buzzing proprietarily about in his life he could not kill her; nor could he even capture her kindly but firmly and ease her without.

Not that Miss Criddlebaugh resembled, physically at least, that small, persistent insect. She was a large girl, full-fleshed and full-colored; she had about her the natural dignity of all the calm, slow-moving processes of Nature. Indeed, when Easom Scherr first saw her moving like a goddess of plenty between two foaming pails of milk, his mind, being of the elastic, imaginative sort, rebounded to the orchard through which he had just passed—the orchard full-hung with luscious, round, colorful peaches. The difficulty at that point was that his mind, being of the imaginative sort, did not yield him the one practical reflection which might have been of some possible value then and later—namely, that Miss Celia was the one peach upon the parental tree—the belated fruit, indeed, of a rather scraggly ancient tree—and that said tree would therefore, after a manner of speaking, regard with unnaturally earnest solicitude this one product of its sap and vitality.

No, young Easom leaning easily upon the Criddlebaugh gate, and gazing after the peach flanked with cream reflected nothing at all save that here directly adjoining the property he had just inherited was a young creature of possible pleasurable import for his future hours of ease; nor was his psychic self in the least disturbed by dire breath of premonition when the parental Criddlebaugh suddenly waved a scraggly arm toward the retreating figure and demanded:

"Hey, Celie! Come here oncet. Meet this here young man where Garms inherited to. What did you anyhow say your name was? Scherr? Ho! That sounds like half a name or what, ain't? But anyhow, meet Celie."

They met, they saw, no one conquered especially—unless it were Criddlebaugh; unless it were Criddlebaugh, who stood clutching his scraggly black whiskers between the tenacious old knots of his fingers and staring upon the sunny-headed young man who had just come into possession of the fertile bottom land across the creek.

Months came and went. Easom came and went. At first he came in a top buggy; for Miss Celia was obviously the sort one invites to ride in a top buggy. Later, being a progressive young man, he came in a small roadster. This he gradually concluded was not so good; Miss Celia was not the sort who belongs in a roadster exactly; he found that she was inclined to bounce against him in the more swiftly moving vehicle—and to remain there; to remain there, clamping him thinly between the off side of the steering wheel and the corner. This was not so good, particularly upon sultry nights; for gentle heaves had no effect upon the solid mass which was Miss Celia, and Easom was the sort who would not heave save gently. However, he enjoyed the Criddlebaughs; he enjoyed discussions of farm lore with Israel Criddlebaugh; he enjoyed Mrs. Sarah Criddlebaugh's cheese cakes and lemon rice; and he enjoyed Miss Celia because she was young and comfortable to look at and because she laughed readily at his jokes.

He had never joined a church; he had been an orphan in a community far more easy-going than that in which he now found himself. But urged by the shocked Israel and Sarah and by the wide-eyed wonder of Miss Celia, he became an attendant upon the meetinghouse of their choice. He saw merit in it; the infallible logic of the doctrine appealed to his clear-thinking mind; he discovered that he had a soul, and although he did not worry about it as the Criddlebaughs seemed to, he appreciated his interesting possession—came to regard it in fact as his most valuable asset—and determined to do his best by it. He decided to join the church.

He announced his decision, casually enough, to the Criddlebaughs. They received it in a manner so far from casual that for a confused instant Easom did not know whether he were more stunned by the sudden painful grip of Israel's gnarled fingers or by the intensely personal note of his rejoicings:

"Aha! I says to missus a many times still that you would some day be loosed of the world and the lusks of the flesh! He is smart at the brains, I says, and he will be seeing fur hisself till a while yet, I says, that we wouldn't be countenancing nobody around our family where wasn't at the least a Bible Christian and a perfesser yet."

"Yes, I guess not, too," murmured Easom vaguely. His eyes roamed the room in short, uneasy excursion; roamed Mrs. Criddlebaugh, who was gazing upon him with an expression terrifyingly maternal and who was edging an apron toward the one scant tear her large mechanism had produced; roamed Miss Celia, who for once had stopped her slow, complacent rocking and was pensively picking a finger nail and—yes, undeniably blushing. "It's gitting late on me." Easom forcibly recovered possession of his cramped fingers and picked up his hat.

But Mr. Criddlebaugh was eying him with a purposeful glint. "And now you've gave yourself up, I guess you'll feel fur ridding yourself of that ongodly wagon of yours."

Easom bridled as always when Mr. Criddlebaugh applied unwholesome epithets to that pride of his heart, his roadster. "No, I ain't any feelings like that," he said.

"It's the devil's own insterment," warned the other sternly. "It's a offspring of the powers of the air, that there is. Look here! Don't it make nothing to you that such a thing ain't ever mentioned of in the Word? Plenty horses are mentioned of, but never an automobile."

"Elisha," murmured Easom, "he had such a chariot of fire, and I ain't so sure ——"

"Yes, and I give mister right," piped up Mrs. Criddlebaugh, who had a voice curiously lean for her size. "When I hear it rattling at your bridge I say still ain't it the very hoofs of the evil one making that way?"

"Them loose boards," murmured Easom—"I got to get the nails at them. At night in especial it makes like such thunder, ain't?"

"And I kin explanation that there," put in old Israel quickly. "It belongs to the powers of darkness it's the reason why. If you take notice the old one ain't ever badgerin' around much behind sundown. No, he waits till darkness comes oncet and then he goes a-roaring around a-sickin' who he may devour. Leave me give you some advices now: Let the evil thing or it will git you before you know it into black snares and pitchfalls."

"Well, it ain't ever drug me anywheres after night but to the church," defended Easom, laughing. "Celia there can prove it, for I guess I ain't ever went nowheres after dark without her along settin'."

"It's soft fur settin'," contributed Miss Celia complacently.

"Now look!" Mrs. Criddlebaugh rasped her bosom with a wire hairpin. "Soft she says yet! Ain't that proving it? Ain't that proving it's all fur sinful pride? Och, I can't ever used myself to her setting on a thing where makes devilish."

"Well, if you don't feel to have her ——" began Easom.

"Wait oncet a minute!" sliced in old Israel, his eyes darting toward the fertile bottom land. "This here is the upshots of the whole thing: If you wasn't the good-moraled person like what you seem to be, we wouldn't be giving her dare to go with. As it is, if we would ever be hearing that you had took to following the world any which way, we would plenty quick take her off you, now that you kin keep in your minds."

Easom laughed, decided instantly from the three shocked faces before him that it was no time for laughter, and made a quick movement toward the door.

"Anyways," he promised, "I'll keep it in my mind to fix that bridge as soon as I otherwise can. Then if I do take to following the world any which way, I won't be taking you off your sleep anyhow."

Days came and went. Miss Libbie Benfer came and stayed. She stayed for the first two weeks with her cousin Celia Criddlebaugh; then she stayed in Heitville in a nest overflowing with Benfers, of whom she was the forerunner.

Miss Celia, who was addicted to giving parties upon no pretext whatsoever, promptly accepted the omen and gave a very large party indeed. To the Criddlebaugh premises the third night after Miss Libbie's arrival flocked the young, the aged and the middle-aged of Heitville and environs.

Thither flocked in innocent expectation of cheese cake and lemon rice Mr. Easom Scherr, smartly bedight in his one starched shirt, a crisp polka-dot tie and new shoes with luxurious creak.

All unsuspecting came Easom Scherr, and he saw and took the count – the count of six exactly; two large gray-hazel eyes, one small mouth, one tip-tilted nose in between, two ears—oh, yes, and a sheen of teeth and a cloud of dark hair—or was it a halo? At this point Easom Scherr wasn't sure; later, he insisted doggedly upon the halo. At any rate, here was Easom Scherr, a hollow thing with his soul roistering off somewhere among the dizzy stars, and himself, what was left of him, holding on desperately to the small hand which had projected itself toward him. He held on and on and was presently pried loose by an odious young male named Conrad Heisenfrecker.

Easom had not known that Heisenfrecker was odious before; he had, in fact, always sought him out as a fellow of excellent wit; but while the evening was yet young, he discovered that Mr. Heisenfrecker was very, very odious indeed. He and Heisenfrecker kept circling around each other, kept bumping against each other—and attached to either one or the other of them was usually Miss Libbie.

There is in each well-organized American community an individual known technically as the life of the party; and the life of the party should, still speaking technically, have hair more or less auburn, a nose more or less upturned, prominent upper teeth more than ordinarily white and a sprinkling of cinnamon freckles. Mr. Conrad Heisenfrecker qualified upon all these counts; he was and had been from the literal hour of his advent into the world the life of the party. It was therefore a profound secondary shock to Easom to realize that said Conrad was no less than the death of the party for him.

Mr. Conrad Heisenfrecker

Indeed, near the close of the festivities fears might well have been entertained for the safety of each at the hands of the other had apt occasion arisen. Colliding at the strategic point where viands were being dispensed, Easom making off toward a certain corner with a hefty wedge of chocolate cake, Conrad wheeling toward the same corner with a husky jelly tart, they halted perforce from the force of the impact, Conrad venting a sharp hiss, Easom a low growl in tremolo.

"Whataya conceit you're doing?" demanded Conrad.

"Look out after yourself!" warned Easom.

This mild interchange may not connote the locking of horns, but that is only because of the ineptitude of language. They wrenched violently apart; their coat tails whipped across the room in a dead heat; and in a dead heat they clashed into two chairs, one to the right of the lady, one to the left of her; but be it said to Easom's credit that he was the first to volley and thunder to specific purpose.

"Say," he burst forth, "your cousin says she guesses you wouldn't have no objections of going to church on my roadster till Sunday night." And he rushed on with great apparent nonchalance: "I guess I come pretty close to being the only man here where's got a roadster that way."

"He means," interpreted the life of the party, "where he's got a roadster—when he kin keep it onto the road!"

"Oh, ain't that nice?" said the lady in a small sweet voice.

"Well, call out fur help when you're needful," came from behind the large teeth on the other side. "I got a live horse where can flax anything on dead wheels in this here county."

"Oh, ain't that nice?" said the lady in a small sweet voice.

But Easom had come off with first spoils, and he knew it and young Heisenfrecker knew it. Oh, yes, Heisenfrecker knew it! As the party was dispersing he remarked loudly, apropos of nothing in particular:

"I make it a rule in this here life to see that everybody gits what's coming fur them."

Everybody laughed, just because everybody always did laugh when Mr. Heisenfrecker made large proclamation. Even Easom laughed, though his laughter was of a different timbre from the others. For well he knew how much was coming to him during the following two weeks; had he not, emboldened by his first success, just dated the lady for the second Sunday night of her visit also?

Of course there was the large matter of Miss Celia; large, indeed, when it came to the affair of wedging herself between the driver and the visiting lady. For, maneuver as Easom might, there was always Miss Celia slowly and inexorably settling between them—in the sitting room, on the porch, in the roadster. But anything was bearable anything, now that he was managing to look into those gray-hazel eyes at least once each day. Once he had the agony of seeing the visitor drive off behind the horse where could flax anything on dead wheels. Twice he sat

(Continued on Page 149)

"If You Wasn't the Good-Moraled Person Like What You Seem to be, We Wouldn't be Giving Her Dare to Go With"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 30, 1928

Corporations and People

IT WILL be recalled that last autumn a considerable element in the Senate desired to inaugurate a special inquiry into the operations of public-utility companies, especially into the great holding corporations for electrical and gas companies, and possibly also into the telephone industry. After a long and bitter fight within the Senate, accompanied by the most vehement and agitated protest from many of the utility interests, it was decided not to conduct the investigation by a Senate Committee, but by the Federal Trade Commission, which has since been holding numerous hearings.

We mention these facts not so much to discuss this or any other investigation as to outline what seems to us a sane relationship between corporations as important as the so-called utilities have become and the public at large. When large corporations of this type are grilled by senators the unprejudiced observer must always be on the lookout for a strong government or public-ownership advocacy lurking in the background. Nor do spectacular congressional inquiries always fail to provide personal and political capital for those statesmen who sometimes do not incline to the drab and monotonous toil of constructive legislative details.

It is hardly necessary to add that public ownership for the rapidly expanding electrical and gas industries would be a public calamity. The Government struggles now with a multitude of unsolved problems. To wish anything as vast as the utilities industry upon it would be a defeatist measure, economically speaking, as alarming as the break-up which threatened several European nations after the war. We would be saddled with a colossal and probably ruinously incompetent bureaucracy.

So much for that. Nor have we the remotest idea that public opinion in this country sanctions or contemplates any such suicidal step. The people at large have little interest in these grandiose theoretical and doctrinary proposals. The history of group operations of utilities is one of continuously increasing service to the public, accompanied in many cases by rate reductions. The people are pleased and for the most part satisfied with the advances in electrical lighting and power, in gas and oil heating, in the new refrigeration and in the easy use of the telephone.

Moreover, there is a species of healthy competition in most of this business. True enough, there is usually only one electrical, one gas and one telephone company in a given territory. Electricity has no competition in lighting, but there is wholesome rivalry in the method of its generation, between water power and steam plants. Refrigeration can be effected in several different ways; gas, coal and oil compete in heating, and in the wholesale industrial-power field there is a very real rivalry all around.

Unfortunately, in the rapid expansion of these industries new corporations, especially of the holding variety, have sprung up too fast for the public quite to understand the process. There have been many changes of ownership and new alignments and realignments. At times there has been at least an appearance of high finance and jugglery. Professor Ripley called attention to the merely obvious. But the holding company in conservative, experienced and honest hands is a useful and necessary device, and has probably done far more good than harm. The excesses and exuberance of the movement will pass.

In plain language and in the vernacular, the so-called utilities are getting along fine. Here is a rather new but gigantic industry, growing apace, performing a tremendous service and, on the whole, well liked by the people. Perhaps it would be just as well for those responsible for its public relations to refrain from getting overexcited, as they at times show signs of doing. It is bad business to force propaganda catechisms and primers down the throats of school children or to make a concerted drive at women's clubs or to organize the country into innumerable propaganda districts, with a horde of highly paid publicity men falling over one another with zeal and money, to kill in the bud the faintest glimmering of interest in government ownership. There is such a thing as too much zeal, too much organization and too many publicity men. Satisfied customers is the only form of publicity worth having.

President Cortelyou of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York has said that the utilities are peculiarly exposed to attack from sources that are either ignorant or malicious. Granted. But it does not take a piece of heavy field artillery to kill a sparrow. The great utility holding companies are so new that perhaps their managers do not always realize as fully as do those of the railroads that corporations are servants and not masters of the public.

We repeat what we think common observation bears out—that the people at large are pleased with utility development, of which electrical power is the outstanding example, and are in the main well satisfied with the way the corporations concerned have provided service. We mildly suggest that if it is desired to bring on government ownership as soon as possible, the surest way of doing it is to place an overzealous publicity man, with an overfed expense account, in every state, county, city and village to combat it. Might it not be just as well for those in charge of these companies to calm their nervous fears and concentrate on giving the best possible service at the lowest price?

Degrees and Diplomas

MANY a young college graduate regards his degree and diploma not as admission credentials to the lower ranks of the body of educated persons, but as free pardons from all further intellectual servitude. He reasons, consciously or subconsciously, that having been for four years schooled and trained and put over the jumps, and his mental prowess having been duly attested in the easy, pompous Latin we moderns write, no man may henceforth question it. At twenty-two college men are subject to examiners whom they must satisfy or be marked down by them. At forty-two and fifty-two no such ordeals await them. Why should they worry?

Many a bright and promising college man drops his studies along with his athletics. After a few years he takes on weight and becomes heavy on his feet. His intimates make teasing remarks about bay windows; but none will have the hardihood to hint that he has likewise developed a bay window of the mind or has allowed his mental machinery to rust and jam through sheer neglect and shiftlessness. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but friendship is the price of inflicting them.

Hopeless cases of fine minds gone soft and flabby are so common that it is not too much to say that arrested intellectual development is the great national disease of our educationally privileged classes. Sheer lack of will power and mental stamina makes it difficult or impossible for us to forgo ease and rest and attack irksome tasks such as reading the books that harden the brain, but which are so new and strange that they must be studied as a child studies geometry—painfully and doggedly. Since men now in their fifties went to college the whole universe has been taken down and reassembled in a new and unfamiliar form. Literature, relatively speaking, has been marking time. Science has been going ahead by running leaps. Unfortunately for the casual and easily daunted reader, modern science is written in the language of mathematics and in the dialect of calculus; not only physics, chemistry and electricity but physiology and the other life sciences. Lack of easy familiarity with higher mathematics is a formidable obstacle between our ignorance and any real grasp of the modern conceptions of the universe we live in; and that obstacle will continue to bar our paths until the extraordinary importance of mathematical studies receives full and practical recognition.

Happily, there are plenty of studies which do not require mathematical expertness: philosophy, history, languages, economics, sociology, government and the fine arts. He who resolves with the author of the New England Primer, "My book and heart shall never part," need not blush for an ill-furnished mind.

Certainly two-thirds and probably three-quarters of the potentially intellectual men of America are placidly slumbering through one of the most thrilling eras the world has ever known. Mechanically they go about their daily tasks, wearing the same-sized hats they wore in the 1890's, as innocent as the cows in the meadow of any real knowledge of the upheavals and revolutions and earthquakes taking place in the intellectual world around them. Most of them are persons of charm and distinction, good parents, good citizens and good providers, but men, alas! with stunted brains that stopped growing and expanding about the time of the Battle of San Juan Hill. Golf, bridge, crossword puzzles, light fiction and heavy foods are the gods of too many of them—and this at a time when America needs big and vigorous brains as she has never needed them hitherto.

And yet there is a saving remnant among our intellectuals. Cato's study of Greek at eighty is the hackneyed example of the education that is coextensive with life itself; but it is no finer than the spectacle of a brilliant American surgeon, now retired, who may be seen at ninety-one memorizing pages of the molecular diagrams of organic chemistry as gravely as children of ten con the multiplication table. He is in constant correspondence with men of learning all over Europe and America. If there is a notable discovery in biochemistry or astrophysics or physiology, he is familiar with it in detail before his young colleagues of fifty and sixty learn of it in outline. If any man of distinction comes to town to lecture on art or religion or science, he will inevitably find this nonagenarian learner sitting at his feet.

This venerable gentleman, who has spent ninety-one years on his own education, and who has never yet given his mind a day off or been willing to admit that his schooling is at an end, is too busy to die, too busy to be sick. The mind just getting its second wind in the race to catch up with Millikan or Einstein has no time to fritter away on the ills of the flesh.

This is one of the great open secrets of a long and happy life: Interest in life chains man to it more lastingly than all the drugs and serums in Christendom. The man of advanced years who can survey the theater of knowledge and achievement about him with all the wide-eyed wonder and curiosity of a boy at his first circus will never grow old.

Degrees and diplomas are noxious and dear at any price if they sap the ambition, make a man smug and contented or even remotely stunt his intellectual growth. The only education worthy of being called the best is that which continues as long as life endures. Such an education confers its own degrees and writes its own diplomas.

UNEMPLOYMENT

By Samuel Crowther

DURING last winter we had some unemployment, but whether it was much or little we do not know, for it quickly came out that nobody actually knew anything at all about so simple and elemental a thing as the day's work. We did not know how many people in the country usually worked or what they worked at. We did not know how many people usually did not work or how many worked only when they could find no other means of support. We could not find out how many were unemployed. In addition, no one could define unemployment. Is an unemployed person one who cannot find work, or one who cannot find work to his liking or work that gives an outlet for his training?

But disregarding our lack of facts as supremely as the old philosophers disregarded their lack of facts, all the old theories came trotting out and were confidently offered as cures for our disease—without the slightest knowledge what the disease was or whether we had any disease. All the theories started at the second or third story. One can do that with a theory. One can build from the skies down and never touch the earth. The French and the Russian revolutions were carried through on theories that hung in mid-air, and only when they had to be put into effect was it discovered that they needed foundations. Once the foundations were put in, it appeared that the former plans were unique only because some elementary essentials had been forgotten.

A theory compounded of logic and emotion, and taking us to a wholly delightful destination, can marshal a force capable of destroying anything. Some of the theories of employment now being passionately urged on us would in effect be miasmic. None of them is radical; some of them are very conservative. All of them are offered in the utmost good faith. But not one of them takes into account the nature of the day's work as it is today performed. The day's work is vital. It holds life and death within it. And yet we do not know whether a man works as a right or as a responsibility. Does a man owe his labor to the community or does the community owe a job to the man? Is the responsibility of an employer to himself or to those who have set him up in trade? Or is his responsibility to those whom he employs? May it not be that his primary responsibility is to the public that gives to him the ability to employ? Does anybody owe a man a living, and if so, who and what for?

These are important questions. Some very great and important changes have taken place in the character of the day's work and we cannot forever dodge realities. But if we monkey too much with machinery it may either quit running or run wild. In the abundance of theories and opinions which have been presented, it is curious to note that not one recognizes that any change has come about in our manner of living. The same old thoughts march by in the same old way.

A group of communists held a little mass meeting in Union Square in New York City and, after several hours of speech-making, resolved that the Government ought to pay two dollars a day to every man out of work and also that the mayor had too many suits of clothing. There must be a connection between the resolutions, but probably one has to be a communist to see it. Another group, who were not communists, met in Washington and got their names in the papers by asking for six dollars a day. Some of the more radical labor people resolved for sums in between, and it seemed that the dole which wrought such havoc abroad was after all a good thing. All this may be dismissed as lunatic. But it is not new. Back in the time of Queen Elizabeth, out-of-work men were a charge on the community, and there are records of localities being abandoned by those who could earn a living because the pressure of the care of the unemployed was too much for them. The principle has persisted for a long time. A contemporary account of the

(Continued on Page 142)

HOMELESS HECTOR

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Criterion

HIS grasp of enigmas atomical,
His prowess in lore astronomical,
Transcended the skies,
But he wore the wrong ties,
And his students said "Isn't he comical!"
—C. R. S.

The Christening

"IT'S this way," said the director in chief, fingering a six-reel scenario: "In a little village - — —"

"Don't tell me," pleaded the naming expert. "If you do, I'll get my mind set on some line and never have another idea."

Portrait of a Lady Looking for Her License

"All right; have your own way. What's your first suggestion?"

"It's a peach, boss The Royal Road to Ruin."

"No; won't do. This might not go over and I'd never hear the last of it."

"How about Love's Neophyte? Short and snappy, with lots of good suggestion."

"Too vague and classical. Fact is, I don't know what it means myself."

"Here's a good alliteration—Sink or Sin."

"Not bad, but some Smart Aleck would shorten it to SOS. That wouldn't help the picture any."

"Boss, here's one I've been saving for just such an emergency—A Rag and a Bone."

"What? Put a name like that on something that cost two and a half million dollars?"

"Maybe you're right. However, if you want a good solid name that will arouse curiosity try The Morals of 1935."

"That would be fine for an essay, but this happens to be a story."

"The Fury of a Woman Scorned might do."

"Yes; that sounds all right, but it seems I've heard it before."

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The Starving Castaway Severs His Connection With the Outside World

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground

"Look, Mamma! I Swatted Three Flies!"

While His Wife is Absent the Professor Gives Junior His Morning Bath and Sends Him Off to School

More popular than ever in summer!

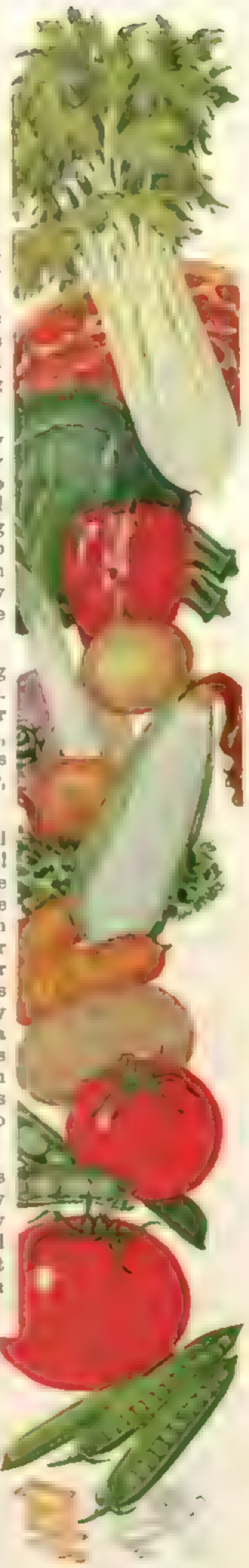
15 vegetables
Rich broth
Cereals
Fresh herbs
Seasoning

. . . 32 different ingredients
12 cents a can

My, how Campbell's makes us grow!
Everybody tells us so.
We just beam with health and pride
With our Campbell's Soup inside!

SOUP

as the one-hot-dish of summer meals



DELICIOUS, invigorating soup! In the midst of all the cold meats, salads, iced desserts and beverages of the summer dining-table, good hot soup is a welcome contrast. It appeals to the appetite now with even greater charm. It has a bracing, tonic effect in the cold meal, which makes soup especially beneficial and healthful in the summertime. The hot, wholesome liquid food sets the digestive juices flowing more freely and in this way gives a renewed activity to a digestion steadily confronted with the task of assimilating so many cold foods.

NATURALLY enough at this season, every woman seeks to spread before her family all the cooling, refreshing foods which are so inviting. Her menus must be different and she shows her skill by the variety and tempting quality of the warm weather dishes. She also knows the little secret of the one-hot-dish in meals of this kind—how healthful it is, how necessary to make all the other dishes taste their very best.

This explains the great and ever-growing popularity of soup in the summer months. Whether served as the main dish of the shorter meal or at the beginning of the longer ones, soup is now served by millions of women, as a regular daily food on their tables—summer, winter—all the year.

KEEPING out of the hot kitchen, but still providing the finest of food for the family! Right now, women appreciate this advantage even more than ever. No wonder they are careful to keep constantly supplied with Campbell's Soups, whether away at a summer cottage in the mountains or seashore, or whether back home with the same three meals a day to provide. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering a few minutes. That is all these famous Campbell's Soups require before serving on the table! And they are of such delicious quality that the proudest housewife is glad to serve them.

Read the full list of twenty-one Campbell's Soups printed on every label. Notice how much they help you to give delightful variety to your menus. Make your selections and order from your grocer. He has, or will get for you, any of the Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE TAKEN CHILD

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XV

TOWARD the end of breakfast the colonel found occasion to announce that he had invited Harry Galloway to come to Kent Acres for a couple of weeks. His wife took the news calmly and it was evident she had had it in advance, but Doris was so surprised that she dropped her spoon with a loud rattle.

As for Miss Truman, she uttered a nervous laugh on so high a note that the few people who were already down looked around curiously.

"Why did you laugh, Aunt Hillie?" asked Doris soberly.

"For the same reason you dropped your spoon, my dear."

They eyed each other for a moment and then Doris turned to her father.

"Is he going down with us today, daddy?"

"We're sending his lamed colt in the morning, because I feel we're partly responsible for what happened to him as breeders. That's really how Harry comes to be going, and he and that eternal dog of his will probably want to go with the van."

"Of course they will," said Doris. She jumped up from the table.

"Where are you going, Doris?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Don't worry, mother; I won't beard him in his hotel. I'm just going to telephone him to be sure to wait for the van, because it will save him his railway fare."

As soon as she was out of hearing Hillie remarked, "Sounds as if she were intended by Nature to be a poor man's wife."

"Perhaps she was," said the colonel calmly. "It also sounded as if he wouldn't be a poor man long."

Mrs. Kent excused herself, as it was she who always directed the packing for the entire party, and when the colonel arose to follow her Hillie stopped him.

He Moved to Stand Beside Her. "It's Great, Doris—I've Never Seen Anything So Still"

"Sit down, Houston. I'd like to talk to you if you've got a moment to spare."

She rarely used his first name and he was quick to sense urgency in the way she spoke.

"Why, of course, Hillie. You can talk to me anytime for as long as you like."

"Don't think I'm snoopy, will you?"

"Go ahead. You can be sure I won't think unkindly of anything you say."

"Why are you asking that boy to Kent Acres? I've got to know. I mean, it's important to me—myself."

He stared at her wonderingly. Was he going to be badgered by the discovery that she also included Harry in her private paddock? He decided that it could not be—at least, he would refuse to believe it until he had to.

"That's a poser, Hillie—I mean, it's hard to answer, because I'm not so clear about it myself. As near as I can tell you, I made up my mind last night it would be a good thing for Doris to see him at close quarters, and a better thing to have the whole world see him there too."

"Was that all?"

"Well, it won't hurt the rest of us to get acquainted with him either."

"Are you telling me everything—your whole reason?"

"I think so," he said deliberately, frowning in his concentration.

Her lips began to twitch rapidly. "Houston," she stammered with a minute shuddering of her teeth, "I think I'm going crazy."

He was annoyed rather than startled. "Bosh! What's the matter with you this morning? You're not trying to tell me you've fallen for Harry, that you've got that boy—that infant—on the brain?"

"No, oh, no! How could you think such a thing of me? I'm just telling you the truth, because there's nobody else—nobody else I can talk to. I think I'm going crazy—I've been going crazy for years."

"Hush!" He was frightened, terrified, but he would not admit it to himself, much less to her. "Hillie, let's get out of here. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll put this off until we reach Kent Acres, where we can have a long talk all by ourselves and get this nonsense out of your head. Will you do that?"

"Yes," she said quietly, "if you'll promise not to say a word to anyone—not even to Maida."

"Of course."

"No, you must promise; think what you're saying and promise on your honor."

"I promise on my honor."

But by the time they reached Kent Acres her mood had changed and she avoided him. He was the last man to ask for more trouble than he had on his mind already and was glad enough to accept the modified situation without the least twinge of curiosity as to what had given rise to her outburst. Kent Acres was a great cure for that sort of thing anyway. The rambling old house, spacious in itself and set on a knoll overlooking an expanse of rippling grass dotted with sleepy trees, was a visible and tender realm of peace.

He went up at once to see his son. Billy was unchanged, unless it was possible that he was thinner. For months he had been so thin it seemed incredible he could still live. Neither love, money nor science could do anything for him. He would not let anyone read aloud, nor did he care to read to himself, for all the vanities of the printed page had been shorn to a dead level like the nap on a piece of shoddy cloth. Vicarious transports of love or the lesser emotions, so dear to the living heart, vaulting ambitions or saccharine successes had become equally absurd to his staring eyes.

"Poor fellow—poor dear boy," thought the colonel out of the profound depths of his mercy, "if he had been a horse I would have had him shot long ago!"

He tried to talk to him, but Billy had not realized the family had been away. Alone when they were gone, alone when they were at home, there could be nothing to talk about. The colonel sat in silence for half an hour, then he came downstairs ponderously, with a pause at each step. Presently his head went up and he hurried out to the stables and the paddocks, where life in all the beauty of vivid line and power was continually at the apex of renewal.

The lovely horses whinnied at him, the brood mares raised their heads to gaze with placid eyes, the gangling foals performed antics of mingled curiosity and fright. Doris joined him in riding breeches and a khaki shirt, open at the throat. She was straight and supple as a willow wand, with adolescent curves that gave her, too, the vivid line of beauty. She was young and gloriously alive, a breathing, palpitating denial of a universal futility. No wonder he loved her; she was the buoyant straw in a fathomless salty sea.

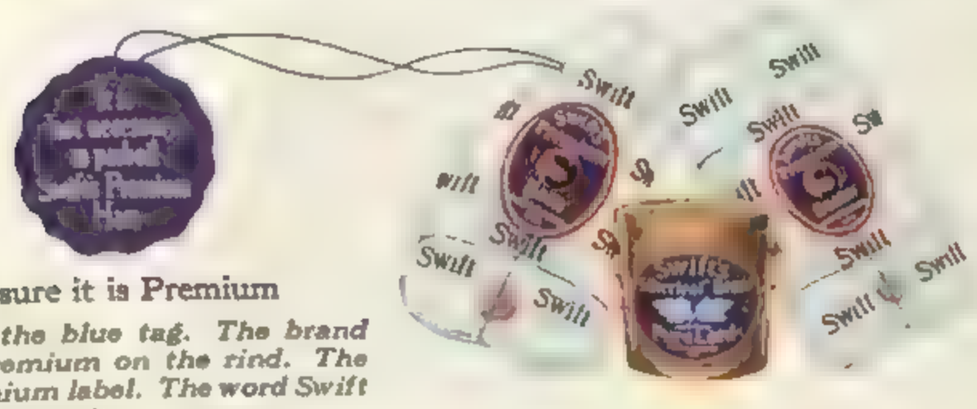
"I've found your young man a job, Doris," he said cheerfully.

(Continued on Page 30)

S W I F T

Because the mellow, distinctive flavor and tender, juicy meat lend themselves to the making of such tempting dishes, many housekeepers like to buy the whole Premium Ham cut three ways, as shown above. Thus they have the center slices for broiling or frying, the butt for baking, the shank end for boiling. And what rich variations, like the one which is described for you here, can be given to any dish when Premium is used!

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Be sure it is Premium

Look for the blue tag. The brand Swift's Premium on the rind. The blue Premium label. The word Swift on the sanitary wrapper.

Boiled Premium Ham Shank with green beans

Simmer Premium Ham Shank until tender, allowing thirty minutes per pound. Add whole green beans, 30 minutes before Shank is done. Drain off liquid, remove skin from Shank and serve on a hot platter, surrounded by beans.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 28)

His complacency warned her he had invented something unusual and was rather proud of himself. A lot that had been puzzling her was explained—how he had dared invite Harry to be a guest in the house, for instance, realizing how awkward it would have been to move him to the trainers' quarters afterward. She wondered if she had been outwitted in any way, but decided that she was unjust, for his pride seemed to include rather than leave her out.

"Where? What is it?"

He told her about leasing Alloway Deep and of his arrangement about the weanlings.

"I'm going to offer Harry the stewardship of the farm, with a fixed salary and a share in the profits, if any. What do you say to that?"

She thought for a moment before giving her answer. "It's perfect," she decided at last. "You're wonderful, daddy; it does away with all the rough corners, doesn't it? When you go to Alloway Deep to look things over and see what's needed, will you take me with you? I almost know it now—the old brick house, the big oak, the creek and everything—but I'd like to see it really."

"Yes, I'll take you along if I go. But keep your mouth shut to Harry until I give you the word. I haven't said anything to him yet."

For three days he kept her on pins and needles, waiting for the release she began to think would never come. But the colonel was wise in his own way and would not be hurried; he was watching the effect of the material side of Kent Acres on Harry. At first the boy seemed stunned, almost depressed, by the order without ostentatious luxury which surrounded him. The trimness of the painted fences, the thick even growth of the grass, the sequence of the paddocks and the economy of the model stables were all things he could appreciate, and thinking of Alloway Deep, they drove him almost to despair. Only when the lesson had had time to soak in did the colonel approach him.

"I suppose Mr. Galloway told you about my leasing Alloway Deep?"

"No, sir," said Harry, unable to hide his surprise. "He just said you'd arranged to send all your weanlings." He frowned, trying to figure out what this new development might portend to ma and to himself.

"Well, that was the most important thing, of course," continued the colonel, "but I've heard tales about John being a bit careless about how he runs his place. He's a trainer, Harry, pure and simple—a master at handling the live horse, but he doesn't give a rap for background, environment or the soil that feeds us all, man and beast, alike. That's why I had to lease his farm."

"Yes, sir," said Harry, his eyes beginning to light up purely out of awakened hope and affection for Alloway Deep as a lucky entity. "I can see that."

"Of course John and his wife will keep right on the way they are, but I've got to find somebody who will do for Alloway Deep-something like what you see around here. I don't know how the soil is, but I'd try to put in everything needed for the stable on part of it and give over the rest to alfalfa for the open market. I'd be willing to pay the right man fifty dollars a week and a fourth of the net profits, if any. Now here's an important question: Do you think you could swing the job, or don't you?"

"I know damn well I could," blurted Harry. "I beg your pardon, colonel. I didn't mean to swear."

"It's all right with me," said the colonel. "If you hadn't sworn, it would have meant something else, wouldn't it? Never be afraid to say what you mean, Harry, when you're talking to men. I may take it then that you're willing to take a shot at the job."

"Yes, sir." Harry's lips trembled with the desire to say more, to give some inkling of his gratitude to beneficent fortune as well as to his big-hearted host, but before he could find the words the colonel continued:

"You're pretty young, you know. Don't rush ahead of your wind now. Think things out slow and do them one at a time. It's taken many years to make Kent Acres what it is today, and that's what we want to see at Alloway Deep. But young as you are, Harry, I couldn't possibly pick a better man, because you'll be working for yourself."

"For myself, sir?"

"In the long run, I mean. When John and his wife pass on, as we're all bound to do, the place will be yours, he tells me, and he's not the kind of a man to change his mind about a thing like that. . . . Run along now."

Harry started to go and then stopped. "Do you mind if I tell Doris?"

"Not a bit. Tell anyone you like."

The human mind is the most unaccountable of the instruments of God, more subject to imperceptible variations, indelible impressions and cataclysmic reversals than a seismographic needle. When Harry arrived at Kent Acres he had descended from a van which was the last word in Pullman accommodations for blooded stock. It had picked him up when he was feeling mean, defeated and humiliated, and it had set him down feeling meaner, but defiant before a blank future.

The mood had been an unfortunate one with which to face a new environment, and to his credit be it said that he had not allowed it to make a nuisance of himself to others. He may have been unusually quiet but he was attentive to Mrs. Kent and the colonel, courteous to Miss Truman and a trifle brutal only to Doris, who certainly could stand it, being young and tough like himself. His attitude toward her was not pondered but instinctive, a natural corollary to the blank future. He could talk to her about anything, but there being nothing to talk about, he was not going to whine.

Even so, they had by no means had a bad time, mainly because Doris accepted him as he was, with a noninquisitive calm which would have done credit to many an older head. If that was the way he felt, it was the way he felt, and it was nobody's business, not even hers. There was no use ranting at the rain because it rained or at the sun because it was hot, but you could be moderately cheerful in the conviction that there is always an end to rain and that evening inevitably follows day.

Incidentally, the evenings were what really puzzled her. While they were in their knockabout garments, jogging a horse apiece, helping to dress Pickpacker's wound or rambling over the pastures and down into the meadows, Harry was a quite understandable person, even if he was crusty. But at night, when they had washed and changed into

(Continued on Page 33)

The Boy Did Not Move—"She's Asleep, Sir—" He Explained in a Whisper

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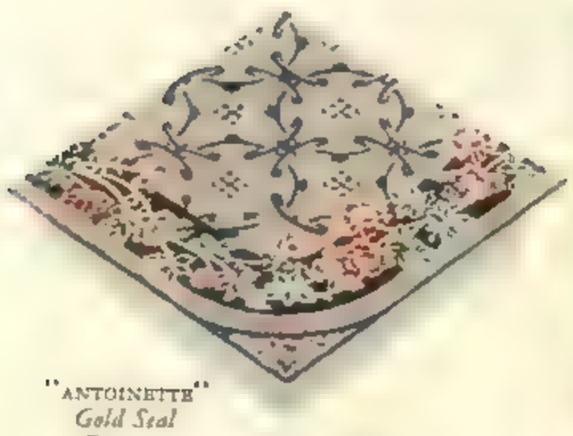

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Above is the "BAGDAD"
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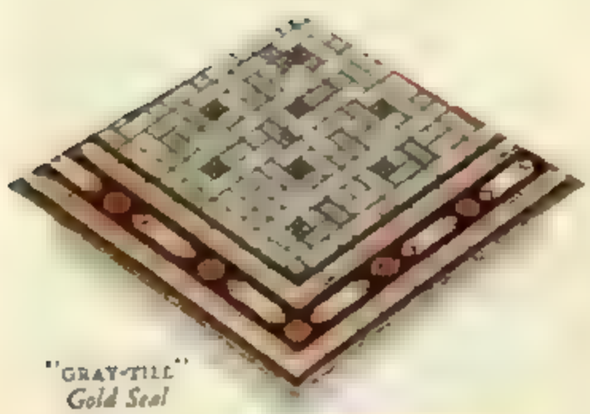

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(Continued from Page 30)

clean things, she into some diaphanous slip of a frock which gave her an exhilarating sense of ultimate liberation from the tyranny of clothes, he became metamorphosed into something closely resembling a mummy. She taxed him with it by daylight when she could expect a sane answer.

"What's the matter with you in the evenings, Harry?"

He did not pretend to misunderstand, but looked at her quizzically before replying. "I'm afraid of you at night."

"Afraid of me!" she gasped, coming to a full stop. "Why?"

"I know who you are daytimes and it's all right, but I don't know you nights. You're different. I suppose it's because you're getting to be a woman."

She went on, pondering that answer for some time. Occasionally she would glance at him out of the corners of her eyes and marvel at the seriousness of his expression. She liked the assurance in his carriage, in his downright way of speaking, and in his eyes whenever they were challenged. With such a nature it was positively flattering to have him be afraid of her on any grounds, and it also increased her stature to be regarded as a woman—something he evidently considered to be as charged with danger as a stick of dynamite.

But after the colonel's shrewdly stated proposition all was transformed for Harry. It was not only that he was assured of what seemed to him a great job and a commensurate reward; the seismographic disturbance went far deeper than that. It changed his interior composition in the twinkling of an eye from the combination which goes to make up a prospective professional driver into the dignity of an ultimate landowner. The qualities establishing his right to self-respect remained exactly the same, and yet his attitude of mind performed a *volte-face* which verged on the miraculous.

To build up Alloway Deep with any object whatever in view would have been enough joy, but to add to his labor the essence of permanence which accompanies the sense of possession alone, was to have found a new flavor along with a new direction to life itself. His transition was far more profound than could be attributed to a mere change of mood, and the moment Doris saw him she knew what had happened.

"He's told you about the new job!" she cried.

"Sure," said Harry, his gray eyes glowing darkly. "Say, Doris, do you suppose there's a chance you'll ever come to Alloway Deep?"

"I shouldn't wonder if we'd come this fall, as soon as the race meetings are over."

"Oh, no ——" he began, startled, but stopped and laughed. "I was going to say you'd get the shock of your life, and then I thought perhaps that's the best that could happen. Come along any old time. I'd like your father to see where I start from."

"But you told me it was beautiful!" protested Doris.

"It is, Doris. It's lovely but ramshackle. I'm accustomed to it; but coming from here, it will look to you like a nightmare."

"The big oak and the creek and the Barrens?"

"Oh, no; of course not. They are just the way God made 'em and I hope they'll stay like that always."

They had been together a short half hour ago, and now, after only a few phrases, he impressed her as being different and far more human than the boy she had been playing around with for three days. It was nothing he said, nor anything he did; the difference lay in a subtle increase of vitality, a magnetism which she could feel without being able to define the sensation. It must at least have suggested power, because by force of contrast it made her thoughts leap to her invalid brother.

"Harry, would you mind coming up to see my brother Billy? He's terribly ill, you know, but we all drop in to see him. Not that it does much good, because he doesn't seem to know we're there."

"I'll do anything you say, Doris. I'd—I'd love to meet him."

"Come on; but you don't have to be polite about it. You can be sure he won't be polite to you."

A moment later they had entered the sunny sitting room where Billy spent his days. Everything was in perfect order and there was a profusion of flowers so that the place should have been cheerful, but it was not. The invalid sat in one easy-chair and Miss Truman in another. They half faced each other, she looking out and he with his back to the broad window, but they were not talking. It was as if each were alone.

"Billy, this is Harry Galloway. He's staying with us for a while and I thought perhaps you'd like to see him."

For a moment it appeared that Billy was neither going to move nor speak, but presently he began to frown, and then slowly lifted his head to look at the uninvited caller. Never had Harry seen such a face, huge staring eyes and no flesh, as different from Doris' as the desert from the sea. It quivered, the lips half opened in dismay and then settled into something that might have been a smile or a ghastly grimace.

"Hello, Harry," he said conversationally, "you lucky dog. You'll never know just how lucky you were to get yourself kicked by that horse." For an instant there was an astonished silence, then it was broken by a piercingly high and chattering laugh from Miss Truman. Billy leaped in his chair with the shock of the sound and then began to curse her luridly. "Get out! Get out! What the devil do you mean by coming in here to do your sniffling and your damned cackling?"

She threw her hands to her mouth, sprang up and left the room. Harry started to go also, but Billy stopped him with a flutter of one of his transparent hands.

"Not you, Harry; I didn't mean for you to go. It's these weeping women that get on my nerves. There's something I want to ask you—something important. How does it feel to get kicked clean and clear by a horse?"

"Billy—oh, Billy!" cried Doris, recovering at last. "It isn't—this isn't—not that Harry, Billy. This is Harry Galloway, the son of Mr. John Galloway, the trainer."

"Oh," said Billy apathetically, sinking back in his chair. "Well, take him away, please."

"I am so sorry," said Doris as they went gravely down the stairs together. "He took you for our brother Harry, who was killed by a horse years and years ago."

"It's all right," said Harry, frowning. "I didn't mind that part of it, and I'm glad I saw him, Doris. I didn't mind his asking you to take me away either. I'll—I'll never forget your brother."

That evening Hillie was not at dinner, and as soon as the meal was over Mrs. Kent excused herself, and the colonel took his cigar into his study. Left to themselves, the two youngsters found an old cribbage board and Doris was giving Harry his first lesson at cards, when they heard a step on the stairs which they both recognized as that of Miss Truman. They looked at each other and without saying a word laid down their hands and stole out through the sun parlor to the back veranda, which faced the east. It was small, open and seldom used; more of an accidental outpost, a casual outcrop of the rambling house, than an entrance.

There was a stocky painted bench fixed against the wall where one might sit ensconced and still command a view in three directions. The floor stood only a foot or so above the lawn, which sloped away gently for a few paces and then plunged downward in a low declining swoop that carried the eye through shadow and mist to the meadows far below. The eastern sky reflected an unseen afterglow in the west, bathing the scene with a soft deceptive light.

Doris stood for a moment with one hand upraised against the sheer corner pillar, her slender body shadowed forth against the sky and looking strangely foreign to riding breeches and the ramrod back of the born horsewoman. She had a trick of tucking in the ends of her hair for the evening so that one could scarcely tell whether it was bobbed. High-heeled slippers and a close-fitting bodice, with a shimmering fluttering skirt, added to the general illusion and made her seem an elf stepped out from a sturdy tree

"Isn't it lovely, Harry?"

He moved to stand beside her. "It's great, Doris. I've never seen anything so still."

"Are you glad you came to Kent Acres?"

"You know I am."

"You've been happy here, haven't you?"

Even her voice was different at night. "I've never been so happy before, never in my life. There's no wall."

"No wall, Harry?" Her head turned quickly so she could look at him and he felt her questioning eyes on his face.

"There's always been a wall, ever since I could remember, and I was alone behind it. But it wasn't at the Old Glory Sale the time I saw you first, and it isn't here."

"You're not alone behind it," she breathed—"not any more."

He turned toward her. "No. How could I be?"

Her face came nearer and nearer, out of shadow and into light. It seemed to sweep around him, to drown and blind him. He was kissing her, holding her in his arms, and yet holding nothing. Her body had no weight, no substance. It shot through him, into all his veins and his heart. His blood thundered louder and louder in his temples, shouted to him, implored him; but whatever its message, he could not hear, for he was far away, himself too disembodied to bow to the common yoke of flesh.

He felt her arms slip slowly from around his neck and her hands creep down from his shoulders to grip his coat in a straining hold. Her face was gone from before his eyes, and yet not hidden, for he could see it still—see it and feel her lips forever on his mouth.

"Please, Harry."

"It's all right, Doris. Don't be afraid."

Then she was crying—really crying. His arms stole around her and immediately she became a tender and familiar thing. He remembered he had held her so once before in awkward kindliness and innocence. Incandescence left him, gave him back will power and consciousness. He waited until she stopped sobbing, disengaged her fingers and led her to the bench. They sat down side by side, their hands clasped.

"It's all right, Doris," he said, far more sturdily than his own doubts warranted. "Don't you worry; it will be all right."

"Do you think we're in love, Harry?"

"I don't know."

"How can you tell?"

"I don't know anything about it, Doris. Perhaps it's that and perhaps it isn't. But I know one thing—I'm not going to feel about anybody else the way I feel about you."

"It was the wall," she explained aloud to herself—"when you said that about the wall. I couldn't help it. I don't care what they say to me or what they do, I'll always be with you every chance I get. Is that what you want too?"

"I guess I want it more than anything, but ——"

"But what?"

He tightened his hold on her hand for his only answer. For a moment their minds plunged against the future like wings beating against the barrier of a pane of glass, then they gave up, veered and were content to hang poised above the known past. They held hands and dreamed in silence, asking no questions, demanding nothing more than they already had. Doris grew cold and he knew it without being told. He slipped his arm from his sleeve and wrapped half his coat around her.

XVI

HILLIE had heard the children go at her approach and was glad. She stole down the rest of the stairs and stood looking around the living room and down the halls. Nobody was about. She went to the door of the colonel's study and knocked.

"Who is it?"

"It's I—Hillie."

"Come in."

She entered and found him behind his great flat-topped desk, with accounts and ledgers spread before him.

"Hello, Hillie. What is it?"

"I've come to talk to you."

"I was hoping you'd got over all that."

"I may tonight, after I've talked to you." She sat on the edge of a chair facing him, her eyes downcast and her lips under better control than usual. "Perhaps I will."

"Wait a minute." He looked at his cigar, then very deliberately he went to the window, threw the butt away, picked a fresh one from an old mahogany cabinet standing on a side table, lit it and sat down again. "Now we're ready, Hillie girl. What's on your mind?"

"Something pretty heavy has been on my mind for a long while."

He was surprised at the calm with which she spoke; it was so unlike what he had had reason to expect.

"Only one thing?"

"Yes, only the one thing." He waited for her to go on. "Do you remember when Doris was born, Houston?"

"Naturally!"

"Oh, no; don't take things so casually or you'll be sorry. I mean where and when and how—everything."

"Yes, I remember," he answered soberly, humoring her.

"I was eighteen years old. I can see myself now—what I was then, I mean—but I couldn't at the time. I was gay and so thoughtless that even my kindnesses were cruelties. I made a look come into men's faces again and again Well, next to a child, a young girl can be the most heartless of living things."

"Come, come now, Hillie. You were the reigning belle of the South. If any of those young men got their fingers or hearts burned it was their own fault. It all took place as widely advertised, and they knew what they were going up against before they started."

"I was thinking of myself, really, not of them—trying to see myself as I was and to make you see me, or you won't be able to understand what happened in the maternity ward."

"The maternity ward!" exclaimed the colonel, frankly puzzled by the sudden backcast in the conversation.

"Doris isn't your child."

"Heh? What's that?" He had heard her quite distinctly, but he wanted to hear it again, also to gain time to think out a way of handling Hillie.

"Doris isn't your child."

He laughed for the first time in years—a nervous laugh that tried to be reassuring.

(Continued on Page 76)

THERE is a world of meaning in the fact that the vast majority of those who seek the best in motoring turn to Cadillac. If the 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder Cadillac engine were not indeed the most perfect performing engine known today it would be a reproach to both Cadillac and General Motors. All that the world has to offer is at their disposal, but only the V-type Eight, they find, meets the full performance requirements for the finest of fine cars. There is nothing in engineering today that is newer, nothing so nearly final.

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YOUR UNCLE SAM

By Mary Margaret McBride

IF YOU want to know how to sell sewing machines to the Hottentots in Africa or shoes to the barefooted millions of India, or how safely to reduce your diet to 1500 calories a day or build your longed-for little home of wood, concrete or brick, or make your shoes last longer or concoct a crisp brown pretzel or fly an airplane—just drop your inquiry into the nation's big question box at Washington and Uncle Sam will tell you all about it.

It will cost you a two-cent postage stamp to ask, nothing to be told. Uncle Sam's information service is without price.

Some of the thousands of questions that come to him daily from all points, from Alaska to the Florida keys, are easily answered; others are stickers that make him scratch his head a bit. But not one is ignored. The biggest question laboratory in the world answers every inquiry and then cheerfully says "Ask me another."

Whether you are poor man or millionaire makes not the slightest difference. You will be told as promptly how to grow potatoes or cabbages in unfertile soil as how to cultivate the rarest rose in a formal garden. You may learn as easily how to lay your own concrete walk after your day's work is done as how to tell whether others have done it properly for you. As in the ballot box, so in the nation's question box, all are equal.

I heard it estimated in Washington that it would cost Uncle Sam $30,000,000 a year to correspond with his constituents if he had to pay postage at current rates, but he does not bother to take out of one pocket to put into another. But if his correspondence were reduced to carloads of mail, it would mean a carload a day the year round.

The "walk-up" tenements of the big cities have their want-to-know hordes; so have the farms of New England, the plantations of the South and the great open spaces of the West.

Employes of the Bureau of Fisheries Planting Trout Fry

He Never Guesses

HOW much per acre you can pay for farm land with any hope of obtaining a fair return on your investment is a frequent question; whether money saved from hard work should be risked in a little shop or the owner be content with wages is another. All the little tragedies and comedies, all the eager gropings for light and truth that make up the daily lives of more than 100,000,000 people find expression in these human inquiries. Multitudes are eager to know how to solve the problem big to them though little in other eyes, and confidently they turn to their Government for help.

No haphazard answers are given Uncle Sam never guesses. Every department of the Government has been at work for years, testing and experimenting, and the best knowledge of the whole world is persistently sought. Bureaus and branches by the score, employing hundreds of skilled workers equipped with complete laboratory facilities, make it possible for this national ask-me-another game to become of real consequence to men and women everywhere—a correspondence school for farming, gardening, parenthood, housekeeping and house building, kindergarten, or even a university course for those who cannot go to college.

Unlikely as it may seem, Uncle Sam could tell Boston things about beans—only no Bostonian would listen. Even Californians, if they would—which of course they wouldn't—might learn about climate from him. For that matter, test him with the catch question nearest your own heart—how to make the baby's rompers, let us say. You will get an answer in time to finish your motherly task over the week-end. The Bureau of Home Economics has discovered the pattern that will allow greatest freedom of movement for Bobby or Susie from the creeping age on, and which material will last longest at hard-used knee and elbow.

Forest Officers Fighting Fire in One of the National Forests

China Eggs

IF IT'S international complications instead of rompers that worry you, the State Department's at your service; and so on until you oughtn't to have a problem left. For Uncle Sam returns to us annually thousands of dollars in cash and articles of value we've sent through the mails carelessly addressed; introduces into our orchards and gardens strange beautiful flowers and shrubs and flavorous fruits and vegetables from far countries; assures by rigid inspection the purity of our canned food, meat and drug supply; protects us from shipwreck, frauds and bugs; warns us of approaching flood and hurricane; and even seeks to establish our title to those castles in Spain if we ask him—as quite often some of us do.

Every year the American consul in a certain Chinese province celebrates the arrival of the vernal equinox by crating up dozens of settings of hens' eggs to be shipped to individual chicken raisers in the United States. This strange service goes back to the time when an observant consul noticed that his breakfast egg every morning was twice as big as any he had ever seen at home. After a few weeks of scrutinizing this phenomenon and finding it to be invariable, he wrote a treatise for the State Department's bulletins which evidently was widely read, for requests for the eggs began to pour in upon him and to this day recur as annually as spring.

Children have been a favorite study of Uncle Sam's ever since the Children's Bureau conducted a survey of infant mortality ten or fifteen years ago and estimated that one-half the infants listed as dying annually were dying needlessly.

At that time the Government's best seller was a pamphlet on how to raise horses. Today it is a booklet on child care.

Sometimes the child himself asks Uncle Sam another. Not long ago a letter in painstaking vertical penmanship came to the Children's Bureau from a twelve-year-old boy in Missouri who said apologetically that he was not so healthy as he ought to be, and wanted by return mail a diet list that would help him gain twenty pounds quick so that he could be captain of the football team his grade at school was even then forming.

If the family budget proves stubborn its keeper may write to the Bureau of Home Economics, stating the number of persons in her household, with the amount of money she has to spend each month, and get back a model budget plan showing item by item her proper allowance

for food, clothing, housekeeping equipment, books and recreation, listed in the order of the necessary, the useful and the desirable.

The same bureau will undertake to solve her food and household problems—tell her how to keep the gas bill down, how to clean the ink-spotted dress, what are the best cuts of meat and how much each should cost.

Food is one of the items Uncle Sam is fussiest about. More than 2,000,000 bulletins dealing with its selection, care and preparation are distributed annually by the Bureau of Home Economics and other bureaus of the Department of Agriculture. And when you see on a box of spices or a bottle of extract the little legend, Passed by the Federal Food and Drug Act, you may be assured the Government has inspected it for possible adulteration, impurity or deception.

Incidentally, the Food and Drug Act guards the people of the United States against impurity, deception and cheating at less than one cent per capita per annum, or less than $1,000,000 a year. The cruder and more obvious adulterations were early cleaned out, and now officials have to deal mainly with the more insidious type—as, for instance, the use of a little more moisture in butter than is strictly legal, and the mixing of cocoa and spices with shell.

The little purple stamp on the meat you buy is another indication of Uncle Sam's activities in your behalf. It is the seal of the government veterinarians and means that before slaughter the animal from which the meat came had been inspected and found healthy. Animals that do not meet the test are tanked—that is, slaughtered separately, cooked under high steam pressure and made into fertilizer or feed for stock. Uncle Sam's inspection work in 1927 was conducted at 862 establishments in 243 cities, and 83,483 beef carcasses and 185,000 beef parts were condemned, as well as 10,000 calves, 16,000 sheep and 178,000 hogs. The year's total of condemned carcasses was nearly 300,000 and of parts more than 1,000,000.

From Home to Housework

MILK is a touchy subject with Uncle Sam, too; he fights stubbornly against impure milk. From the cow barn to the bottles in which it is delivered, he insists that sanitary measures shall guard it. His laboratories are constantly making intensive surveys of all forms of milk contamination so that they may be detected and stopped.

Canning studies also are going on all the time in the food laboratories. Here is where the Government's work reaches into every home in the country. Housewives may share, for the asking, in all the findings, and thousands do.

As a guide to menu making Uncle Sam supplies a food-habits score card for the family. On it is kept the day-by-day record of each member's consumption of food in the right proportions to hold him or her within the zone of normal weight, height and type of body build.

Until recently only dietitians and experts of one sort or another bothered much about the composition of foods. The average man was satisfied if the bread, meat and vegetables for his three squares a day tasted good and kept him from being hungry in between. But times have changed. Everybody now counts calories, estimates iron, proteins, carbohydrates and calcium. The result is an increasing demand from all parts of the country for a table of food values made up by the Bureau of Home Economics, telling you the worthwhile elements in everything you eat.

Vastly convenient, too, will be the diet studies now being prepared by the bureau, which will classify products by grades, showing what may be expected in the way of nutrition not only from each food but from each grade of that food.

For milk is not just milk, as once even scientists thought. Dairy farmers now know that all the cows in the herd cannot be depended upon to give milk of exactly the same quality. Nor do all apples or onions, even though equal in size, have the same food value. It is simply impossible to say with exactness that a pound of beef, cheese or other food contains so many calories, so much protein and the rest, without knowing more about that particular piece of beef or cheese.

But you must have a kitchen to keep your calories and the rest in—and here the new house drops into the question box. Uncle Sam can tell you how to reconcile the slimmest budget with the most convenient cupboard arrangement, as well as the best materials within the limitations of your purse. The findings of the building-code committee will help too. The Department of Commerce is continually testing articles used in house construction, experimenting to guard the builder against shoddy materials, exorbitant prices, and even the attacks of certain white ants, otherwise known as native termites, which often cause serious damage in the foundation and woodwork, unless the wood which comes in contact with the ground has been chemically treated.

Grouped with the termite in Uncle Sam's list of nuisances to be battled are: The furniture carpet beetle, which lives on upholstered furniture; and the cockroach, which makes a banquet of leather bookbindings. For the discomfiture of the latter, there is being perfected a bookbinding warranted to render any marauding cockroach violently seasick. And the beetle will fare no better when Uncle Sam has finished with him.

PHOTO FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

A Machine That Exerts 10,000,000 Pounds Pressure, Testing the Strength of Sand-Lime Brick Using Various Kinds of Mortar. The Results of Such Tests are Eagerly Sought by National, State and Municipal Organizations Charged With the Formulation of Building Codes

The house built, helpful hints for the selection and tests of carpets, curtains and furniture are to be had from the Bureau of Home Economics. The Bureau of Standards, as its contribution, is trying to find a window material that will transmit the greatest amount of the sun's rays, and has almost standardized batteries, hardware, sizes of beds, mattresses and blankets.

The same bureau issues a little household help in the form of a kitchen card giving tables of weights and measures, equivalents of the measures used in cooking and the standard heights and weights of children of each age. And an expert in linear measures has designed a new type of baby board for the accurate measurement of that important member of the family. The ends of the board can be adjusted exactly and a week's growth readily determined, making this contrivance especially useful in the prompt detection of rickets and other diseases in infancy.

If it's clothes advice you need, just ask Uncle Sam another—or two. For the Bureau of Home Economics can tell you sure tests to use in buying cotton, wool or silk. And if your new shoes are wearing longer than usual, it is more than likely due in some degree to the Bureau of Chemistry, which is experimenting continually to discover what part of the hide of an animal makes the best soles and uppers of a shoe, what treatment in construction will cause shoes to wear longest, and particularly the care they should have after you take them home. You may also learn, if you are interested, what sort of gear will best suit your own particular foot.

A cleaner that will really clean and easier and more effective laundry methods are the objectives of vigorous government experimentation right now, and many housewives will bless the day they are achieved. As part of this plan in the Home Economics laboratory, pieces of different fabrics are soiled in various ways, then washed with water at different temperatures and soaps of all kinds. Each article's cleanliness is then determined by a scientific weighing method.

An automobile, a radio or an aeroplane around your new house will mean that several dozen agents of your national Government are working overtime, tinkering with automobile headlights, brakes, fuels and tires, radio parts and aeroplane maps just for you. Uncle Sam even has a new endurance machine for testing the durability of tires. A specimen tire is mounted on a wheel in such a way that it rotates for hours as if it were actually part of a speeding automobile, the effect of a loaded car being supplied by weights. In fact, there are laboratory tests to record the entire performance of an automobile in action—how every part wears under varying speed and weight—even to determining what percentage of gas consumed is effective and how much is lost.

For Men With Wings

AEROPLANE owners, present and prospective, will like to know that the Coast and Geodetic Survey of the Department of Commerce has on hand airway maps for aviators. And weather forcasts for aeroplane pilots and the erection of experimental radio beacons necessary to eliminate the greatest danger of aviation—blind flying in a fog—are among Uncle Sam's newest-fangled services.

Also there are even now definite rules for flying, for landing and for traffic which you must know if you expect to fly your own. Remember that, according to the new code, a landing plane has the right of way over planes moving on the ground or taking off; the aeroplane at the lower level is responsible for avoiding the aeroplane at the upper height when maneuvering to land. Once you've memorized these directions and a few more, you may pass your pilot's examination.

Of course it has never occurred to you that Uncle Sam is a motion-picture producer. Yet more than 300 government photographed and directed films are in existence. Their purpose is to show methods of combating human, animal and plant diseases. That sounds rather prosaic, but really many of the films are thrilling.

To make them, photographers and directors have risked their lives on steep mountainsides or in flood and fire zones. One film, known as Molly of Pine Grove Vat, combines a fire, a dynamiting, several fist fights, a villain, two heroes and two heroines, with the moral that you should dip your cattle to protect them from ticks. The man who shows the picture in certain sections works the machine with one hand and points a gun with the other. For some folks don't believe in cattle dipping and will shoot to emphasize their theories.

The movie men are not the only agents of Uncle Sam who risk their lives in line of duty. It is an old story that poachers like to take pot shots at game wardens. Veterinarians and experimenters investigating animal diseases sometimes contract severe and often fatal illnesses. That danger, however, does not deter them. One government agent, scouting for strange animals, got Malta fever from goats he was bringing to this country.

But few employes of the Government face peril more frequently than our rural mail carriers. Post-office records show that in the past three years fifty-five lost their lives attempting to deliver mail in remote sections despite heavy storms. This silent heroism seldom gets into the newspaper, but the rural-mail delivery service could reveal many examples of it.

In Ohio some winters ago, two brothers attempting to deliver mail to the residents on some small islands in Lake Erie were caught in a storm and carried down the lake by the resistless force of a drift in which they had become wedged. When they were finally rescued their caps were

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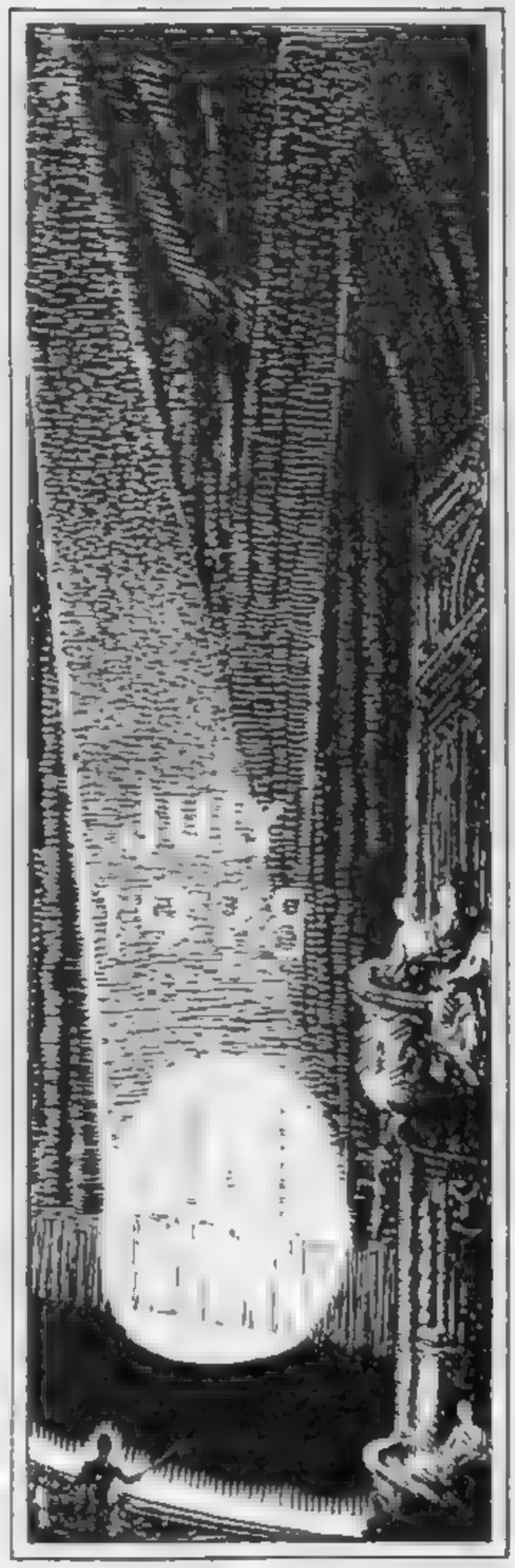
What will Chrysler do *next*?



IT IS SCARCELY too much to say that all cars are better cars today because of Chrysler.

It might be indelicate to say even as much as this if the facts were not known to every motorist whose memory goes back four years—if these facts did not advertise themselves so plainly in every car that runs today.

When Chrysler came, the Chrysler car was the only car of its particular and peculiar type and kind which existed.

Before Chrysler came, a different type of engine design, different style-standards, and a different standard of performance almost universally prevailed.

The entire industry had been jogging along comfortably for many years on conventional lines, when suddenly it was rudely galvanized into activity by the advent of a totally new school of engineering and manufacturing thought and action—what had been a slow procession was swiftly speeded into a quick-step by Chrysler.

For the first two years after the advent of Chrysler—partly because they hoped that Chrysler had merely caught the passing fancy of the public by its beauty, and partly because it was impossible for them to "scrap" the old engineering at once—other makers contented themselves with an effort to emulate the appearance of the Chrysler.

But it swiftly became apparent that Chrysler had also captured the solid, enduring favor of the public by a new and unique type of performance.

Thereupon ensued as complete a revision of previous practice as the industry could accomplish with its old prejudices and its old equipment.

Today, after four years, there is scarcely a car running in America which has not executed a right-about-face—which does not bear, either inwardly or outwardly or both, the unmistakable ear-marks of Chrysler influence. It is a good thing for all concerned that this should be so. It is good that all motor manufacturing should be spurred to more progressive standards.

It is good for the buying public that they have accepted and established the Chrysler standard of appearance and performance which all manufacturers feel compelled to follow as best they can.

It is good for Chrysler to know that the products which proceed from its engineering, designing and manufacturing departments are always being watched with nervous apprehension—that the entire industry is keyed up with the anticipation and expectation of what Chrysler will do next.

Out of this storehouse of scientific research, experiment and demonstration will continue to issue advanced and practical improvements which will inspire the industry and strengthen Chrysler leadership. Every Chrysler car will continue to be the most modern, the most progressive thing in motoring, and the soundest, safest, most economical purchase the market affords.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A COOK'S TOUR

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

The Frenchman Likes to Eat in the Open, Preferably on the Sidewalk. He Can Rest in a Chair All Night for About Five Francs, Reading His Newspaper and Talking With His Friends

IT WAS Brillat-Savarin who first suggested that, as there are individuals born into this world who lack the sense of hearing and some who are minus the power of speech, so there must be some who do not possess the cardinal virtue of taste. He also said that an animal swallows its food, a man eats it, but only a man of intellect knows how to dine, and that no man under the age of forty can be dignified with the title of gourmet. Also that no true gourmet could be late for dinner. So when Berry Wall invited me to dine with him in Paris I got there on time, for Berry is the dean of the American epicureans, his last opponent having been eliminated when Ward McAllister was gathered to his ancestral chefs.

Berry is close to the chilly side of seventy, but hasn't changed much since I saw him last in the fall of 1905. His mustaches droop with their old-time vigor and his famous collar is as well starched as ever. It is the old, familiar stand-up collar, about four inches high, with the sharp points reaching almost to his mouth. It is a comfortable collar, designed to support the whole face and also to hide the wattles that come with time. Berry doesn't look a meal older than fifty and he is just as good a dancing man as ever; his waist is slim, his legs are slender and his instep still shows an arch. That's pretty good for a man of near seventy and I asked him how he did it.

"Good plain food, my boy," said Berry, "and good plain cooking. Every meal should be simple. Start with a consommé with a good body. A plain roast with one fresh vegetable, a salad, and wind up with tea or coffee."

I knew that was the bunk, for Berry has swallowed enough fancy food in his life to give the gout to the standing armies of the world. I will say one thing for him, as I remember him in the old Rector's, and that is that he never gorged himself at the table, nor did he ever sit down to a twelve-course banquet. But he was the most finicky eater I ever saw and always insisted on mixing his own salads. He may be on a diet of plain foods in the twilight of his career in order to preserve the constitution that is his, due to a life of intelligent eating. He left me during the soup course to dance with a young lady, and when he came back I asked him what he thought of the Charleston.

"Too vulgar, my boy," replied Berry; "I prefer the black bottom."

And to prove it he danced a black bottom that would have made Ann Pennington look like frozen plumbing. Then he came back to the table and ate heartily of some plain roast chicken. I remembered that the advocate of a simple diet was at one time the largest individual consumer of Welsh rabbits in the Fifteenth Congressional District, and asked him if he recalled the nights when he often ate two rabbits in quick succession. He did.

"But you don't eat rabbits now, do you?"

"I certainly do."

"Do you ever eat two at a time?" was my next query.

"Often," answered this amazing patriarch of the banquet board.

"But, Mr. Wall," I remonstrated, "you never eat them later than midnight, do you?"

Let the Tips Fall Where They Will

"I NEVER eat them before three A.M.," was his indignant reply, and with that answer I excused the witness from the stand. What can you do with a man like that, who first tells you to eat nothing but plain cooking and then turns around and boasts that he never eats a rabbit before three in the morning?

"Let me give you some advice about dining in Paris," Berry continued. "If you are an American don't drink champagne. That is a sucker bet. The real Frenchman drinks Bordeaux, red and white. If you do not understand French, don't start pointing your finger at everything on the menu, for if you do, you will probably wind up with seven different kinds of soup. I am a resident now, and the waiters lay off me, for they know I am smarted up to their bag of tricks. Every French waiter is a salesman and it's his business to oversell you on food.

"You understand that a French waiter never goes down into the kitchen. He transmits your order to a *commis*, or clerk, who writes it down and then orders it from the chef. Then the *commis* brings the food from the kitchen and sets it on a serving table. The idea of the waiter staying out of the kitchen is to prevent him from getting overheated, leg weary, and to enable him always to look his best. If you want good service you must tip generously and eternally. You must tip your waiter, the *commis*, the *caviste*, who brings you mineral waters or wines, the *restiaire*, the head waiter and the *chasseur*. The last is the taxi starter, and he generally has an assistant or two.

"My old friend Sam Bernard, who died recently on the way over from New York, used to cite the best example of the tipping habit that I ever heard. Sam was leaving a London hotel after a week's stay, and, as usual, all the servants lined up at the hotel door to wish Sam godspeed and to give him the salute of the patriotic concierge. This salute consists of the hand stretched straight out with the palm upward. Sam decorated the palms of the maitre d'hôtel, valet, bootblack, room waiter, porter, maid, elevator man, *chasseur*, six call boys and seven different kinds of janitors.

"As he tipped the *chasseur* he saw two seedy-looking individuals looking expectantly at him, and not wishing to overlook anybody, he asked them what service they had performed. 'We 'elped wiv the bags,' they answered, so Sam slipped each one a shilling. Another bystander had assisted Sam into the cab, and he got his reward. So did a total stranger who had volunteered to crank the engine.

(Continued on Page 50)

An open Roadster one minute—

Or a completely closed car the next!

Or, you can have the top down with the windshield up and the two side glasses up, a veritable wind-proof sun parlor on wheels!

A de luxe body in every respect with—

Rubber covered floors, rubber insulated pedals and leather covered instrument panel; leather upholstery, genuine curled hair; and de luxe cushion springs; the top is of crack-proof and weather-proof material with concealed Landau braces; one piece windshield, nickel finished, with windshield wiper at the bottom the same as in the famous Auburn Phaeton Sedan.

The most rigid construction throughout in the concealed body framework, with all joints reinforced with tight fitting steel braces.

There is a parcel compartment in the back of the front seat; and, a real rumble seat designed for the comfort of passengers on a long journey. Not a makeshift auxiliary jump seat, but springed and padded the same as driver's seat. Steps for entering the rumble seat are conveniently located on the curb side of the car.

Also, the doors open on the curb side to a small compartment for golf clubs, parcels, etc.

And, of course, its stamina, ease of handling and efficiency are of the exclusive, high Auburn standards; with the Bijur chassis lubrication, four-wheel hydraulic internal expanding brakes, steel running boards, hydraulic shock absorbers, large head lamps, and all other features that make Auburn an outstanding value on the market today.

76 Sedan $1395; 76 Sport Sedan $1295; 76 Cabriolet $1395; 76 Roadster $1195; 88 Sedan $1695; 88 Sport Sedan $1595; 88 Cabriolet $1695; 88 Roadster $1495; 88 Speedster $1695; 88 Phaeton Sedan $1895; 115 Sedan $2195; 115 Sport Sedan $2095; 115 Cabriolet $2195; 115 Roadster $1995; 115 Speedster $2195; 115 Phaeton Sedan $2395. Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

ADVENTURE

By STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THE third day out, I think it was, one day down the Delaware and two days off the Delaware Capes, before Sparks, the beautiful, set himself definitely into the perceptions of Hardwick and myself. And then, to be exact, it wasn't Sparks who set himself, but Señora Romero who did the setting for him. She was one of those women who make a man conspicuous—that is, if she pays any attention to him at all.

Tankers are supposed to be Eveless Edens. At least, that is my idea of them and I am sure it is correct. They are not even supposed to carry passengers, although they frequently do—guests of the company to which they belong—and the majority of them have luxurious suites—bedroom, sitting room and bath, known as the Directors' Suites, oddly at variance with the simplicity of the other quarters. When you are a passenger on a tanker you sign on as a member of the crew and then sign off when you reach your destination. Another thing that men do that takes time, paper and patience.

Hardwick and I, after we reached Tampico, spent two hours in the company of Captain Stefanson, of the large hands and feet and slow, wide Norwegian accent, signing off from something we had never been.

Tankers are supposed to be Eveless Edens, but on this occasion there was, besides Señora Romero, the Henry B. Elliot herself—I can't help this confusion in genders; blame the Henry B. Elliot's sponsors, not me—and the Henry B. Elliot was, of course, a woman, as are all things that ride the sea, the wind blowing in their rusty or aureate hair. Hardwick and myself were to find this out, in a mysterious, unexplainable way, before the voyage was over, even if we had not suspected as much to begin with. Men run away into the deserts and mountains and windy, watery stretches of the world, but the moment they are there they occupy themselves with something feminine, such as a mine or a ranch or machinery or a boat.

The Henry B. Elliot was not a pretty woman when we first saw her. She was lying beside a wharf at midnight, and at a distance she looked like something antediluvian, born of slime and gaseous decomposition. The tide was out and for twenty feet or so the indecency of river mud winked with iridescent bubbles. At the edge of this, the stream, a faint, evil-smelling mist rising from it, slipped past in coiling rings golden with oil. But when you approached nearer—and Hardwick and I were painfully doing so, dragging our heavy bags in the darkness across the greasy, littered reaches of the company's compound—the Henry B. Elliot ceased to be so dramatically prehistoric and became more human if not more comely. Arc lights streamed down on her cutaway waist, and this waist was a scene of continuous, almost silent toil. Huge hoses, climbing up out of the landward shadows over the rails, wormed their way into open hatches, and guarding these hoses were a dozen or so nondescript figures in oil-skins and high hip boots. The Henry B. Elliot was taking on water ballast, and she resembled nothing so much as the slattern wife of a night worker who, in a dirty dressing gown, is getting coffee ready for her man. Even her two stubby masts, bare of everything but radio aerials and cargo hoists, seemed set askew and crossly sleepy.

The watchman at the top of the gangway examined our papers sourly. He was almost as unpleasant as the old man at the gate of the compound who, a few minutes earlier, had turned back Donnie, Hardwick's wife, and forced us to leave her, a disconsolate blond peri.

"Women ain't allowed inside," he had said.

Hardwick kept murmuring to himself in the darkness as we picked our way toward the Henry B. Elliot. "Good-by, women," he said—"and softness. We're off for a salty sea life. And maybe it's a good thing. Landsmen see too much of women."

He was on his way to discover just how wrong he was.

The watchman at the top of the gangway looked over his shoulder.

Near Us the Door to the Radio Room Was Open, and Standing in the Doorway, Smiling and Murmuring to Someone Inside, Was Señora Romero

"Mr. Frisen! Hey, Mr. Frisen! Here's them two passengers."

A short squat figure, a southwester on its head, detached itself from a group near one of the hatches and stepped forward, speaking with some sort of upper European accent, sharp blue eyes peering out from a face streaked with oil:

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hardwick. Well, I'm sorry, sir. You heard, of course, we were delayed and wouldn't get away until tomorrow's tide? If you'll go up that ladder aft, sir, you'll see on the port side a door marked Hospital. That's yours. Sorry again. We'd have liked to give you the Directors' Cabin, but there's a Señor Romero on board with a lady. He's one of the lawyers of the company too. And a lady, of course. The captain thought you wouldn't mind."

Hardwick laughed. "A lady?"

"Yes, sir—his wife."

"Young?"

"I haven't seen her, sir."

"No, she couldn't be. Romero's past fifty."

"You know him?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—for years. He's quite a blood at the Mexican bar. Has offices in New York and Mexico City. He's what we call in the law a Latinist. They need them in oil companies."

We picked our bags up again wearily and found the ladder and eventually the hospital, or sick bay. I think the latter is the more nautical name. Perhaps it isn't. I'm not sure. I'm far from being nautical. All I know is that it looked rather depressing as we turned on the light and cockroaches scuttled away into the shadows. Fairly clean and antiseptic, but bare and cold. The Henry B. Elliot was invariably that way. You had to know her well before you realized her charm. Like many another fine woman, not so pretty to look at, she repaid acquaintanceship. Stoughton, tiny and magnificent, the steward, first showed us her gentler side. He represented decoration.

Hardwick began to unpack his valises. "Ring that bell, will you?" he said unexpectantly. "See if it rings. Something may happen."

I rang the bell, and brisk steps sounded along the passageway and Stoughton came in. His white mess jacket was corded with service ribbons.

"You're a British ex-soldier?"

"Yes, sir—Gordon Highlanders. Three years in the last war. . . . And now if you gentlemen will go out on deck a bit, I'll have this cabin ready in a trice. I'll have the chintzes out for the windows and the beds made up. Sorry it wasn't ready when you arrived, but the captain said you wouldn't be on board until tomorrow morning. And I suppose you'll want baths. And at what hour, gentlemen? And breakfast?"

"Chintzes!" breathed Hardwick. Stoughton stepped aside as we went out into the passageway and turned right toward the deck. "I'm going to like the Henry B. Elliot," said Hardwick. "Shall we watch Mr. Frisen at his labors? A Norwegian captain, a Danish—I think—first officer and an English steward. We Americans are certainly masters of the sea, aren't we?"

The rail where we leaned, looking down at the cluttered waist of the ship, was in the glare of the arc lights, and across from us, connected by two flying bridges, was the white bulk of the bridge and the saloon and cabins underneath. In one cabin a lamp was burning.

"I wish we could smoke," said Hardwick, "but you're not allowed to smoke on deck on these American tankers. On the British, I understand, you're not allowed to smoke at all."

We leaned more heavily on the rail, staring down at Mr. Frisen and his absorbed, grotesque crew. Hardwick, besides being a lawyer, is inclined to be philosophic. Or perhaps I should say, Hardwick, being a lawyer, is philosophic.

"A completely masculine scene," he remarked after a while, "and extremely interesting on that account. Concentrated, uninterrupted. It is only on the fringes of the world that you can find it any more. Otherwise, everything is mixed up with women, subject to them. This is a masculine ship, save of course for Señora Romero. But she won't bother us much—much less than a woman of the same age of another race. A Latin-American woman of forty has ceased almost to be a woman. Nothing much left but an interest in the church and in her family."

He had hardly ceased speaking, or rather, he had ceased speaking only a moment or so—you are always inclined to regard these incidents as being simultaneous—when the door of the cabin with the light opened and a woman stood in the oblong of radiance, yellow in comparison to the white glare of the arc lights. She was clad in some sort of silk dressing gown fairly revealing; underneath you saw the shadow of her slim body, and her dark long hair was about her shoulders. She gazed down at the busy scene below, absorbed, coolly inquisitive, but you were aware

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VIA AIR!

WHEN a shipping clerk tosses a new stencil to his assistant and says casually, "Mark that one for the Air!" . . .

When the General Sales Manager frenziedly phones the routing clerk and asks how he can get samples to Milwaukee by the next afternoon, and the routing clerk says calmly, "That's all right, sir; we'll put 'em in the Air!" . . .

When the Chief Engineer turns apoplectic at a telegram from Dallas saying the power plant must shut down until a small part can be sent from the factory, and his secretary promptly suggests, "Why don't we send one tonight by Air Mail?" . . .

Then you will know that Aviation is an accepted tool of industry! *But that time has already come! For these humble portents are every-day occurrences in the routine of successful business!*

Since speed is the determining factor in competition for nation-wide markets, all great industries, all great commercial houses, are looking to the airplane for swifter transport of men, material and mail.

The sky-ways are well-defined routes in active and continuous use. Only the fact that airports are stationed well beyond the boundaries of most cities keeps the average business man from actually seeing what is being done with commercial planes.

On the line that operates between New York-Chicago-Dallas there is a plane speeding on its way with important commercial loads every hour of the year. The Air Mail is giving service to a trade area of 62,500,000 people every 24 hours. Over a period of three years, flying regularly from Detroit to Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo, Ford planes have maintained an operating efficiency of 95 per cent—a record not exceeded by the railroads!

Figured on a time basis, the transcontinental airlines have already reduced the railroad map of the United States to the dimensions of a region the size of Texas!

How can this fact be applied practically in business?

A Milwaukee manufacturer recently sold a cargo of locks in the New York market. By shipping *via air*, a thousand miles away, he put his locks down in New York as fast as his competitors could have delivered them from New England. . . . Shippers of oil from California to the Atlantic Coast save thousands of dollars in interest by forwarding Bills of Lading *via air*. . . . In March last a consignment of flowers was flown to New York, so that they might arrive with the bloom of California fresh upon them. . . . Bankers are regularly saving anywhere between $125 and $5000 monthly on distant exchanges by sending their documents *via air*. . . . And the weight of freight and mail carried over the airlines of America already *totals millions of pounds!*

The time has passed for whimsical speculation! The time has passed for the meaningless thrills of spectacular flying! The tireless wings of commercial planes are as definitely at your service as the wheels of commercial trucks. *For more than a million miles the Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes have already flown, carrying freight, mail and passengers!*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

(Continued from Page 40)

that she had not missed seeing Hardwick and myself and was not hurrying her departure. Suddenly a man appeared behind her, stepped in front of her and slammed the door.

Hardwick laughed for the second time.

"Not completely masculine," he reflected. "Things seldom are. And I suspect that Señora Romero's imagination is not confined exclusively to the church."

And that was the first time we saw the lady whose point of view was later to prove so interesting. But it was not until the third day at luncheon—the day I have mentioned that she began in the least to live up to our expectations. Until then, especially where Hardwick and myself were concerned, she had merely appeared indifferent—very indifferent.

I don't know what we had anticipated, and I hasten to say that whatever it was, it was largely objective, for Hardwick is as fond of his family as I am of mine. I suppose we had imagined that Señora Romero would appear at breakfast with a rose in her hair, or that she would study us from behind a fan, or something like that.

The amount of romance with which the northern races endow the southern is pathetic and extraordinary. I do know, however, that there is not a man living who does not go to sleep more interested and arise more expectant if he has suddenly discovered that near to him is a young and probably beautiful woman.

Hardwick and I were preparing ourselves for a disappointment. Señora Romero wasn't at breakfast; there was only her husband, dressed in white striped flannels, despite the autumn weather, and very stiff and ceremonious, and thin and saffron. Under a hair-line mustache his lips were red and narrow, and he closed them with a snap when he finished a sentence, and his English was precise and cat-like. He rubbed his hands together when he saw Hardwick and shook hands in the horizontal Latin way.

"I heard you were here."

"And Señora Romero is on board too?"

"Ah, yes—yes. She does not get up for breakfast; she may not get up for lunch. It takes her a day or two to get used to a ship. . . . You have my chocolate?"

"Yes, sir."

Stoughton evidently had been in Spanish countries, for he brought something that resembled a chocolate pudding. Señor Romero stuck his spoon upright in it to test its consistency. It seemed to satisfy him, for he began his meal.

"I didn't know you were married," said Hardwick.

"Oh, yes—five years. Señora Romero is the daughter of a very dear friend of mine." Señor Romero smiled. "She is much younger than I. If I may say so, we arrange those things better in our country."

"So I have heard."

The Henry B. Elliot was still tied to the pier and Mr. Frisen was still busy in the waist, but the long lines of hose were no longer in evidence and a plume of smoke was rising from the Henry B. Elliot's stack.

"We'll get away soon now," announced Stoughton.

In the clear October day the mists and sinister dampness of the night were gone. All about us the city rose pearl gray and pink. The river was a homely, muddy brown.

A ship is an odd place, a small self-contained world, to say something that has been said ever since man invented ships, but which cannot be said too often. To leave the land behind is like a major operation, almost like death. For a few hours you do not know what to do; you are lost, restless, as if you had shed your accustomed psychological clothes and your new, more concentrated self was still a trifle cold. And then you settle down, with increasing intensity, to the perpetual motion, the wind and the creaking and the waves, the regular hours, the wideness and the leisure, the minute appreciation of the personalities of the small company about you. Even on liners this is so, although liners are a slander and a travesty upon the sea. Little fat men look down contemptuously from the high crowded decks and lose all sense of the moving element below them.

By dark we were off the capes and sending the pilot overboard, a lighthouse winking to the south. And then the propeller began to thresh, and the Henry B. Elliot took to the open, rising and falling to the great North Atlantic swells.

The Henry B. Elliot was experiencing a sea change like all the rest of us—like the officers, who had begun to appear in neat blue uniforms; like Stoughton, who was now more a sailor than a soldier. The Henry B. Elliot was a striking example of the fact that you must never judge a ship tied to a wharf. All day long they had been scrubbing her and hosing her down and painting her and polishing her brass work. She gleamed in the stormy sunset, and her fine strong shoulders pushed the water aside boldly. Up aloft her aerials and ropes sang. Her bells rang softly but confidently. She was no longer the slattern in a dressing gown. She had pulled herself together. She was on the job. By no manner of means was she a lady, as Kipling describes the liner, but she was a fine upstanding female with a certain rugged beauty, and she was out again on the only streets she knew, shopping about and determined that all who saw her should respect her and perhaps admire her. The sort of woman men deceive possibly, but who always wins them back by her integrity and common sense.

Hardwick and myself left the bridge, where, in the dusk, we had been standing with Stefansson, and went down to the saloon for dinner, feeling saline and rich with maritime virility. We were to lose the latter shortly; we were to feel insignificant and dejected. But not at first. Señora Romero was already at table with her husband, and even the unshaded lights of the bare light-oak room could not detract altogether from her dark good looks. In her own way she was very lovely and she was fairly young—at least, she was not more than twenty-six—and obviously she was preoccupied with nothing spiritual or intellectual. Our romantic conception of her had not been so far wrong and, as I studied her, I came to the conclusion that although she wasn't wearing a rose at the moment, she was a lady who might frequently wear a rose in her hair, metaphorically speaking, to take out and throw to anyone who caught her fancy. Señor Romero must, indeed, have been a blood at the Mexican bar, and a rich one at that.

Perhaps these reflections were wounded feelings on my part. Clearly, Señora Romero had no roses to throw to Hardwick and myself. She made that plain at once. Our mood of wind-swept exuberance became small, died away completely. Our conversation was dry and ejaculatory.

Long lashes touched Señora Romero's cheeks and she kept them that way for the most part; but when she first met you she lifted them and stared at you directly, accepting

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"Sparks is Up Against it No Matter What He Does. If He Never Lifts a Finger, Señora Romero Will Make Her Husband Jealous"

LIKE A GIANT CLOCK

that strikes the hour for the countryside

These trains touch the lives of fifty million people every day

IN a village in eastern Pennsylvania an old man stirs restlessly in his bed. For more than an hour he has been fighting the shadows of the night, longing for daylight.

At last he hears, far off, a sound welcomed every morning for years—the smooth running of wheels on rails of heavy steel. As he sits up in the dark he says to himself:

"That's the Broadway Limited. It must be six o'clock."

And so the great Limited speeds on its flight from Chicago to New York.

In a small town in Indiana, a housewife chatting over the telephone with a neighbor pauses as she listens to a whistle. Then she says:

"I'm sorry. I have to stop now. It's later than I thought. I just heard The American go by. That means it's time to start getting dinner."

And The American hums on its way to St. Louis.

When the sun sinks low, farmers in northern Ohio stop their toil and straighten stiff backs as if they were listening to the clear notes of The Angelus in the quiet evening air. They have heard, instead, the whir of The Red Arrow. They watch for its glittering windows and set their timepieces by it, as it speeds Eastbound from Detroit to the cities of the seaboard.

Rolling along the rails to a hundred cities and a thousand hamlets, the Pennsylvania's fleet of 6700 trains—passenger and freight—brings into millions of lives the reassurance that "all's right with the world," that passengers are speeding safely and surely to their destinations, and that the business of America will be transacted "on time."

This high standard of performance affects the lives of fifty million people. Nearly half the population of the United States lives in the area in which the Pennsylvania operates. And travelers and products from every state in the Union are carried daily over its rails.

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

THE SEA GULL
Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburgh to Atlantic City

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

DAVY JONES' LOCKER

An Interview With Charles Haskins Townsend

By Boyden Sparkes

IF I HAD a lifetime to spend in the hunt, I should like to discover and capture, among other things from the sea, a live Regalecus. There is a sea serpent horrifying enough to inspire terror in any beholder! It attains great length and has a crested snout very like those imagined by medieval artists for the dragons they painted from fancy. All that men of science know of this monster they have learned from the carcasses of a few that have been washed ashore. One of the longest of which there is any record was cast out of the sea at Bermuda. It was thirty feet long.

I should like to do more than take live specimens of this marine animal. I should like to find out where in the immensities of the ocean he spends his life; how deep he lives; upon what he feeds; and how his species reproduces itself. This great eel-like fish will not elude us forever; probably he does not stay in the profound depths of the ocean, because the creatures that exist in the great depths do not get washed ashore. But, so far as we know, a living Regalecus has never been seen by any man.

There are other mysteries of the abyssal deep that will, for a long time in the future, continue to tantalize oceanographers. The size of deep-sea fish, squids and jellyfish is still a puzzle. Bigger beam trawls than have yet been used may some day, by catching the biggest, verify or destroy that adage that there are bigger fish in the sea than have ever been caught. But even then there will be hidden other mysteries as puzzling as was the long-kept secret of the propagation and breeding places of fresh-water eels. Naturalists, from Aristotle down to this century, tried to find the answer, but it is only within the past few years that any progress has been made.

Century after century the eels were a sea mystery. All that was known of them was that the females spent their lives in fresh water, first appearing as small eels that are known in European markets as elvers. Year after year these mysterious visitors were observed remaining in the streams of Europe. They are found as far from the sea as Switzerland. Each autumn—at least since the time of Aristotle—men, women and children have lined the banks of European streams to spear and trap and seine the adult eels leaving fresh water for the sea. Not all the eels leave the fresh-water lakes and streams on this annual hegira; only the old ones, some of which are known to have been fifteen or more years reaching maturity. At tidewater these pilgrims are joined by the smaller males, and all that have eluded the snares of men swim out to sea and vanish. In similar fashion, American eels were known to desert our fresh-water streams and lakes for the sea. Where did they go? Certainly none of them ever returned, but each spring, from the times of remotest antiquity, tiny eels have been observed entering the mouths of fresh-water streams to begin a fresh cycle of this enchanting mystery of a life form.

Trailing the Eel to His Birthplace

ALL sorts of wild theories were developed to explain the disappearance of the old eels and the unaccountable reappearance of the young ones. Salmon, sturgeon and shad were known to leave the sea to spawn in fresh water, and some kinds of salmon to die there. Here, in the eel, was a creature that reversed the process, but even that much understanding did not explain where in the ocean we should look for their spawning places.

Just before the turn of this century some Italian scientists published a paper in which they revealed the surprising information that a creature of salt water, leaf-shaped and transparent as glass, known to marine zoölogists as leptocephalus brevirostris, was actually a larva form of the common eel.

For a final solution we are all indebted to a Danish oceanographer—Johannes Schmidt. In May, 1904, aboard the steamship Thor, devoted to scientific exploration, he was towing a trawl net west of the Faroes. When it was hauled aboard he discovered he had caught one of those transparent, leaf-shaped eel larvæ. It was the first time any had been recognized outside the Mediterranean.

Eel fishing is an important industry in Denmark and this scientist found support for his plan to unfold the mystery. Investigations under his direction were carried on at sea and in the laboratory. More than a score of Danish vessels, including some ships of the Royal Navy, were enlisted in the work. These ships, in their cruises to and fro on the surface of the Atlantic, took the trouble again and again to drop nets for surface hauls. More than 500 times these ships found one or another form of eel. Each time the catch was preserved, along with the date and the exact location of the station—that is, where the haul was made. Specimens were taken in the salt water that lies between Egypt and America, and Iceland and the Cape Verd Islands.

There are, on an average, about 7½ more vertebræ in European eels than in the American species. Each specimen had to be examined and measured, its vertebræ counted. All the information gathered was added to a tabulation from which the Danish scientist finally gained the answer he was seeking. That painstaking counting, to distinguish species and size, had made a trail that led from Europe to a place in the Atlantic, east of Florida and southeast of Bermuda, an abyss of the ocean called Nares Deep. Schmidt had discovered that the eel larvæ diminished in size the farther they were found from the shores of Europe, until, in Nares Deep, the captives were of pin-point dimensions. For at least twenty years this scientist and his many helpers wrestled with this mystery; and so, because Regalecus has given us fewer clews as to his habits, I say I should like another lifetime for the discovery of the facts about his species.

A Furrow Thousands of Years Deep

I HAVE spent the most enjoyable years of my life on the ocean, reaching down with tenuous, steely arms of cable or piano wire to grope in the oozes of its bottom; or else in small boats over the submerged shelf of the continent, making prisoners of salt-water creatures. From 1886 to 1896 I was resident naturalist aboard the United States Bureau of Fisheries steamship Albatross; in 1889 and 1900 I was aboard again when this ship, under Alexander Agassiz, made explorations in Polynesian waters. Since 1902, as director of the New York Aquarium, I have made scores of trips in New York and New Jersey in the Aquarium's well boat Seahorse, catching specimens of marine life. I have participated in capturing, handling and studying thousands of forms of ocean fauna, and yet each new expedition has the fresh thrill of its predecessors, because I know there will always be so many unrevealed secrets, so many unanswered problems. An oceanographer might spend centuries, were one permitted to live so long, in pursuit of facts about the ocean, and at the end of his life possess only a few threads of knowledge out of the great fabric of ocean secrets.

During that South Sea cruise I made with Agassiz we lowered our beam trawl one time more than four and a half miles and caught specimens of animal life, deeper than men had ever hunted before. Those creatures were living in darkness, in Arctic cold and under a water pressure of four and a half tons to the square inch. I suspect there are huge monsters down there in the ocean's depths, even though no explorer of the sea has caught any. Polar currents that chill the sea bottom also convey the air that is essential to all forms of life with which we are familiar.

Beam trawls, bigger than have ever been used to drag the depths of the ocean, trawls with much higher runners spaced much wider and with vastly bigger nets of a mesh designed to retain only creatures of the largest size, ought to catch some of the monsters that we now suppose we miss because of the limited size of our equipment. Studying the depths of the sea may be likened to hovering in a balloon high above an unknown land hidden by clouds, for it is a peculiarity of oceanic research that direct observations of the abyss are impracticable. The progress of oceanography depends to a great extent upon the development of mechanical aids. The use of steam winches first made it possible to examine the floor of the ocean properly. Since then the substitution of piano wire and wire cables for hemp lines in sounding and dredging has made it evident there is no depression in the earth's crust so deep we may not plumb it. Yet, imagine the Albatross floating in the middle Pacific, dragging her small beam trawl three miles below, the land 1000 miles away in any direction. How faint a scratch must that impertinent finger make in the boundless ooze! Still, in the hundreds of publications relating to explorations conducted in her, thousands of species and hundreds of genera are described as new to science.

Recently someone asked me if I knew anything about the Maracot Deep, and instantly I was interested; nor was I chagrined when I discovered it was just an imaginary hole in the Atlantic invented by Sir Conan Doyle as a resting place for the lost Atlantis and a race of submarine humans. One thing we can say for those puny little trawls with which we have explored the ocean thus far in the brief history of oceanography: They are big enough to destroy the myth that would place a once densely populated, sunken continent in what is now mid-Atlantic.

Atlantis was, so far as men of science are concerned, along the coast of Africa. Sir John Murray, leader of the great British expedition in the Challenger, dragged his trawl back and forth across the mid-Atlantic ridge and brought to the deck of his ship tons of its ooze. If ever there had been a time when that ridge protruded from the ocean, rich with plant and animal life, Sir John should have discovered traces of it, for his scientific plow turned a furrow in the ooze tens of thousands of years deep.

It is extremely difficult for scientists to imagine how a continent ever could have existed in the center of any of the great ocean basins, for these appear to be the most unchanging portions of the earth's crust; while the continental areas, especially the border regions, are the most unstable. Pagan temples that were still visible close to the shore line of the Mediterranean a few centuries ago have sunk from sight; other changes have occurred to alter the linear shape of the earth's surface; but the mid-ocean areas, by contrast, appear all the more stable.

Like the land, the floor of the ocean has its mountains and its valleys. Some of our islands are seen by undersea eyes as mountains. There is the volcano Mauna Kea in the Pacific, nearly twice as lofty as it appears to men, because it stands, cone shaped, in an oceanic basin three miles deep. From the summit of the highest mountain peak to the bottom of the greatest ocean deep the vertical distance is more than ten miles and the sea is deeper than the land is high. Half the water of the globe is contained in the Pacific, and it has been estimated that if all the land on the globe above sea level were shoveled into the Pacific it would fill only one-seventh of it. There is a lot of geography down there to be studied.

Ooze on the Ocean Floor

IN 1901 the United States ship Nero made a sounding in the Western Pacific, south of Guam, that was the deepest recorded until that time—5269 fathoms—nearly six miles. Then, in 1913, the German surveying ship Planet, about forty miles off the coast of Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands, unreeled 406 feet more than six miles of piano wire. That was the deepest until last year, when another German ship—a cruiser—reported having sounded to a depth of almost six and a half miles, also in the vicinity of the Philippines. There are more than fifty great deeps which have been sounded and now have names.

If a man could see into the greatest depths of the ocean as easily as I have looked at the floor beneath shallow water through a glass-bottomed bucket, that would be the greatest thrill, I think, that could be received through human eyes. One might sail for miles away from the coast of California and still, with 600 feet of water below, remain over the submerged rim of the continent—what we call the continental shelf. There, and on the continental slopes which plunge down to the true floor of the ocean, are deposits carried from the land through the wearing action of the rivers, tides and currents. These coastwise deposits are muds of gray, blue or green; or in some regions are formed of coral or volcanic muds. Beyond there are deposits made up of dead marine organisms that have been falling as rain from the surface and the intermediate depths since life began. We call those pelagic deposits; one is distinguished as globigerina ooze, another is diatom ooze and another as radiolarian ooze, according to the form of life that has contributed the most detritus to this vast graveyard.

Imagine some vaulted cathedral in which swarms of creatures had been prisoners for countless generations. The floor of such a place would be thick with rubbish even after a short space of time. The reason the ooze on the ocean floor is not deeper is because the myriad forms of life in the sea form a nicely balanced cycle of matter. That cycle is a struggle for existence as dramatically intense among the

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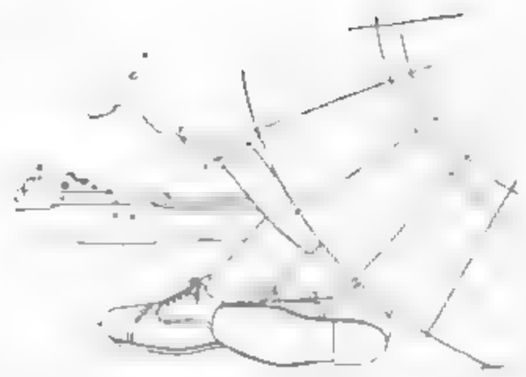
Their comfort makes holiday for your feet

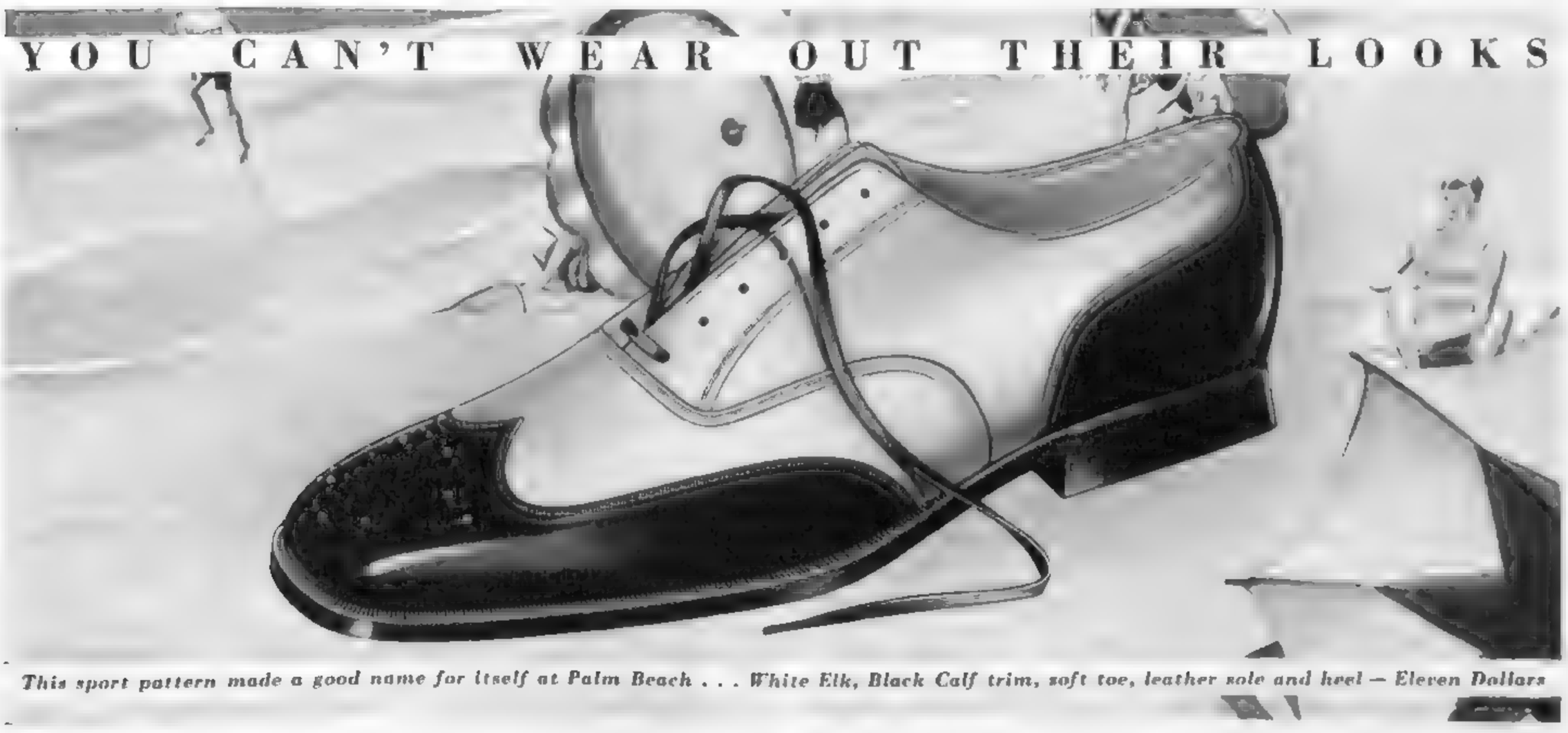


WHEN a man puts on a pair of sport model Smith Smart Shoes, his feet are on vacation too. Like the rest of the line, sport model Smith Smart Shoes befriend the feet they adorn.

Here are a few of the important little things that make a walk-weary foot heave a great sigh of comfort: Linings and insoles hand-fitted to insure perfect smoothness. Seams so fine they are imperceptible to the foot. Leathers pliable as elkskin from the topmost grades of the world's tannage. And a firm shapeliness that is double-stitched in.

Remarkable footwear, Smith Smart Shoes! They feel old when new, and they look new when old—so much so it has become a popular saying, "You Can't Wear Out Their Looks"!

TEN DOLLARS
Some Styles to Thirteen Dollars



This sport pattern made a good name for itself at Palm Beach . . . White Elk, Black Calf trim, soft toe, leather sole and heel — Eleven Dollars

Smith Smart Shoes

The quality mark of the J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, Illinois, makers of

Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women — Dr. A Reed Cushion Shoes for Men

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 44)

microscopic creatures of the sea as among the largest species—the great whales and giant squids. Some of the whales generate their bulk by straining from the water the smallest organisms; but when the whale sinks to the bottom hosts of small tenants of the sea complete the cycle by contending with sharks for their share of leviathan. It is no wonder there is an ooze at the floor of the ocean; the wonder is that it is not greater.

It is a theme for another Hamlet, for the bony integuments of the creature of flashing iridescence hauled from the sea today may have been, 1000 years ago, the armored body of a Norse sea fighter. In the fine economy of the ocean nothing is wasted; the expanse we see from the deck of a liner is not a wet desert but a rich, rolling meadow, teeming with life.

Beyond the region where the ocean floor is covered with oozes are found the red clay deposits which cover about half the bottom. Water is so deep over that clay that even the shells of surface organisms are dissolved before their vertical journey can be completed. Reaching down from the deck of the Albatross with a dredge at the end of three or four miles of wire, we would find, in the mid-Pacific basins, many wide areas almost destitute of small life. There the floor was covered with mineral deposits, principally manganese, in nodules ranging in size from pieces like walnuts to some as large as footballs.

Often the core of those balls is iron or nickel—the dust of stars, probably, that has been falling for ages—or it may be that these were spewed by volcanic eruptions from some treasure store of metals that lie deeper in the earth than men have ever mined.

One time when the Challenger expedition was cruising in the Indian Ocean, dredging its bottom, the beam trawl brought up chunks of phosphate. Evidently these had been thrown overboard from some ship. Sir John Murray was so impressed with his find that he turned from the sea for a while to examine certain islands the strata of which had once been Indian Ocean bed. Finally he returned to England and persuaded Lord Salisbury to annex Christmas Island. The phosphate mined there returned enough money in a short time to pay for all the costs of the Challenger expedition, and certain rights that Sir John acquired made him rich.

The Point of Saturation

It is remarkable that some of our oceanographers have found the time to make great riches ashore. Alexander Agassiz, one of the great ones, who rowed in the Harvard University crew of which President Charles Eliot was bow oar, withdrew from the field of marine observations for enough years to develop the Calumet and Hecla copper mines, and then, having grown immensely wealthy in the process, became the greatest patron of zoölogy our country has known. Scripps, the newspaper publisher, lived out the closing years of his life on a yacht equipped for marine exploration, after he had established an oceanographic laboratory in California. The source of the Prince of Monaco's wealth was, of course, the gambling Casino at Monte Carlo, and if the wealth was inexhaustible, so was his curiosity about the sea. He founded and endowed the institute of oceanography in Paris as well as the oceanographic museum at Monaco.

If there had been the slightest possibility of creating some kind of submarine observation cell in which a man might have been lowered to the bottom of an ocean deep, does anyone suppose the adventurous, rich and scientifically curious Prince of Monaco would not have caused such a contrivance to be built? Few people have an understanding of the terrific pressure exerted upon any object lowered into the depths. At the bottom of the sea a piece of tarred rope becomes so compressed that its diameter is greatly reduced.

Sir John Murray has told about the concern of some of the seamen—aboard the Challenger, I think it was—as to the ultimate resting place of one of their comrades who died at sea and whose body was consigned to the ocean. A delegation from the forecastle brought a formal and respectful inquiry concerning this problem. They desired to know if at some intermediate depth the canvas-covered form, with its cannonball sinker, would strike a zone of pressure into which it could not descend, so that it would hover there like Mohammed's coffin between heaven and hell. Sir John demonstrated to them that anything that will sink to the bottom of a glass of water will also sink to the lowest depths of the ocean. How else could the delicate remains of surface animals reach the depths in which our dredges find them?

In one experiment at sea the body of a freshly killed rabbit was lowered at the end of a piano wire to a great depth. When it was hauled up, the appearance, except for the bedraggled fur, was not perceptibly changed. The lung tissue and certain other organs were damaged, but the crushing weight of the sea had been equalized by water that had been pressed into the tiniest recesses of the small carcass. I can remember when it was seriously argued by some scientists that nothing could live at the bottom of the sea on account of pressure. Our trawl, sent down more than four miles, a ten-hour journey from the deck of the Albatross, answered that argument.

Choosing the Depths

I think it is likely that the soft forms which we used to handle so carefully on the deck of the Albatross are, at the bottom, firm-fleshed due to compression. Many times on the Albatross, when we caught more deep-sea specimens of fish than we could afford to preserve in our limited supply of spirit, we sent the surplus to the galley to be cooked. They were not so palatable as firmer-fleshed fish, but they were passably good. None of them, of course, had ever reached the deck of the Albatross alive, and it is likely they died during an early stage of their journey upward.

Many and many a sailor has been disappointed, after sending a bottle of beer or wine into the depths to cool at the end of a wire hundreds of fathoms long, by discovering that sea water had been forced into the contents, leaving the cork more tightly sealed than when lowered. I have seen hollow copper floats on the nets of fishermen in Lake Superior that had been crushed flat by the pressure at depths only slightly greater than 100 fathoms. Once, several miles outside the harbor of La Paz, I descended in a diver's suit and helmet thirty feet into pale green water and felt discomfort even in that shallow depth. Uncertain of my equilibrium in spite of eighty pounds of lead on my person, I developed a new appreciation of the diving of naked men and women and children I had observed through a water glass in a lagoon in a South Sea island, Hiquero, where men went ninety feet or more to grasp pearl shell fast on the bottom. Their hearing was affected by this work, but they were otherwise unharmed. The divers of our Navy, with the best equipment that can be devised by modern mechanical skill, are able to descend only a little more than twice as far. Air supplied from the surface by a hose enables them to remain under longer than the naked pearl divers who are down only a few minutes, but the terrific pressure holds them back from the depths.

Heavy glass tubes wrapped in cloth and inclosed in a sheathing of copper and lowered to the depths on a sounding wire have been discovered, when brought back to the surface, to have been reduced to a fine snowy powder by the implosion. Consequently, thermometers used to take the temperature at the floor of the ocean are constructed so as not to contest with the great pressure. In the operation of sounding, several instruments are lowered. These are carried down by a shot thirty to sixty pounds in weight, secured to the end of the sounding rod in such a manner as to become detached when it strikes bottom. The sounding rod itself is hollow and equipped with a spring trap door designed to close on a specimen of the bottom mud. A few feet above it is attached the thermometer and the water bottle, an open container cunningly fitted with a propeller that spins on the upward journey to such purpose that the sample of deep-sea water is held free from dilution by the water at lesser depths.

Among other spying devices that scientists have lowered to the bottom of the ocean have been photographic plates so rigged as to be exposed only at certain depths. In this way we have learned that light from the sun does not penetrate to a degree that we can measure, beyond a few hundred fathoms, and, of course, plant life does not exist beyond the influence of the sun. The creatures that dwell below the frontier thus fixed are all animals.

Just what kind of animals these are has been the particular problem of the depths that has always concerned me. One time when I was towing a surface net in the Bering Sea, off the coast of Alaska, there occurred the basis of an idea for devising a self-closing net that could be used to capture small forms of life at intermediate depths. All of us who were engaged in deep-sea hunting had been dissatisfied with our tow-net catches, because we never could be sure that some of our choicest specimens had not been taken prisoner much nearer the surface than we liked to believe. What I devised was a net to be hung from a folding hoop of brass fashioned somewhat like a woman's purse. By this means we are assured that our specimens have been taken at whatever depth the net was closing. The means of closing it is a messenger—a heavy metal shell the halves of which are lashed about the towing cable. When this is dropped down the cable, as it nears the net it strikes a tripping ring, thereby releasing a heavily weighted tripping arm. The downward swing of this robs the net hoop of the support of two slings that have held it open. Under the pull of two closing slings the hoop folds, and under the pressure of a secondary closing messenger, remains locked until the net is hauled to the surface. What treasures of the intermediate depths those nets, and others that have been devised, have captured!

The fierce, spined Hariotta lives 1000 fathoms down. Gastrostomus, small-eyed, with a mouth that suggests a steam shovel, and a distensible body that will accommodate anything his mouth incloses, has an address in the books of naturalists fixed at about one and a half miles below the surface. Bathypterois, which is taken two and a half miles down, has nine long feelers on the forward fins that extend back to his tail. A much longer one attached to the back of his head flies astern like the homeward-bound pennant of a man-of-war. Two others are beneath his gaunt body. How does he employ them?

A Lamplighter of the Deep

Philosophers are permitted to wonder if there are not other possible ways of having contact with the universe than the five senses that have been given to man; scientists, therefore, may wonder as to the purpose of the phosphorescent light that is developed by so many marine organisms. In two elongate head cavities of the eyeless Ipnops that is found only in the remote depths, there is a luminous gelatin. Why? If I could discover positively just how those phosphorescent organs of Ipnops serve him, I should feel repaid for all my years of investigation. There are not even distinguishable traces of rudimentary eyes, nor of optic nerves. Is he just a blind lamplighter of the deep? A poet might be content with such an answer, but not a scientist.

There are times, at sea, when the splashing of waves against the bow on a dark night will make such a display of phosphorescent light that one may read a newspaper in the glow. Many who live close to the sea have enjoyed the experience of looking down into the water at night and seeing a school of fish, each individual a living flame whipping through the waves. Dip your hands into that water and lave them in the cold fire that is plankton—uncountable organisms on which whales browse. Tiny crustaceans seined from the waters that embrace Japan, dried and shipped to a laboratory at Princeton, have been used in experiments that, it was hoped, would reveal the secret of that strange glow. Scientists made their notes, writing in a room that would have been dark except for the bluish-green light emanating from a mason jar of water and dead things from the sea. The secret is inviolate, but we know that the animals of the depths live and die in such a glow. Do the blind ones that exist in the luminous depths have some sense that complements their phosphorescent organs and transcends sight as we know it?

In some cases the deep sea has color as rich in tones as our own. The beam trawl of the Albatross sometimes used to bring to the surface a species of fish with a pink-and-blue body and chocolate-colored fins—such a creature as might be conceived by the pastry cook of a big hotel. There were others that had eyes like moonstones, set in black heads fitted to gracefully proportioned brown bodies. Chauliodus has a savage mouth armed with long teeth, but there is a streak of crimson along his lower jaw that might have been enameled there by a carriage painter, and just behind the gill is an area rich with gold, as if to suggest that the Peruvian loot of the sunken galleons of Spain had not been eternally lost. Saccopharynx has absurdly small eyes right in the tip of his snout, and goes about his submarine business, showing a row of phosphorescent lights along each side from stem to stern, like a river steamer carrying a picnic by night.

Waiting for Something to Eat

Sometimes scores of sharks' teeth and dozens of whale ear bones—dense round knobs—were brought up in a single haul of the dredge of the Albatross. The tympanums of the whales are densely formed, so that we believe they resist the action of water for years. Some of the sharks' teeth were four inches long; so big that a man could not entirely inclose one in his hand. Carcharodon swam in the South Seas, with his mouth armed with rows of such teeth, but none can say positively today, whether he still swims in the deep. Certainly the only souvenirs we have of him—his teeth—are excuse for a pious hope that if not extinct, as we believe, that he confine himself to the depths. Recently the fact was broadcast by press agents that a young man was starting to the West Indies for the purpose of proving that sharks will not attack men. I hope he understands that there are many kinds of shark. We have some in the aquarium that would be unlikely to bite anything except the fish upon which they are accustomed to feed, but there are more than two hundred other kinds.

Out in the South Sea islands you could not induce a native to swim across the inlet of one of the atoll lagoons. They know that at least one big hungry shark is sure to be lying there in wait for something to eat. Most of the natives will refuse to cross such places even in their outrigger canoes. They say the sharks upset such craft and then proceed to feed, without stopping to discover whether what they crunch are men. But there are other monsters as well as sharks. The sperm whale feeds, when he can, on giant squid. One naturalist who examined the body of a cachalot that was being processed at one of the northern shore factories that have replaced the try-pots on the decks of the old whalers, observed that the carcass was scarred by circular wounds in long parallel stripes. Each stripe was the mark of the flailing punishment inflicted by the strong sucking disks of a giant squid. The men

(Continued on Page 49)

X marks the spot

where *the tragedy occurred*

NOTE carefully that the spot marked "X" is not where the car broke down. No, "X" marks the spot where the real tragedy occurred at a filling station.

The victim was an innocent motorist—innocent of the fact that all motor oils are not alike. He did not ask by *name* for an oil of known merit. And as so often happens, he got an unknown "bootleg" oil that should never have been permitted to enter the crank-case of any car. A few hundred miles further on the inevitable happened. The poisoned motor went bad. Result: a trip to the repair shop—a staggering bill—a car that will never be as good as it was.

This crime will be re-enacted thousands of times this summer. Many innocent, or thoughtless, motorists will suffer. Don't be one of them!

2,100,000 motorists protect themselves by *always* demanding Pure Pennsylvania Oil!

PURE Pennsylvania has qualities no other oil possesses. Qualities that Nature granted to this one oil, and to no other. Qualities supremely desirable in a motor lubricant, especially in this day of high-speed, or high-compression motors. Qualities like these . . .

. . characteristically greater resistance to heat—hence low consumption under extreme heat,

. . . free flowing tendency at normal starting temperatures, thus assuring a ready supply of oil at every point,

. . least "break down" or thinning out when heated—therefore, the safest body or oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

Taken together, these qualities mean a more efficient piston seal, greater power, minimum dilution, smaller gasoline consumption.

That's why Pure Pennsylvania Oil gives at least 1,000 miles to a filling—and, of course, much greater mileage with an oil filter. That's why experts call this oil "The highest grade oil in the world"!

The emblem shown at the left appears on many brands of oil—it is your proof that all of them are made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Crude Oil. No other kind or grade of oil can use it.

Go to the dealer near you who displays this emblem. Order any Pennsylvania brand you wish, but be sure to specify "Pennsylvania", too! Have your crank-case drained and filled with this oil. Then listen to your motor—how smoothly it hums! Maintain the oil level of course. But you will not need to drain again for at least 1,000 perfect, purring miles!

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Our new free booklet contains facts every motorist should know.. send for it

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Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil"

Name _____

Street Address.. _____

City .... _____ *State*

GOLFERS today are playing *complete matched sets*. Even their Wood Clubs are *harmonized* with their Irons. A Uni-Set of Woods mated with a set of Harmonized Irons—the *supreme equipment!* ¶ All golfers have made shots that rival the professionals. It may be an extra long carry—a gobbled approach—or a well holed putt. ¶ But where the difference comes is in *uniformity*. The expert "teams up" one good shot after another The average player is apt to couple up a pretty drive with a poor approach. ¶ More *uniformity* is the hope of the average golfer for a better game. And that's what *complete matched sets* make possible—or as near it as human ability can achieve. ¶ Go to your nearest Professional or Dealer and ask to examine a *complete matched set* of MACGREGORS. Catalog No. 31 may be secured from us—free for the asking.

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY COMPANY
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

Back of *all* MACGREGOR Clubs has *always* been—for more than 31 years—the *know-how* of the men who make them. ¶ Back of them, too, has always been—for the same 31 years—an organization strong enough to see through any job it undertakes. A firm founded on a great faith in the game—faith in the inevitable triumph of *quality* products—faith in men. ¶ The MACGREGOR Golf Course also plays a very definite part in the achievement of MACGREGOR Clubs. The term "Golfer-Workman" is truly symbolic. Our club makers play golf—know golf—love golf. And the natural result is better clubs.

MACGREGOR

COURSE-TESTED GOLF CLUBS

MACGREGOR DAYTON, O.

(Continued from Page 46)

who shot that whale said that in its death flurry it disgorged a section of the arm of a giant squid. Measured, it proved to be more than nineteen feet long.

Frank Bullen, in his book, The Cruise of the Cachalot, describes a battle he witnessed in the region of the Malay Straits, between a whale and an octopus—which is the usual name given to squids when they are discussed ashore.

"A very large sperm whale," he reported, "was locked in deadly conflict with a cuttlefish, or squid, almost as large as himself, whose interminable tentacles seemed to enlace the whole of his great body. The head of the whale especially seemed a perfect network of writhing arms—naturally, I suppose, for it appeared as if the whale had the tail part of the mollusk in his jaws and in a businesslike, methodical way was sawing through it."

Black eyes a foot in diameter were attributed to that creature by Bullen, who surely did not exaggerate its proportions.

One time when Mr. George F. Baker and his wife were visiting the New York Aquarium, he remarked that we did not have an octopus. I explained that specimens were easy to catch but hard to transport.

"I wish you would get some," he said. "If you get them I'll pay for them." I agreed to try.

The largest octopus I had ever seen was found dead where it had been washed up on the coast of Alaska. It had long arms, but its body was small and probably it had not been dangerous. To get our specimen I set sail for Bermuda. There I arranged with a black man named Gregory to help me catch one. In his vocabulary cuttlefish became "scuttle."

We tried day after day without success. It is the accustomed way of the creature to drag his prey to his hiding place, there to devour it at leisure.

Crafty in the capture of his victims and wily in the concealment of himself, he makes no attempt to hide the débris of his feasts. He thrusts his garbage forth from his stronghold, unconcerned as to where it falls, provided that the entrance be left clear for his own movements. The heap may grow until it would fill a basket as large as a man could lift. It was this that betrayed their hiding places.

Once Gregory lowered a bait. An arm out of the blackness snatched and held the bait until the sharp, hidden hook tore loose. The tide was motionless and the water glassy. I saw the scuttle disappear under a narrow ledge a couple of fathoms down in the clear greenish channel. In an instant Gregory was overboard and with a few quick strokes reached the bottom. Looking down through the water glass I saw the whitish soles of Gregory's feet as he made tremendous upward thrusts with his legs, and then the water grew black. The cuttlefish had squirted out the contents of his sac of inky fluid and disappeared, as a destroyer on the surface might hide behind its own smoke screen. Another time Gregory brought one to the surface, but its sucker-covered arms gripped the boat bottom, and while he was getting his breath his hold slipped and the prisoner was gone like a flash.

In the end Gregory caught one in a big fish trap carefully baited. Through the water glass I made out the framework of the contrivance. Then when our sloop was nearly over the trap Gregory yelled. The "scuttle" was ours. With a grapnel we hauled it up and into the boat. It took a good deal of punching with an oar to dislodge the eight arms reaching in all directions. One of them was thrust through an opening and took a turn around Gregory's black arm. His eyes shone with terror and there was a ripping sound as he pulled away, but no harm was done. Twice during the voyage to New York that comparatively small octopus escaped from confinement, but he was finally landed at the Battery. His writhing arms and parrot beak in a glass tank caused shivers in those who watched him as long as he lived; but conceive the terror that might be caused by one of the giants of his kind if it were introduced among men.

Nearly all the forms of life that may be found in the waters off our coasts are represented in the deeps of the ocean; but Regalecus, who lives in Davy Jones' locker, has no representative that I have met, at least along the shore, and him I certainly would like to catch.

YOUR UNCLE SAM

(Continued from Page 36)

frozen fast to their heads and they looked like snowmen, incrusted as they were in solid layers of ice. In South Dakota last year a carrier was found dead beside his mail bag, hands and feet frozen.

This venturesome rural carrier is the farmers' post office and trading agent. Stamps and postal money orders are bought from him; often he is asked to act as a sort of clearing house for the sale of livestock and farm produce. In remote localities during the winter he is the only outside person that farmers see for weeks. They give thanks then for the United States postal service, biggest business in the world. Uncle Sam employs 363,000 postal workers—100,000 more than any other business institution in the world—and handles every year $3,500,000,000. Every twelve months he delivers an average of 120 letters to every man, woman and child in his dominions.

With One Exception

The United States Postal Savings system, run in connection with the post office, is the only bank many people with small savings will trust. It accepts deposits from $1 to $2500. Within the past year one old man entered a Virginia post office and began emptying his pockets of dollar bills. The postmaster had to open all the windows to keep from stifling, for the money had been buried in a wall for years. Indeed, much of the gold and currency brought in is discolored and musty from odd hiding places. Its owners put their trust only in Uncle Sam. They hand over their hoardings to the postal service without the slightest misgiving, though no other agency in the world could win their confidence.

Even the dead-letter office, ordinarily regarded as the last repository of dead hopes and misdirected correspondence, is really a national service station. It will surprise you to know that 85 per cent of misdirected drafts and checks are finally returned to the sender, even when he has failed to put a return address on the envelope. Too many people put from one to five dollars in greenbacks in a letter and then carelessly misdirect it. That means just another tangle for the dead-letter office—but the greenbacks get back to their owner.

Not long ago the dead-letter office in Washington received a letter containing five twenty-dollar bills. Attached was a scrap of a note written in a disguised hand: "This is conscience money. Your husband lost it twenty years ago." This missive was addressed to a widow in a small town in the North. It had not been claimed because the addressee had moved, leaving no forwarding directions. The dead-letter office at Washington enlisted the aid of the postmaster in the woman's former home and finally located her in another state. The conscience money was a godsend to her, but it took Uncle Sam four months to find her.

There are human-interest stories every day in the dead-letter office—mothers trying to find sons or daughters, prodigal sons seeking to go back home, a penitent sweetheart wanting to make up. And the dead-letter office does what it can to help, often bringing a happy ending to a tangled romance or reuniting a family. It has had to abandon one effort, however. It does not deliver missent Christmas cards. This form of sentimental remembering has so added to Uncle Sam's burdens that one of his statisticians was driven to computing that last year more than $300,000 was wasted on Christmas cards wrongly addressed and therefore undelivered.

Everything from funeral wreaths to shiny new perambulators is to be found in the parcel-post department of the dead-letter office. The articles are held for six months while every effort is being made to find the addressee. If that can't be done they are sold at auction.

There is no doubt your Uncle Sam strives to please. Only the other day the Postmaster-General requested that planes carrying mail from New York to Chicago fly higher over a certain section of Ohio because a chicken raiser there complained that his hens were too frightened by the planes to lay as many eggs as usual!

From Goldfish to Terrapin

The Patent Division is at the service of the inventive citizen. Since 1836 it has issued more than 1,500,000 patents. Whether your own invention is a hairpin or a cantilever bridge, a perfume or a deadly gas, a process for mounting jewels or for extracting and refining metals, a new toy or a new engine of destruction, you will find experts in Washington to tell you whether the field is occupied by something similar. And if you really have thought of a contrivance nobody has ever thought of before, Uncle Sam will say so and protect your rights to it.

The Bureau of Fisheries not only gets letters from small girls about the microscopic organisms which threaten the lives of their pet goldfishes but also thanks from epicures for the continued existence of the diamond-back terrapin, which was on the point of complete extermination when the bureau, in the midst of its heavier tasks of conducting fisheries investigations, propagating fishes, administering the Alaska fisheries and fur seals, and advising lone fishermen in remote fishing hamlets how to make their fishing gear last longer, undertook to make terrapin growing in captivity practicable.

When little Suzie, the epicure, the lonely fisherman or any other citizen wishes to go to Europe, the steamboat-inspection service of the Department of Commerce practically insures each and every one of them against shipwreck by a rigid inspection not only of the blue prints from which the ship was built but of the entire vessel, its passenger and crew quarters, the boilers, machinery, fire-fighting and life-saving equipment, navigating and operating equipment.

The Storm King's Advance Agent

The lighthouse and lightship system does its share to strengthen the safety element of the voyage by letting its lights so shine before men that shipwrecks are rare. When they do happen lighthouse keepers are in the front ranks of rescuers. Thus, not long ago, 155 persons from a wrecked steamer were taken aboard a lightship off the California coast and cared for.

On another occasion a lightship off the Maryland coast took on board thirty-nine shipwrecked men. A woman lighthouse keeper at the Angel Island light in San Francisco Bay reported that after the machinery of the fog signal was disabled she had struck the bell by hand for twenty-four hours and thirty-five minutes until the fog lifted. Two days later she stood all night on the platform outside and struck the bell with a nail hammer with all her might. Her sole comment on this occurrence was "The fog was dense."

Once abroad, the traveling American is under the protection of the State Department's diplomatic and consular agents in foreign countries. All who hold passports from the department are entitled to this protection, and during the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1927, 182,686 held these passports—that is, documents identifying citizens and bespeaking on their behalf the good will of the authorities of countries sojourned in or passed through. In 1927 the Department of State handled 29,188 protection and welfare cases in foreign lands. These ranged from getting citizens out of jail to finding servants for them.

The Weather Bureau, another oft-reviled agency of Uncle Sam—only this morning I remarked disgustedly, "The paper predicted sunshine today and just look at the rain!"—has figures to show that the tiny, delicate instruments used to record rainfall and measure the velocity of wind have often enabled the weather man to be a true prophet, especially when his findings are taken in connection with past performances of rain and wind.

Certainly, during the great floods last year in the lower Mississippi Valley, he correctly predicted the rate at which water would travel over the overflowed lands adjacent to the river, while records of previous floods made it possible for him to forecast the movement of the waters so that warnings could be issued for each locality. These warnings covered not only the day and hour when flood waters might be expected to reach threatened localities but also gave the estimated depth of the overflow, advising whether or not particular localities should be evacuated. Thus thousands were able to move in safety to higher ground. Indeed, the whole organization of rescue in the Mississippi Valley was built upon the weather man's predictions.

During thirty-five years of flood forecasting the bureau has been from eight days to four weeks in advance of the crest of every flood. In 1897 a warning was issued on March fifteenth of the great deluge of that year which reached Vicksburg on April sixteenth. There is no way of estimating the saving of life and property by these timely flood warnings; you can guess any figure and yet be well within the probability.

The Weather Bureau also has a service to warn foresters of approaching low humidity, which means dangerous fire weather. Logging operations are shut down promptly and fire-fighting units mobilized when this notice goes out.

There is a special frost-forecast service for fruit growers to allow smudge pots to be started in time; also a harvest-weather forecast for farmers to insure that hay and grain shall be cut at the right time.

A Stand-by of Business

The census man is in even greater disfavor than the weather man in many homes, for he seems too inquisitive, as one indignant housewife protested. But even he has his uses. What would become of our boosters if it were not for census statistics? Our big, all-inclusive census, of course, is taken every ten years; then we learn how many people there are in every village, town, city and state, as well as in the whole country, and the average individual wealth and earnings and all that sort of thing. In the years between, however, we have an agricultural census, a census of manufactures every second year, a census of electrical industries, including railways, telegraphs, telephones and central light-and-power stations every five years.

The main stand-by of the inquiring American business man is the Department of Commerce. He asks it hundreds of questions about domestic and foreign business, his need for information ranging all the way

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Universal has always enjoyed the reputation of having more youth, beauty and animation in its pictures than any other producing company. Naturally, this is by deliberate design, because my experience of 20 years in picture-making has proved to my entire satisfaction that youth and beauty appeal to every heart. What is your opinion? I would like to have a million answers to this question—

C.L.

"Broadway" and *"Show Boat,"* now in preparation at Universal City, are two of the biggest stage hits Broadway has ever known. Now is the time to speak to the manager of your favorite theatre, as selections are being made for Fall programs.

Laura La Plante
Universal Beauty

LAURA LA PLANTE will star in Universal's super-production "The Last Warning," a mystery play as thrilling as *"The Cat and the Canary"* and adapted from Charles Wadsworth Camp's book "The House of Fear." Paul Leni will direct and Carl Laemmle Jr. will supervise.

Our re-issue of *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* in which LON CHANEY scored his greatest triumph, is meeting with an enthusiastic welcome all over the country. Millions saw it on its first issue, many of whom are seeing it again and millions of movie fans who haven't seen it are welcoming this opportunity to see it now.

Mary Nolan
Universal Beauty

Many critics have written that Universal's production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* reaches the very height of screen possibilities, and declare it the greatest human drama ever written—ever screened. We have yet to hear a jarring note.

Speaking of CONRAD VEIDT an editorial writer recently said that "he can make a super-character of any character he undertakes, so finished is his work so intelligent his analysis." And while this is most unusual praise Mr. VEIDT justifies it in *"The Man Who Laughs,"* a Universal production.

Barbara Kent
Universal Beauty

I still hope that you make it a point to see GLENN TRYON, the different comedian, in his comedy drama of the race track, *"Hot Heels,"* enacted principally at the Havana, Cuba, track. With that sprightly and engaging young woman PATSY RUTH MILLER, as co-star, imagine the fun these two can create

Carl Laemmle, President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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from how to finance a general store to the number of people in the United States who eat cereal for breakfast. The Domestic Commerce Division of the department is busy all the time making studies for the benefit of the business man, such as the recent analysis of grocery wholesaling areas which led to the publication of an atlas of wholesale-grocery territories.

Sales managers lately persuaded the department that they were entitled to more information about market possibilities, such as income, occupations and buying habits of population and sales possibilities in different sections.

The first of a series of surveys to meet this situation was promptly begun and has already been completed, as has the field work on a second. The first covers the southeastern states, from North Carolina south and west to the Mississippi River. The second covers New England. The Pacific Southwest will be charted next, for the department proposes to survey the entire country, basing the reports upon six to eight months of field work in which trained investigators will interview merchants, bankers, manufacturers, farmers and others to determine the buying capacity of each section, so far as it is possible to estimate it.

Finding and Holding a Job

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce can at present inform the business man regarding the domestic market possibilities for his particular product; give him an economic picture of markets based upon its commercial surveys; apprise him of the latest available statistics and data relating to commerce; tell all that can be ascertained regarding expenses of doing business in each line; where to obtain the names and addresses of retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers; and indicate trade methods and practices to be avoided as well as those to be followed.

Abroad, the State Department's 50 diplomatic missions and 320 consular establishments, with some 3000 persons attached, located in all the important commercial cities of every country, gather information that can be obtained in no other way. This, too, is promptly placed at the command of the American merchant or manufacturer. For example, if you want to sell sponges in Southern Spain, the State Department would give you a comprehensive view of the sponge situation in the district you desire to reach, letting you know the number of competitors already in the field, the demand for sponges and other helpful data.

The working man or woman who needs a job finds a friend in the Department of Labor. Uncle Sam's employment service works with the state and city to direct idle wage earners to profitable employment, advises them as to what they may expect in the way of wages and working conditions and seeks to keep them in agreement with their employer. The conciliation service, as it is called, has settled without strikes more than 87 per cent of the disagreements brought to it since its formation in 1913. Some 11,000,000 men and women have been involved in the disputes handled by the conciliation service up to the present day. The Women's Bureau of the department collects and presents facts and statistics relating to the problem of wage standards, working conditions and hours of women workers.

The farmer is a particular pet of his Uncle Sam. The Government annually spends millions of dollars to fight pests that raid his fields and orchards. More than 200 insects have been tried by jury, found guilty of serious offenses and condemned to die. The thrilling story of the war on insects was recently told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Some idea of the magnitude of the fight is shown by the fact that $10,000,000 has been spent in the fight against the corn borer alone, and the fight is still on.

The Federal Bureau of Entomology is now investigating the alfalfa weevil, which came over from the Old World and has spread steadily until it now has colonies in seven states. Every effort is made to repel such invaders at the borders. One safeguard is a plant-quarantine greenhouse at Bethesda, Maryland, with an isolation ward where plants from foreign countries are kept until it is absolutely determined that they are free from insects or disease.

In their work with plant and animal diseases, government scientists have sometimes stumbled onto valuable finds about human diseases too. It was at one such time that there was discovered a harmless and inexpensive cure for hookworm. Again, a worker found that a discovery about plant tumors threw light on the human tumor problem. And a scientist observing the cattle-tick-fever problem learned that the disease was carried by insects both to animals and humans.

Mass Production for Farmers

Animal diseases at times result in enormous and overwhelming losses for farmers. Naturally the subject of their control demands and receives much attention from those concerned in maintaining efficient production and safeguarding the food supply and public health. Certain destructive diseases of animals, such as contagious pleuropneumonia, have been eradicated. Others are in the process of eradication and with still others a high degree of control has been obtained. An experimental poultry farm at Beltsville, Maryland, is working all the time to increase production in eggs. Right now the chicken dealer may write to Uncle Sam and find out what feed and living conditions will make more prolific layers of his hens.

Investigations at the Beltsville farm also under way point to the possibility of increasing the milk flow of dairy cows—that is, how each cow can, by proper attention, be made to produce more milk. The need for this is shown by the findings of government-sponsored cow-testing associations, which point to the record of one cow which brought in just enough income over the cost of feed in one year to buy a two-cent postage stamp for its owner.

Tests for maturity in oranges, cantaloupes and raisins, worked out by the Department of Agriculture, relieve the grower of the necessity of picking by guess, and market news and economic information sent out over the department's radios and 7500 miles of leased telegraph wires take much of the guesswork out of the selling end too.

All for the Asking

Besides his aid to existing crops, the indefatigable Uncle Sam provides interesting new foods for his family by introducing strange fruits and cereals from other lands or crossing native products. One of his assistants crossed the kumquat, a hardy citrus fruit, with the lime, not so hardy, and got the sturdy limequat, which can stand travel to districts where limes never could be sent.

Lookout men constantly comb jungles, prairies, fields, forests and dooryards all over the world in search of foods which may prove useful in this country. The Quetta nectarine is an example of a plant immigrant brought here as a result of this systematic world search. Quetta is one of the outposts of the British Empire, located in Northwestern India and the nectarine grown there was hardier and stood shipping better than ours, retaining those qualities after its transplanting. Another successful introduction was durum wheat, brought here in 1898. It now yields an average annual crop of more than 40,000,000 bushels, worth more than $50,000,000.

From an eight-ounce package of seed, introduced from Africa in 1909, the growing of Sudan grass has become a $20,000,000 industry.

The date, the avocado and the Chinese jujube are other importations which now have commercial as well as gustatory importance as a result of the earnest efforts of the Foreign Plant Introduction office coöperating with the Bureau of Plant Industry.

In addition to his diligence as a correspondent in the ask-me-another game, Uncle Sam is a prolific publisher. You can get a pamphlet from him on almost any subject, written by one who knows.

In short, if you have a problem, ask your Uncle Sam to help you solve it. He'll do it!

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 36)

"Sam looked all over the mob to make certain he had not overlooked anybody who had done him a service during his week's stay at the hotel or during his journey to the taxicab, and as everybody looked satisfied, Sam motioned to his chauffeur to step on it. They were just rolling away when a tattered gentleman hurried to the cab. As the taxi gathered speed, the ragged gent ran after it, emitting a shrill whistle. Sam had never seen him before, but didn't want to commit a social blunder by failing to cough up a gratuity where largess was due. So he shouted for his chauffeur to stop and the pursuer caught up.

"Now Sam didn't remember that the tattered one had rendered any service, and questioned him. 'Did you help with my bags?' asked Sam.

"'No, sir,' answered the chap.

"'Did you escort me to the taxi?' was the next question, and the answer was in the negative. 'Then what did you do?' Sam queried.

"'I saw you get in, guv'nor,' was the startling information, and Sam gave a shilling to the man who saw him get into the taxicab. Which seems to be the right system to use if you don't want thumbs in your soup or your shoes shined on the inside. Give freely to everybody who stands around your table or who waits for you at the door when you are leaving the restaurant or hotel.

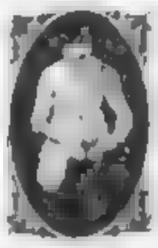
"As to restaurants in Paris, I should judge there must be 100,000 of them. Everybody has his favorite dining place, and I have mine. If I told you, you would tell somebody else and my little pet canary would become a round robin. If you find a good place to eat, keep it quiet, for though publicity is great for a motion-picture star, it spoils a good chef. Every person I know has his or her favorite dining room and everybody swears that there is no other like their special kitchen. It would require fifty years to write with authority about the cafés of Paris, and after fifty years you would find that you had only written the preamble.

"By the way, I wish you would correct an impression Americans seem to have about me. I am supposed to be a dilettant, a man who never worked in his life. I admit that I am now living on a moderate income in Paris, but if you will recall, I opened the first uptown brokerage office in New York City. Furthermore, I sold $500,000 of insurance in the 80's, when $5000 was a big insurance policy. Now, my boy, go and chin no more."

Berry had done all the chinning, but I went. He was right about boosting the good little restaurants, for publicity is like blowing up a toy balloon. Too much free puffing makes them burst. The tourists stampede there in a body, the proprietor gets rich and then sells out to a syndicate. And I don't care to have a syndicate do my chefing. Many new dining places have sprung up since I worked in the kitchens of

(Continued on Page 52)

—and he wonders why she said "NO!"



Could he have read her thoughts he would not have lost her. A picture of neatness herself, she detested slovenliness. And not once, but many times, she had noticed his ungartered socks crumpling down around his shoe tops. To have to apologize to her friends for a husband's careless habits was too much to ask. So she had to say "NO"—and in spite of his pleading couldn't tell him WHY.

No SOX Appeal Without

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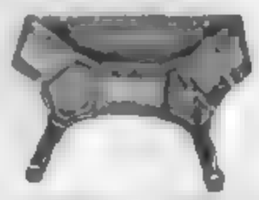

DOUBLE GRIP

P1

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

(Continued from Page 50)

the Café de Paris, more than twenty-five years ago. The owner of that day, Mr. Mourier, is dead. My first job in the Café de Paris was as scullion in the Garde Manger, or cold-meat room. I cleaned chickens and fish, and my immediate boss was Anthony Girod, assistant chef to Hypolite Arnion, premier chef, who is now rich and retired. Another one of my bosses, Louis Barraya, who was the head waiter, has progressed in the world of food until he is now managing director of four famous places in Paris: Fouquet's, Café de Paris, Armenonville and Pré-Catelan. The last two are in the beautiful Bois de Boulogne. Then, there are Ciro's, Paillard's, Château de Madrid and others equally renowned.

Enjoying a round of the stylish cafés in Paris is fairly much like staying at home and eating in the best hotels. The right thing to do is to scout around and find yourself an obscure dining place on a quaint side street. Here is some good advice for the tourist coming to Paris for a rest. Leave your Tuxedo or your evening gown at home. You will then be unable to dine at the high-priced places, for they are all formal. You will have a better time in mufti, and also a cheaper one.

Yum, Yum, Yum

The best restaurant is the one in which the proprietor is the chef. A leader in this class is M. Montagne on the Rue de l'Echelle. M. Montagne—first name Prosper—is not only a chef but a great writing authority on culinary matters. His opinion is sought whenever there is an argument to be started, for it is an axiom that one Frenchman makes love and two Frenchmen make a quarrel. M. Montagne restricts his bill of fare to a few specialties each day and works enthusiastically in the kitchen, which is separated from the dining room by a curtain. Suppose that you order a specialty, let's say a Fillet de Chump or something like that. M. Montagne gets your order from the waiter and then prepares it. As the waiter puts the Fillet de Chump on your table M. Montagne is gazing through the curtains at your face. If your mobile features register triumph, then M. Montagne responds to your joy and laughs happily. But if your face indicates that you are disappointed with the looks of the Fillet de Chump, M. Montagne leaps through the curtains and takes the dish away. There is no redress, for the Fillet de Chump is swished back to the kitchen and thrown away. No disgusted patron ever leaves M. Montagne's place. He immediately starts to prepare another specialty for you, and if you don't like that he will stay there all night until he scores a bull's-eye. He cooked for me his marvelous Escalopes de Veau, which means veal cutlets:

Select six medium-sized cutlets and arrange them around the frying pan. Season them with salt and paprika and a spoonful of dry white wine mixed with *fines herbes*. Sauté the cutlets in butter. Make a border of risotto of rice mixed with diced truffles. Place on each cutlet a slice of ham already browned in butter. On top of the ham put a small spoonful of chopped pimientos. The cooking of the veal cutlets results in an essence being left in the pan, to which a large piece of butter is added and stirred until almost brown. Then, when the cutlets are on the serving platter, this combined essence and butter is poured over each individual cutlet.

To observe M. Montagne placing deft surgical touches on the cutlets is almost like eavesdropping on a mother and her baby. M. Montagne regards each dish as one of his children, especially his Étuvée de Poulet la Padou, which after all is only stewed chicken.

Prepare a chicken as you would for a fricassee. Season the pieces of chicken with salt and pepper, and place them as flat as possible in a frying pan. Cover them with finely minced onions which have been cooked in butter until not quite browned. Cover the pan and cook the pieces. When the chicken is done remove the pan and set the chicken on a platter on one side of the stove to keep hot while you prepare the following sauce from the essence which has been left in the pan in which the pieces of chicken were cooked:

Add a small glass of Madeira to the essence and allow it to reduce a little on a slow fire. Add two good cupfuls of chicken stock and let it reduce until only a cupful remains in the pan. Put in a half cupful of cream and a chunk of fresh butter about the size of an egg. Stir this around with a wooden or silver spoon, but stir very gently, until the cream, stock and butter are well blended together. Do not allow it to come to a boil. Set this sauce aside to remain hot.

Now for the garniture. In another saucepan cook some sweetbreads chopped in small pieces, some very little pork sausages and fresh mushrooms cut in small pieces. When this garniture is ready lay the pieces of chicken on a bed of boiled white rice which has been cooked with truffles and minced ham. Lay the sweetbreads, pork sausages, and mushrooms garniture over the chicken. Then over all pour the prepared sauce, which has been kept hot.

All the vocabulary you require for this Montagne specialty are the three eloquent words: Yum, yum, yum. I want to place stress on one feature of French cuisine as exemplified in the two recipes just given. When an American chef gets through cooking a dish he immediately cleans out the saucepan and hangs it on the hook. He takes no heed of the savory juices which have been left in the pan as a result of the cooking. In Paris the chef never overlooks a chance to build up a sauce from the essence in the pan. He considers it willful waste to lose anything from the pan, and he is right. All the essences, all the fragrance and all the stock of the chicken remain in the saucepan after the cooking. In other words, in a few spoonfuls of gravy you have the concentration of the meat. When I say that M. Montagne limits his activities to a few dishes, that doesn't mean he knows but a few. He is an authority on food. Even more so than Brillat-Savarin, for Savarin was a country lawyer, a citizen of 1793, mayor of Belley, tourist to America, and finally, counsel in the court of cassation. But he never was a practical chef, while M. Montagne is both an epicurean and a premier cook whose life is wrapped up in a small establishment.

In the Shadow of Notre Dame

Among the quaint places the Tour-d'Argent stands out like orange blossoms at a wedding. Like most of the cafés, it has a history longer than a hook-and-ladder fire outfit. Tour-d'Argent means a tower of silver, which doesn't mean a thing. It was founded in 1582 at the gates of Paris. I am getting so that I must have history with all my food—except an egg! But history is interesting in at least one item, for at the Tour-d'Argent, during the reign of Charles V, civilization was first introduced to the fork—an indispensable utensil, both for defense and attack. Cardinal Richelieu ate there, so did Henry III and the court favorites of Henry IV. They dined on soup made from the milk of almonds, swans roasted on the spit, and white goose garnished with stewed plums. The Farmers-General of the time of the fifteenth Louis ate at the Tour-d'Argent, to be followed in turn by the mincing dandies of the Directoire and the expert gourmets of the Restoration. It was here that George Sand met Alfred de Musset for the first time; Alexandre Dumas smacked his appreciative chops here, and so did Sarah Bernhardt and Edward VII. It was during the Third Republic that the Tour-d'Argent reached its climax of renown under the guidance of a chef known as the Great Frederic. It is a place of associations, and when you look out of the window at the Cathedral of Notre Dame you almost expect to see Lon Chaney running up and down the flying buttresses like a monkey.

(Continued on Page 57)

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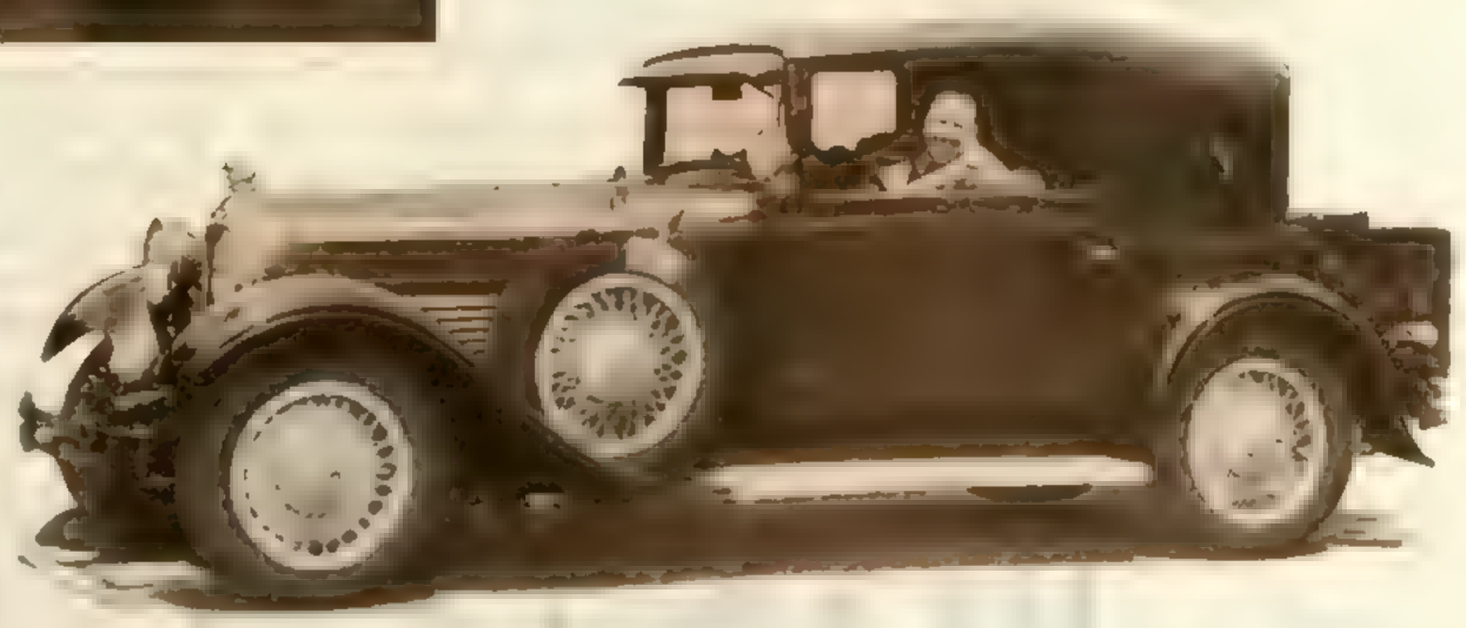

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(Continued from Page 52)

Frederic Delair has joined the other great chefs and now wears a spotless white apron over his wings. His specialty was Caneton à la Presse, which means a duck that has been forced through a press in order to extract the juices. In the year of 1890 Frederic started to keep account of all the ducks served in his place, and when he died the new owners continued the books. In the thirty-seven years from 1890 to the summer of 1927, exactly 85,566 ducks have been pressed and served to four times that number of patrons. Frederic was a master of service. He was a powerful man who could hold the bird on a big fork in his left hand and carve with his right hand while lifting the bird above his head. This was a special performance, only rendered for distinguished guests. I saw him do it in 1901 when I was a cook. He was a cranky old rascal, much stuck on his own prowess, and acted like a virtuoso playing an obbligato on wet violin strings. When he finished carving the duck in mid-air, he looked around in pride, and the patrons were supposed to show their appreciation by gentle applause. If no recognition was forthcoming Frederic would sulk for the rest of the evening. It requires considerable strength to carve a duck in mid-air. His carving knife was long and exceedingly sharp, and he used it to slice the duck from neck to tail, carving off long thin slices of the bird. It looked very easy, but I have never seen any one else with strength enough to do it. It is difficult enough to carve a turkey on the table, without being forced to the extra handicap of slicing up a duck that is fluttering around the chandelier like a poisoned butterfly.

A Duck of a Dish

The present owners of the Tour-d'Argent have carried out the traditions of the house very well and have even improved on them. They still use Frederic's recipe for Caneton à la Presse. Here it is:

The *caneton* is an ordinary barnyard duck. The process of speeding the bird's soul to the happy hunting grounds is by smothering. The liver is removed and mashed up. Then the duck is roasted about ten minutes, the idea being to have it very much underdone. The mashed liver is mixed up in a dish with a glassful of a mixture which is one-third fine cognac and two-thirds Madeira. The practically raw duck is then sliced and the legs sent to the kitchen to be broiled. The bones are squeezed in a special machine press, and the juices extracted are poured in a dish with the slices of the breast of the *caneton*, the mashed liver and the juice of a lemon. This dish, which is silver, is then placed over a chafing dish, and the *caneton* is cooked until the sauce takes the thickness and color of clear melted chocolate. This requires about twenty-five minutes, and during that time the sauce is constantly spooned up and poured back over the duck.

The bird is then served directly from the steaming silver platter. The grilled legs of the bird are served separately for the second course. The cooking over the chafing dish is performed right on a service table in front of the patron, who is at liberty to criticize the operation and to advise the chef at all times. Which is one of the charms of the Tour-d'Argent for if the dish is not exactly right it is your own fault, as you are the superintendent of the job. One *caneton* is enough for four diners, as it runs a good size and is always preceded by another Tour-d'Argent specialty: Croustade de Filet de Barbue Lagrene, which is a soufflé of fish. The secret of the dish is the mixture of egg, as anything with egg in it always comes out fluffy and light as a puffball.

For two persons put one tablespoonful of sauce *béchamel* in a saucepan. Add two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese and let it heat until the cheese and the sauce are blended. Then add the yolk of an egg, some salt and Cayenne pepper and stir this mixture well together. Now whip two whites of eggs into the preparation. Two pieces of fillet of any good white fish should meanwhile be cooking in a fish stock which has been seasoned with a glass of white Bordeaux wine.

Fix a bed of very dry mashed potatoes on a silver platter. Place the fillet of fish on these mashed potatoes and over it pour the sauce which you have first prepared. Scatter some mixed bread crumbs and grated Parmesan cheese over the whole thing, and on top of all put some small pieces of butter. Then put the platter in the oven to brown.

The stock in which the fillets were cooked should be made thicker with the yolk of an egg; butter should be added while cooking; and this extra sauce is served on the side when the platter is removed from the oven to the table.

This is an extraordinary dish because of the lightness and the tastiness. It is very palatable and is a real soufflé, but is very difficult to prepare properly. If you feel that you can accomplish this recipe you are welcome to try it; but I consider it very complicated, and illustrative of the French cuisine, which is technical and painstaking. Ham and eggs are easier to prepare and more filling.

The Escargot, run by the proprietors of the Tour-d'Argent, boasts of snails, frog's legs and onion soup. The onion soup is browned and really delicious.

For six persons mince a plateful of onions. Brown them in butter in a frying pan and add eight cupfuls of good beef broth to the minced onions. Cook over a slow fire for one hour and then pour off into an earthen crock. Cut some rolls in fine slices and brown them. Then place the slices of bread in the soup until they cover the whole top, and over them place a thick coating of grated Parmesan and Gruyère cheese. A spoonful of rich cream is added to each plate of soup when it is served.

Folks who do not care for onions can try this recipe, as the minced onions lose their objectionable taste when cooked in this manner. If there are any frogs in your neighborhood which keep you awake at night with their honk-honking, you can remove the cause of the disturbance and have a good meal by following the directions for Frogs à la Provençal:

Ten frogs are enough for each person to be served, which gives each one twenty legs. Wash the frog legs in milk, drain off on a napkin and then powder with flour. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a very large frying pan and add three spoonfuls of olive oil while the butter is melting. Place the frog legs in the pan and fry over a very hot fire. Just before they are cooked add a clove of garlic, two shallots and a sprig of parsley, all chopped fine. Lastly add a large fresh tomato which has been peeled and pressed in order to remove the seeds. The tomato is crushed into the pan with the hand. The tomato gives the preparation a distinct flavor.

Roasted Over Hickory

Jules Ansaldi, who once ran the Sans Souci in New York, is now a *rôtisserie* expert of Paris. He roasts with the spit over a wood fire. The wood is always hickory and the spit before the hearth makes fifteen revolutions a minute. Chickens are divided by the chefs of Paris into five categories: The spring chicken, or *poulet de grain*, which should be cooked for thirty-five minutes; the *petit*, or small chicken, which is roasted an equal time; the *fils*, or son, which turns on the spit for forty minutes; the *reine*, or queen, which is honored with a royal forty-five minutes; and the *poulards*, or large fat chicken, which has been specially nourished and not allowed to lay eggs, and which takes fifty-five minutes of turning on the spit to be properly cooked. Hickory wood possesses a remarkable quality for roasting, as I never have tasted a *rôtisserie* chicken that tasted of smoke.

When Lindbergh landed in Paris he didn't get much chance to dine in the restaurants, for he was lionized by society. But it was in a restaurant that I heard of his landing. We were seated on the sidewalk of the Café de la Paix that evening, and at 10:30 the taxi-cab chauffeurs began playing one of Sousa's marches on their horns. Everybody seemed to know what the uproar meant, and in an instant French and Americans were on their feet, shouting and capering. I danced a cadenza with an old man who had beautiful white whiskers. Incidentally, the sidewalk cafés of Paris are the incubators of news and gossip. The Frenchman likes to eat in the open, preferably on the sidewalk. He can rest in a chair all night for about five francs, reading his newspaper, talking with his friends and nursing a glass of white mint and seltzer for three or four hours. Only the tourist gulps his drinks in Paris. The native sips his at the rate of one sip every thirty minutes.

Foyot's is a different kind of restaurant. It is the dining place of senators, deputies and ministers of departments, and is located in the shadow of the Luxembourg. Foyot's is calm and dignified. Its dishes are many and varied, including, of course, the inevitable *caneton* and *poularde*. Just for a change we will try Croquettes de Ris de Veau, or sweetbread croquettes.

A Culinary Mystery

This recipe calls for not only the sweetbreads but also the membranes of the sweetbreads. It is a well-known fact that but very few cooks, and that includes good chefs, can make use of the membranes. If you follow this recipe you will find that you can use the membranes and convert them into a delightful, edible entrée. Cut the membranes into small dice and add the same quantity of coarsely chopped mushrooms. Hash a large onion and brown it in a saucepan with a quarter pound of fresh butter. Then add a spoonful of flour, without allowing the flour to brown, and pour into the pan about three cupfuls of milk. This mixture is known as a sauce Soubise.

Now add the sweetbreads and the chopped mushrooms and allow them to simmer in the sauce Soubise for ten minutes. Remove from the fire, and before it cools, stir four whole eggs into this preparation, using a wooden spoon for the stirring. Pour into a flat dish which is large enough to allow the mixture to spread to an even depth of about an inch. Smooth off the surface and add butter to the top to prevent a crust from forming, and allow it to cool in the ice box.

After it has cooled off, then cut it in oblongs about two inches by one inch and cover the rectangles with a batter made of white bread crumbs and beaten eggs. Dip the croquettes into deep, hot lard grease for several minutes, until they are well browned. Serve hot and let them be accompanied with a rich tomato sauce.

This dish is what is known in the restaurant world as a reheat. The sweetbreads have been cooked the day before and allowed to cool off. All croquettes are reheats—chicken, veal, crab meat and lobster croquettes included. Most of them are made from the meat which has been left over from the supper of the preceding evening.

But I don't have to tell housewives about that. They already know it. In some restaurants a croquette is equivalent to the sweepings of the kitchen. However, croquettes are a form of thrift, and the French cuisine is the acme of economy. I refuse to guarantee the contents of any croquette unless it is made in the home.

Paris is a changing city, like all big towns, and many of the places I knew twenty-five years ago have gone out of existence. The restaurants of the past still retain their glory among the old habitués who delight in gazing backward with astigmatic vision. Ledoyen's was historic in the Second Empire, for it was the rendezvous of the duelists, who never failed to show up at Ledoyen's after satisfying their easily appeased honor in the Bois de Boulogne or at Neuilly outside the gates of Paris. The duelists discovered it to be much

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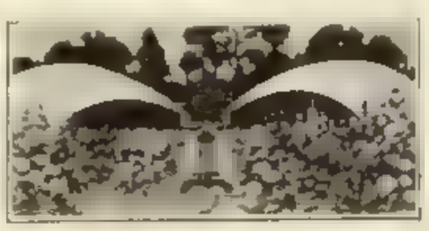

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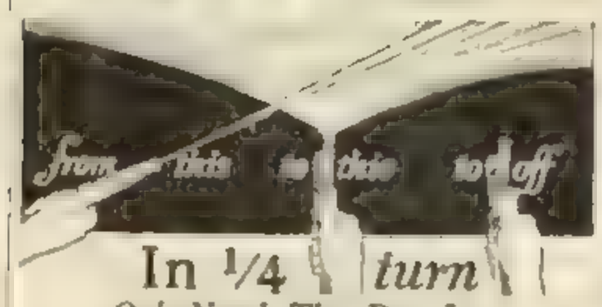

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easier and less painful to spear a lamb chop than to be speared by an opponent.

The Café Anglais, which stood on the Boulevard des Italiens, is now no more. When King Edward was the Prince of Wales he used the Café Anglais as his Paris office. It was quiet, refined, and there was no dancing, which would not suit the present Prince of Wales a bit. The Maison Dorée has also fallen before the march of commerce, and so has the establishment of Bignon. A famous café run by Durand on the Rue Royale was the headquarters for the conspirators against the Third Republic. Tortoni's and the King George are no more. But for every restaurant that dies in Paris, there are a hundred to spring up and take its place. It is the eatingest place in the world.

One restaurant which has survived through the years is the Café de Paris, where I once worked as a scullion. It was started many years ago by a man named Leon. When Mourier married a daughter of the illustrious Foyot, feeder of diplomats and statesmen, he was financed by his new father-in-law, and bought the Café de Paris sometime in the 90's. The moment that Mourier took over the café it became renowned all over Europe for its fine food. He catered to the French people exclusively, but the cuisine got so well known and advertised that the Americans, English, Russians and South Americans rushed in to share the good things. The cellar was as excellent as the kitchen. Probably the favorite dish with the early American explorers of Paris was the Homard Thermidor, otherwise lobster Thermidor. The recipe follows:

Cut the lobster into two parts lengthwise, and roast in an oven, in olive oil. After it is roasted take the meat out of the shells and cut it into small cubes. Make a sauce Mornay, and add to the Mornay some English mustard, a little meat stock and *fines herbes*. Place a little bed of the sauce in each shell and then replace the meat, packing it in loosely. Over all spread the balance of the sauce Mornay. Then sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and grill the shells in a salamander until the tops of the shells show a golden brown.

A Sauce for Everything

Sauce Mornay is a white cream sauce made with the consommé obtained by boiling a number of sole in water. It is then reduced further by more boiling. During the boiling little bits of butter are added and the sauce is constantly stirred to whip the butter in. During the whipping of the butter grated Gruyère cheese is added to the sauce in spoonfuls. The constant whipping blends the sauce, butter and cheese. Sauce Mornay was Diamond Jim Brady's favorite form of swimming. It was one of Rector's biggest sellers, and we used it on everything. There is no doubt that lobster Thermidor originated in the Café de Paris; but, of course, this subject is always open to argument.

Another of its specialties was Poularde à l'Archiduc, which is chicken sauté.

Cut the chicken in four or six pieces and sauté in a saucepan with butter, and then glaze with white Bordeaux wine and a little port. The sauce which is in the pan should be thickened with a cupful of double cream and the yolks of four eggs. Remove the chicken and with a wooden spoon stir the sauce gently. Pour the sauce over the chicken and serve.

A splendid garniture for this dish is shelled Indian corn which has been heated in butter.

A graduate of the Café de Paris kitchen is none other than Julien, now director of Ciro's in Monte Carlo and Paris. Here is the specialty of his house—Volaille sous la Cendre, which I interpret as chicken pot-pie:

Warm fifty grams of fresh butter, half an onion minced and one hundred grams of Carolina rice. Stir over the fire until the rice is well done, moisten with a half liter of fowl broth, cover and place in the oven for twenty minutes. Remove from the hot pan and place in another pan to prevent the rice from baking, and add fifty grams of fresh butter, a little at a time; meanwhile stirring with a wooden spoon to keep the grains of rice separate. Add one hundred grams of fat liver chopped into cubes, and two fresh truffles, quartered, the whole being seasoned with salt, pepper and a slight dash of spices and also two tablespoonfuls of concentrated chicken consommé. Mix the whole very carefully, verify the seasoning and, if necessary, add a dash of cayenne pepper.

Stuff a native chicken—in France this would be a Bresse or Houdan fowl—weighing about one and eight-tenths kilograms. The stuffing is the rice which has just been prepared according to the above recipe. Warm the fowl with butter in a deep saucepan for about twenty minutes, so as to color it thoroughly on all sides. Then remove the bird and place it in a pie dish.

A Month at a Life Study

The saucepan in which the bird was browned still contains some sauce. Keep that sauce and to it add a chopped shallot and two hundred grams of minced mushrooms. Warm over a slow fire for ten minutes and finish off with a wineglassful of port. Allow this to cool and add half a liter of good brown chicken stock, boil down for five minutes and add fifty grams of fresh butter and chopped tarragon, chervil and parsley. Pour this sauce over the chicken in the pie pan.

Then cover the chicken with pie crust. Make certain that the crust is well sealed over the edges of the dish. Bake in a slow oven for an hour. It is then ready to serve.

That is a pip of a recipe if you can find the time to go through all the rituals. In order to get it ready in time for supper you will need a running start of about three days.

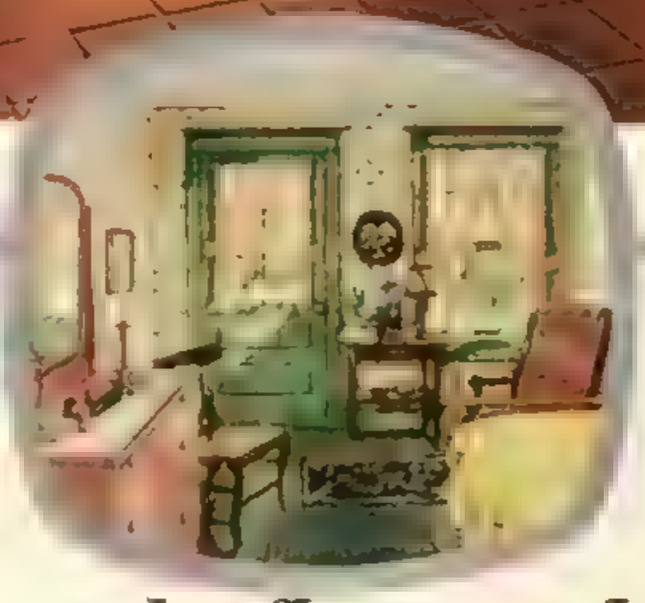
The recipe which is best known to generations of Americans, and one which helped to popularize the Café de Paris, is Crêpes Suzette. Here it is:

Beat up one liter of flour—a fraction more than one quart—with the yolks of nine eggs, one whole egg, a small glass of cognac, a few dashes of orange water, salt, sugar and melted butter. Spread very thin layers of this mixture in small buttered frying pans and allow it to color on either side. This results in little pancakes. Spread over each pancake the following mixture: Melted butter, grated orange and lemon peel, powdered sugar, orange juice and a little fine champagne.

The pancakes are then prepared on a chafing dish and served very hot. They are served folded up like a handkerchief.

These are but a very few of the specialties of Paris restaurants and hotels. Berry Wall was right when he told me that French cuisine was a life study. No nation takes cooking so seriously as the French, who are artists in this line. However, I did my best to secure some famous recipes in the month I spent in Paris, and I trust that some of them will turn out well. I admit that giving anybody a difficult recipe is like handing a sailor some springs, jiggers and thingumbobs, and telling him to make a watch. But even if they don't turn out well, you can at least enjoy the fun of trying. If there is a pleasant aroma while it is cooking try it out on your husband, provided that you also know what to do until the doctor arrives.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back



Scores of people have visited Mrs. Brown's attractive home in Lancaster, Pa. The delightfully new effects achieved by her with Armstrong Floors appeal to all. Above, Embossed Design No. 40

LEFT . . . "Plenty of room for beauty," says Mrs. Brown, "even in a small bedroom when the floor contributes its share of charm." Armstrong's Jaspé No. 19

Color did it..

color that began at the floor and stopped at nothing

By Hazel Dell Brown

Decorator in charge of Armstrong's Bureau of Interior Decoration

Author of "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration"

IT was just a little house in a row when I bought it. There are thousands like it, without architectural charm of arrangement or detail—just ordinary, commonplace. To bring beauty to this little house I used color—color that began at the floor and stopped at nothing.

For my living-room and dining-room I selected a lovely terra cotta linoleum, embossed in six-inch squares. Yellow-pink wall paper and green and coral Toile de Jouy draperies blended with the terra cotta floor and the *café au lait* woodwork into an unusually satisfying color ensemble.

Upstairs in my room I used a fascinating sunshiny paper sprinkled with gold stars. The floor is black linoleum with a striking yellow-pink goat's-hair rug. For another bedroom I found the quaintest wall paper with a tiny cat's-paw motif in beige and black that almost repeated the motif of a black and tan all-over linoleum design. Here I used a plain black rug.

The guest room has a green Jaspé floor with dainty yellow-rose curtains of organdy, wall paper in rose and green, and the furniture painted a shade of yellow-rose that ties in perfectly with walls and floor.

Hundreds of people come to see my little house and they all say, "What charming use of color, and how much the floors contribute to the effect!" That's just it. I started with color in the floors and now my house sings with color.

You, too, will find new beauty for your home if you follow this same simple plan of building color schemes from the floor up. I'd even like to help you do it, if you'll let me. Using Uncle Sam as our messenger, I am sure we can create *your* "house beautiful"—whether it be a small cottage like mine or a much larger home.

Letter brings you new book

First let me send you my new book—"The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." This book tells the whole interesting story. It also brings you a special "Decorator's Data Sheet" that will make it easy for you to describe your particular problem to me. Just send ten cents to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20 cents.) Address your request to me in care of Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 306 West Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

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The most important thing ever said of Essex is said by buyers in the largest 6-cylinder sales, and the most overwhelming competitive preference of automobile history.

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The New

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Transportation

The Essex
Four-Door Sedan

Super-6

Another Headache

"CLANG! Clang! Clang!" rang the bell in the old town-hall and at once the whole countryside was alert. The bell meant danger—usually FIRE!

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" goes the pain in your head—and it, also, is a warning of danger, perhaps grave danger, somewhere in your body.

Can you imagine any villager being stupid enough to cut the bell-rope because the clanging of the bell annoyed him—thus silencing the alarm while the fire raged? When you take a pill, or powder, or wafer to stop a headache, you may deaden the nerves which are carrying an important message of danger to your brain—but the "fire" goes on.

Headaches are usually symptoms of ill-health conditions, perhaps in some totally unsuspected part of the body. There is almost no physical ailment which does not at some stage manifest itself in headache. That pain, if heeded in time, may be counted a blessing.

Fortunately the causes of the vast majority of headaches—indigestion, eyestrain, sinus and teeth infections and wrong posture—can be located promptly. But some of the obscure causes of headache can be found only by patient, skilful search. The trouble may come from a cause so remote from the head as a bone out of place in the foot or a toxic condition from a diseased gall-bladder.

"The humblest and least distinguished of all the organs of the body can order the lordly head to ache for it, and the head has no alternative but to obey."

It is risky to attempt to diagnose your own headache. You may guess wrong and waste precious time prescribing for an imagined ailment while the real trouble grows steadily worse. To still the voice of pain without finding its source is like cutting the bell-rope and ignoring the fire.

Beware of headache remedies composed of habit forming drugs which may injure the digestion, destroy red corpuscles of the blood, undermine the nervous system, depress or overexcite the heart action, and at best may give only temporary relief.

Give your doctor a chance to find the cause of your headache. While he is searching for the cause let him prescribe something to relieve the pain, if you must have relief.

When another headache comes, take warning!

A booklet giving helpful information about headache may be obtained free on request to Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Ask for Booklet No. 78-E

Haley Fiske, President

What Causes Headache?

WHEN your head pounds with pain your first thought should be, "What causes it?" not "What shall I take to relieve the pain?" That headache may come from any one of many causes. Among them are:

Indigestion
Fatigue
Impure air
Eye-strain
Nose or sinus trouble
Infected teeth
Incorrect posture
Infectious and contagious diseases
Nervous disorders
Emotional strain
Disordered kidneys, liver, gall-bladder
Intestinal difficulties
Foot trouble
And many other abnormal conditions

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

PERFECT CONTROL

(Continued from Page 13)

In the third inning Red pulls a switch, sending Jess behind the plate and Joe to the mound. "Just for no reason at all," he replies to my unspoken question. "See if you notice any difference."

I don't. It's twelve dozen of one and a gross of the other. When the Goose Creekers don't strike out, they pop feebly to the infield. That's control. If you don't fan, you foozle. You're never allowed to get a holt on the ball.

Only two hits are made off the boys, both by the stranger in the visiting line-up. And yet with fifteen strike-outs to their credit and not one called ball, Sorghum Springs loses, 1 to 0, the homer in the first inning being the only run scored.

"Better hustle," advised Red, looking at his watch and chain, "or you'll muff your train."

"What's the hurry?" I returns. "I got a week to catch it in."

II

"BULL," says I, ten days later in the Blue Sox clubhouse, "did you ever hear of perfect control?"

"I'm practicing it right now," yelps Grogan. "Where have you been the last two weeks?"

"Sorghum Springs," I comes back jauntily. "Population 7654. First settled by Erasmus P. Miffle. Noted for having the meanest average rainfall in ——"

"All right, Mike," interrupts Bull gently. "If you've been sick, of course ——"

"Sick?" I shouts. "I'm so well I feel selfish. Listen to my story, but don't kiss me till I finish."

"I wouldn't believe it if it was true," snorts Grogan when I gets through with my piece. "Those rubes may have fair control, but I'll bet a sharp-eyed ump'd have called half those strikes balls."

"May I point out to Your Grace," says I, "that the Flitch boys fanned fifty-one guys in the three games I watched? May I also state that I didn't leave my eyes in my other suit when I went out to the ball park? In twenty-seven innings," I goes on, "there wasn't a fling made by either kid that a personal enemy with a wager on the other team could have called a ball. Nor was there one squeal out of the opposish. What's the answer?"

"That it all happened, if ever," snaps Bull, "in the Hog-and-Hominy League."

"As you say," I returns; "but plates are no bigger in Sorghum Springs than they are in New York, Chicago, or Sarcoxie, Arkansas, and the behavior of pitched balls is just about the same. I interviewed three merchants, two sheep herders and a notary public whose commish on bail just expired in great agony on the subject, and they ——"

"Must have been zippy pitching," grunts the boss, helping himself to another tack, "if the catcher didn't need a mitt."

"I've seen hotter heaving in my time," I admits, "but at that, Jess and Joe average up as high on speed as most of the rusty semi-bums you've got leeching off the pay ro. They is worth a trial just on my say-so, aren't they?"

"I guess so," surrenders Grogan grudgingly. "It'll probably give me the excuse I've been looking for to give you the air. What's the arrangement with Speedy?"

"Daddy," says I, "if you don't keep 'em after two weeks Red gets six if you do, it sets you back five grand for the pair and what you want to give me in the way of appreciation. As for the youngsters themselves, I talked 'em into hiring out on a performance-and-penalty basis."

"How do you mean?" grumbles Bull.

"A dollar apiece," I explains, "for every strike pitched, balls hit, but not safely, counting as strikes. You deduct two bucks for every bad throw and every clean clout. Fair enough?"

"Sounds more like bookkeeping than baseball," complains Grogan. "When are they coming?"

"They have done came," says I. "They're out in your backyard now, warming up their reachers. Want to see 'em?"

"Not necessarily," comes back Bull. "Class D phenoms are no treat to these sad eyes."

But they turn out to be a treat to 'em—and that before the day's knocked off. We're playing the Lizards. In the first of the ninth, with two out and the bags disgustingly crowded, Jameson, who's among the .400 in the swagger slugging set, comes to bat. O'Dowd, pitching for us, has been unsteady the last few innings and the prospect's not pleasant.

It gets less pleasant. The first heave, low and inside—and how inside—almost amputates Jameson's legs. The second is somewhat debatable, but it's called a ball. Two balls. A forced-in run looks like a cinch. I grabs Grogan by the shoulder.

"Send in the rookies," says I. "O'Dowd's just staging a parade."

With a savage snarl, Bull jerks himself away just as the umpire tolls "Ball three!"

"The Flitches," I begs. "It isn't too late."

"Which one?" barks Grogan.

"Both," says I. "They can't work separate."

"All right," snaps Bull, at the same time waving the old battery in. "Go get 'em."

I rushes over to the dugout and pulls the kids out. They're not a bit excited over their debut in the big time. It's just another chore to them.

"Fast, inside and across the knees," says I to Joe, who's the smokier of the two.

The kid grunts and, followed by his brother, walks out to the diamond.

"Joe Splitch now pitching!" announces the umpire. "Jeff Milch catching!"

"What with?" shouts a leather-lung in the grand stand, as Jess takes his spot behind the rubber with nothing but a half crouch and a ragged fielder's glove.

"Is that the way he's going to catch in this league?" howls Grogan.

"What do you care how," I barks, "as long as he does? Do you have to wear formal dress at your ball games?"

"No," snaps Bull, "but I don't want the kid pop-fouled into the hospital."

"There won't be any fouls," I assured him, "pop or otherwise."

There's no time for further discussion. Joe, having tossed a few range-finders, shoots a fast one past Jameson's dimpled hinges—just as the M.D. ordered. The Lizard slugger doesn't care to meet it. It's not his type, and besides he can afford to wait for a choice, seeing that he's a pawnbroker's sign to the good.

"Strike!" says the hired guesser in back of the box.

"Is that laying 'em according to the blue print?" I inquires of Bull.

"Yeh," he grunts, "but it takes more than one swallowtail to make a soirée."

"It won't be long now," I gloats, as a second strike wings its way by Jameson's knees. "Don't forget," I adds, "the boys already have two dollars coming to 'em. . . . What's up now?"

Jess is walking out toward his brother in the box. They meet, gab a second or so, and then Joe ambles to the plate, leaving the other at the mound.

"What's the matter?" asks Bull, running over from the dugout. "You hurt?"

"Naw," says Joe. "Jess wants to pitch one to that bum."

"Wants to?" bellows Grogan. "Who's running this team? Of all the ——"

"Pipe down," I cuts in, "and let 'em alone. The kids are reversible and everything'll be all right. Yeh," I tells the umps, who's come up, "they're changing places."

"Jess Milch now pitching!" he yells through his megaphone. "Joe Flitch catching!"

With a three-and-two call, Jameson takes a toe hold for Jess' knee-high heave. His

(Continued on Page 65)

Long Beach, Calif.

"I am eleven. Nearly all my life I had a breaking out on my skin—it was awful because I couldn't swim much—and we lived just two blocks from the beach.

"But now that I've been eating Fleischmann's Yeast my skin trouble is practically gone and I have lots of pep and feel fine. Now we go to the beach every day—my dog and I—it's great fun. I won't forget that Yeast made me well."

ROBERT S. SWANSON

"They thought I couldn't keep the job"

Plymouth, Mass.

"My family thought that business was the last thing I should go into, in my run down condition. But at that time (shortly after my mother's death) I never needed anything so much to occupy my mind. So finally the doctor said that if I was determined, I should at least build myself up by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it every day.

"Well, I got the position I had set my heart on and was later made manager of the office. Thanks to Yeast, I have energy enough to work all day and go to lots of dances in the evenings."

OLIVE A. WILSON

EVERY time you resort to drugs and exhausting cathartics you merely put off the day of reckoning. All drugs are a temporary measure at best—that is how they differ from Fleischmann's Yeast. Yeast is a *food*—fresh as any garden vegetable.

As your intestines are strengthened by eating yeast, food wastes are got rid of promptly, completely. Digestion has a clear track ahead! Appetite revives. Your very complexion—now radiant, smooth—proclaims a body internally *clean*.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. D-66, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Milwaukee, Wis.

"For seventeen years I was in such a condition from constipation and stomach trouble that every part of my body seemed affected. I was weak from the pains and dizziness—and steadily growing worse. Fleischmann's Yeast seemed such a simple means of relief that I had little confidence in it. But a friend's urging finally induced me to try it. In three months' time my elimination was regular. My appetite is now very good, and I am again able to sleep well."

MRS. ENNIS C. CLEVELAND

(RIGHT)

Cleveland, Ohio

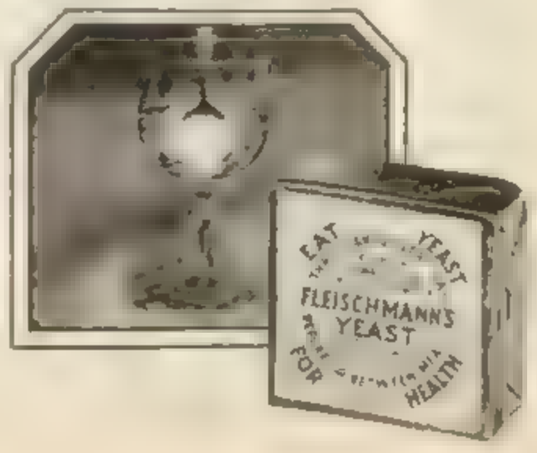
"After years of suffering, I was finally being compelled to take a laxative every day. I did this to reduce as much as possible the frequency of my attacks of indigestion and headache.

"Naturally, with my condition as deeply seated as it was, I waved aside the advice of friends who urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. But nine months ago I was prevailed on to try it. Three weeks later I was able to discontinue laxatives. My indigestion has disappeared. Headaches likewise."

JOHN V. ROWAN

So simple—this new way to health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Harsh, habit-forming cathartics can gradually be discontinued.



Which Is Your Favorite Variety?

Perhaps it's American? If so, have you ever tried Kraft Pimento, that's a pleasing variation? Or if Swiss is your choice, try Brick, a kindred variety. This quest for new flavors in cheese is a delightful experience, for very often a new favorite is found. And not to know the different kinds and flavors of cheese is to have missed one of the greatest of food variations.

That is the surprising thing about cheese. There are so many kinds and varying flavors that we need never tire of this wholesome food. One may have a different kind for every day in the week. And this makes it pleasingly possible to have cheese on the menu of at least one meal every day, as we are told by dietitians that we should.

Kraft Cheese means many different kinds of cheese. But regardless of the variety, you will find that the Kraft Label means a flavor true to that particular variety, while texture and all else that makes for quality will be unsurpassed.

Philadelphia Cream Cheese is sold only in the 3-oz. tinfoil package—never sold in bulk.

You can find the kind of cheese you like bearing the Kraft Label. Sold by the slice, and in half and quarter pound cartons, packages and jars.

For this and other choice recipes write our Home Economics Department, 406 Rush St., Chicago.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company

(Continued from Page 62)

vicious swing misses by several thicknesses of air. In a rage he throws the bat away.

"How can anybody hit," he snarls, "with all this clowning going on?"

The strike-out having saved our two-run lead, Bull is considerably mollified.

"Nice work," says he to the Flitches.

"It always has been," grunts Joe.

"Don't forget the three dollars you owe us," says Jess.

III

"YOU sure," asks Grogan, the next day after a private exhibition of accuracy staged by the kids, "these birds couldn't be worked separately?"

"Not a chance," says I. "Spellacy tried it and they went to pieces. They've been coupled so long in the betting they're boobs in the woods on their own. And you can't put mitts or pads on 'em either. You got to take 'em as they are."

"That's not so hard," comes back Bull, "but it seems a shame to waste either one of 'em behind the bat."

"Play 'em right," says I, "and there won't be hardly any waste. Change 'em around every couple of innings. That'll rest 'em up. Remember, these boys are not throwing their arms out with curves and burners. I figure the pair good for three games a week."

"Funny," remarks Grogan, "that these sure-shooters should have been turned out by Bill Meloney. There never was a wilder white man in the world. Control? He didn't even know anybody who knew how to spell it. I was there the day he cracked Dan Crimmins' skull wide open with an inshoot."

The Flitches pitch their first full game the next day against the Moles. Taking my tip, Bull rotates the lads, splitting the chore about fifty-fifty and how they deliver! One scratch hit—an umpire's choice—twelve strike-outs and not one called ball. We win 11 to 0.

The following morning the papers hop to it handsome, smearing pictures of the Flitches all over the sport pages and drawing all kinds of morals and conclusions from the youngsters' performance. There's a surprise for me in the slant taken by one of the sheets.

"It's a huge joke on organized baseball," says the rag. "A few more exhibitions such as the Flitches staged yesterday and the painfully intricate and meticulously scientific pastime will be laughed off the map. Intricate? Scientific? No matter how thin you slice it, it's still Bologna. The Flitches proved that.

"A couple of farm hands," goes on the writer, "come to town and, with experience gained from throwing corncobs at each other in a cow pasture, stand the best batters in the league on their heads. Curves? None to speak of. Speed? Fair to middling. Change of pace? Hardly any. Really nothing at all but laying 'em over the plate. Baseball has got so accustomed to tricky pitching that simplicity leaves it dazed and helpless."

That's the bunk, of course. The only thing the Moles were helpless against was perfect control—the kind of control that makes a bull's-eye out of a blind spot and rings it every time.

True or not, the publicity is grand for the turnstiles. Whenever the Flitches are due to work—and that's every second day—the patrons of the game hang from the stands by their eyebrows. Often we have to stretch ropes and go in for ground rules. Not bad for a second-division layout.

The kids take it all without a quiver. They're more interested in the little red book in which they jot down the strike dollars after every game than they are in the hurrah they've stirred up with the fans.

For two weeks they duplicate the performance against the Moles with monotonous but pleasant regularity. Three no-run, no-hit exhibitions are turned in. Finally Baldy Grimm, manager of the Bruins, figures out the answer to the Flitches. In the middle of a Sunday game, with Joe and Jess working, he suddenly calls in the whole team and trots out bench warmers, most of whom had never been in a regular set-to.

"Now let's see!" yelps Baldy to Grogan, when the Bruin cubs come in to bat.

Bull just grins and motions the Flitches back to the dugout. "You don't think," says he, "that I'd shoot my aces against your deuces, do you? Stokes and Brady are the new battery for us," he tells the umpire.

"Those rookies would probably have murdered your boy friends," remarks Grogan to me. "I haven't a line on any one of 'em."

"Well," says I, "we'd better hustle and get one. Now that Baldy's onto the racket, you can expect to see a lot of strange faces in all of the line-ups."

"That won't be so bad," returns Bull. "They may get some hits off the Flitches with the bench warmers, but that'll leave weak spots in their defenses, so it'll be an even break. Besides, how long do you think it'll take this eagle eye to find out what the morning-glories are suckers for?"

Two days later Grogan and I are at the clubhouse, when in walks a tall, gray-haired lad with the most peculiar eyes I ever saw. They're like hot coals. Bull looks at him with a puzzled frown as if the face was sort of familiar.

"I'm Meloney," says the newcomer, in a cracked voice. "Bill Meloney."

"Wild Bill!" exclaims Grogan. "Gosh, I wouldn't have known you!"

"No," comes back the vet; "I've changed a lot in the last twelve years. Just came down to see how the boys were getting along."

"Wonderful," says Bull. "They're knocking 'em off the Christmas tree with that perfect control you taught 'em. You sure turned out a job of work with those kids."

"I owed it to Dan," mutters Meloney, kind of brokenly.

"Haven't you got over that yet?" demands Grogan. "You didn't plug Crimmins on purpose, did you? Other pitchers have killed batters and gone right on working. Forget it!"

"I can't," says Wild Bill. "Anyway," he adds, with a strange fierceness, "Joe and Jess'll never bean anybody. I've attended to that."

"The only thing they'll ever bean," I horns in, "is the batting averages in this man's league."

We takes Meloney to lunch, after which we returns to the park to give the old boy a peek at his nephews in action. He greets the kids briefly and remains in the dugout with us for the festivities.

The Flitches are as usual against the enemy, setting 'em down one-two-three. Their uncle looks on without emotion, but a grim smile crosses his lips when Happy Dugan, the leading batter of the league, fans on three pretties around the neck.

Nothing particular happens until the fifth inning, but plenty happens then. Dugan's up again and he stomps around the pan like he was good and sore. Jess, in the box, throws a strike, high and in, and follows with another in the same spot.

On the next heave Dugan, who's been crowding the rubber, kind of leans his body over the plate. Blam! The ball smacks him flush on the shoulder, and being off his balance, he falls to the ground.

"He stepped into that!" I yelps, jumping to my dogs and making a dash toward the diamond.

I hears a savage snarl, and there's Meloney dashing for the box. I follows.

"Curse you!" he shrieks, grabbing Jess by the arm and shaking him violently. "Ten years—ten years wasted!"

I tries to cut in with an explanation, but there's no chance with this crazy galoot.

"Both of you!" he snarls, catching hold of Joe, who's come up. With a grip on the two Flitches, he starts breaking through the crowd of players.

"Where you taking 'em?" I asks.

"Back to the pigs, where they belong!" shouts Wild Bill above the din. With the strength of a maniac, he drags the kids to the clubhouse door. Grogan and I try to block him, but it's no use. He makes the street with his burdens.

"There goes your perfect control," says I.

"Bah!" snorts Bull. "Nothing's perfect!"

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always in your car and take the long stretches with an easy mind. If the radiator leaks, pull up at the roadside and pour it in without even stopping the engine. It circulates with the water, finds the leak instantly and stops it with a solder-like plug that will not shake out. No tools, no mechanical skill needed. Harmless to rubber, metal and circulating system. Carry a can for safety.

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A can should be in every car.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

"Whispering Wives or Haunted Husbands?"

"No; I'm tired of husbands and wives."

"Let's try Ann, Be Careful. Get the initials—A B C? It would keep running through their minds like a raw deal."

"That'll do for the next good comedy we make, but not this time."

"Well, boss, I've done my best. We'll have to fall back on one of the old reliables."

"I suppose so. Which will it be?"

"Better make it The Wages of Virtue. We haven't used that for a long time."

—*David D. Park.*

Summer Song of the Wage Slave

EIGHT times three are twenty-four—
Gosh, it's great at the beach today—
Put down three and carry four
Oh, for the sting of the salty spray!
Debit Smith and credit Green
Oh, for a craft on the offshore swell!—
Eight and six are seventeen—
Wonder who's with Annabelle.

We have yours of August eight—
Bet the woods are not this hot—
In reply we beg to state—
Wish I had a nifty yacht!—
That the check you said you sent
Never really did arrive.
What, ask we, is your intent?
Put down golf and carry five.

Debit tennis, credit swim,
Three times six is mountain breeze;
Birds are chirping on the limb
While I toil at tasks like these.
Ho, hum, ledgers, charge canoe,
Six and three are fishing line;
One and four are, ho-hum, two—
Gee, I bet the water's fine!

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

The Woman of the Dentist's Dreams

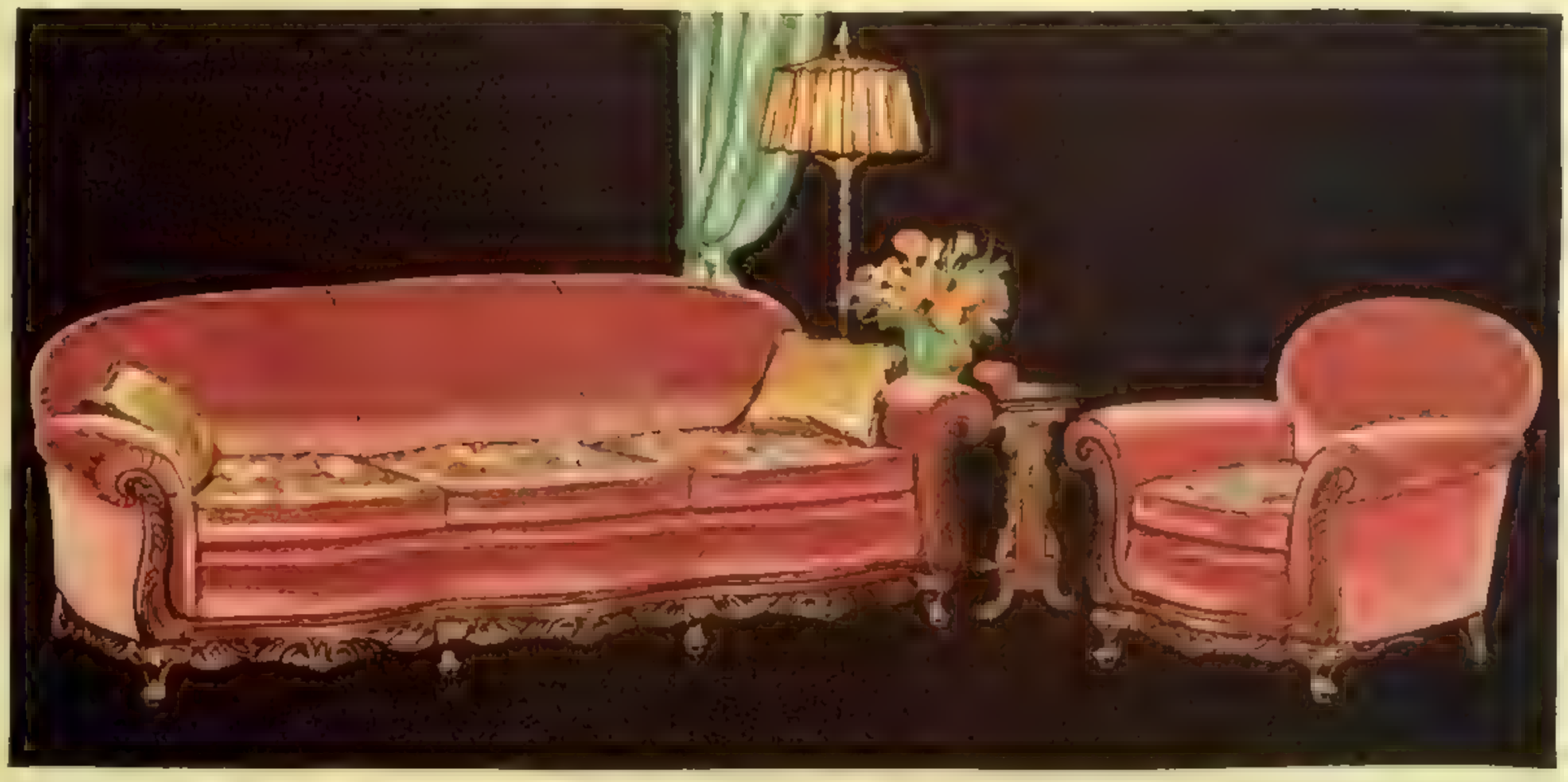
"WOMEN!" the dentist cried. "They are to me
The mystical far creatures of my dreams,
More pure and fair than earthy men can be,
Woven of gossamer and pale moon beams ——
Open a little wider, please, the jaw."
He thrust six fingers in the lady's maw.

"'Are you quite real, angelic one,' I say
To her who is to be some day my bride,
'Or some dim vision, not of mortal clay?'
Don't bite, please. Here, the basin at your side.
Woman, our heaven-sent guide, our sweet consoler!
Extreme decay about the second molar.

"Woman, who leaves the skies, a happy martyr,
With trailing clouds of glory still begirt,
Half elf, half spirit—um-m, a lot of tartar.
It looks to me like trench mouth. This will hurt ——"
He felt her tongue and epiglottis flutter,
Forming fierce curses which she could not utter.

—*Morris Bishop.*

New beauty... new style for the Davenport Bed



Davenport Bed Suite No. 5760

WITH the increasing popularity of the davenport bed—even in elaborate homes and luxuriously fitted apartments—has come a natural demand for *modern style* and *beauty* in this double purpose furniture.

Note the Kroehler suite illustrated, with its modish serpentine frame, exquisite carved effects, and rich covering of deep rose velour with reversible cushions. It is one of many smart Kroehler *Assured* Quality designs, offered at surprisingly moderate prices.

Who would guess that this graceful davenport may, with one easy motion, be transformed into a full size, luxurious bed—that it provides ample room for both mattress and bedding?

Kroehler has so artfully concealed this utility feature that all you see is *fine furniture.*

Hidden Qualities

Remember, too, that Kroehler *Assured* Quality guarantees many *inside* beauties—features seldom seen.

A new, improved Spring Steel Understructure, created by Kroehler, replaces the old-fashioned webbing—*and is much more serviceable.* Frames are of selected hardwood, firmly glued, doweled and corner braced. Not ordinary soft wood, merely nailed together. Seat springs are tied with small helical springs instead of ordinary twine.

The deep comfort of cushions and backs is secured with many small, resilient, non-sagging springs of superfine quality and with filling of high grade moss and new, white felted cotton. The folding bed frame is all steel, fitted with sagless or coil springs.

Even with this "Assured Quality" construction, Kroehler prices are very moderate. And most dealers are glad to make easy terms.

You may choose exquisite silk damask, rich tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette, also fine leathers of softest quality.

If you do not know the Kroehler dealer near you, write us for his name and a copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

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KROEHLER

This "Kroehler" label

identifies the genuine

THE SANDALWOOD FAN

(Continued from Page 21)

Chinese art—you see how they join incongruous materials. Here are carved faces in ivory fastened to figures painted on the silk. And they're too fond of gaudy effects. The Chinese conception seems to be to dazzle—quite different from the Japanese, whose work can be seen at a glance, but is not to be appreciated without contemplation. The slapdash effect of the Japanese is to be discounted; they worked very quickly because they never worked from Nature; the picture was complete in the artist's mind before he put his brush of India ink to his mouth. Kiyosai probably struck off that picture in ten minutes, but he may have spent a year in thinking about it."

Dick stopped talking about his beloved fans because he thought his guest's interest was flagging.

Little Amby was still strolling amid the cases, but his glance was flitting from fan to fan.

"And where are your sandalwood fans?" he asked.

"I have no example in sandalwood alone," Dick acknowledged. "Here is an old Chinese in sandalwood, gold filigree and enamel. And here is a very fine one indeed, with painted leaf and carved sandalwood sticks."

"You have one now, anyway, to add to your collection."

"Yes," said Dick. "And I'm tremendously obliged to you for it."

"Well, Mr. Phillipse," said Little Amby, tendering his hand, "I have to run along. There's a poker game down at the Abernathy on Broadway that's simply screaming for me by now. But I'm greatly taken with these fans of yours, and you must let me come back again and browse over them. I had no idea fans amounted to so much. I never took any stock in this collecting thing, but I feel I'd like to sit into the game myself now, after looking at what you have and listening to your descriptions."

"You'd enjoy it and get a lot out of it, Mr. Hinkle. Those fans are a historical record. Another man collects furniture, and those tables and chairs make past history real and understandable to him. It is quite a thing now to collect bottles—old whisky bottles."

"I have a few of those myself, Mr. Phillipse. I can't say the whisky is as old as it might be, but I'd love your expert opinion."

"I look forward to the pleasure. But if I may bore you another instant, the thought I have in mind is that collecting is not a crotchet or eccentricity, but is a man's way of expressing his interest in the world and people. As a business man, I get much the same kick out of making myself broadly conversant with prices. Most Americans collect prices, so to say, and so do I. There was a snobbish Irishman who said snippily that 'Americans know the price of everything and the value of nothing.' A man who knows the price of everything has a complete picture of the world he lives in. That Irishman was ignorant of the business world, and showed it."

It hung in Dick's mind that he had felt a passing irritation, and had possibly shown it, when his guest had asked the price of the Boucher fan.

"You should be a lawyer, Mr. Phillipse," said Little Amby, not without irony. "You brief the case for vulgarians like myself with ability. Until another time? Good night."

VI

DICK entered the gloomy precincts of the Barkin Art & Auction Mart, on Columbus Avenue in the lower Eighties. He heard a powerful barytone bellowing and pleading in a recess, and he followed it through a maze of stately and outmoded furniture until he came to a cleared space lit by flaring gas and saw an anguished human figure standing on a promontory. The figure was that of a stout man in shirt sleeves—the man was Mr. Joel Barkin. Before Mr. Barkin was a motley array of rooming-house keepers, strays, loafers, and designing women who had followed the red flag in the laudable hope of picking up for a dollar-thirty some aged trash that they might plausibly attribute to their great-grandmother.

"And it is sold!" said Mr. Barkin, bringing down his gavel. "I congratulate you, Mrs. Dalrymple, on the bargain of the sale. That will be all for today. Ten o'clock tomorrow the sumptuous furnishings and art collections removed from the palatial mansion of a Newport gentleman, with slight additions from storage warehouses. . . . Good afternoon, sir. What can I show you?"

The last was addressed to Dick, upon whom Mr. Barkin had instantly fastened a detaining and unwavering eye.

"About two months ago," said Dick, "you auctioned here a variety of objects belonging to the estate of one Jacob Koo."

"As is," nodded Mr. Barkin.

"Here is something bought at that sale," said Dick, unrolling the silver box.

"Now, my dear man," said Mr. Barkin, taking Dick persuasively by the shoulder and refusing to look at the object unrolled, "I got trouble enough of my own. When you buy at auction, you buy as is, and it don't do no good to come back after two months and weep. I remember very well when you made that bid, and I said to my man Moe, I said, 'Moe, bring that lot down to that gentleman whose bid it is and let him see what he's bidding on, because we don't want no weeping.' I been thirty years in business, and I give you my word as a man and a brother that this is the first time in all my experience that a customer comes back to me and wants to give me an argument. I hope I am stepped on by a truck the minute I leave this store."

He cast a single look at the silver box that should have made the paper curl about it again of its own motion, but that look became at once sweet and reasonable.

"Well, now I do recollect the occasion, brother," he said soothingly. He took the box, opened it, glanced into it, and snapped it shut. "That is that stuff from the Chinaman. My error, brother—pardon me—I beg your pardon. Go to the office and tell the bookkeeper to give you your money. We all make mistakes now and then, brother, and if such a thing as my man Moe has his hand over the defect, we don't take advantage of a customer's excitement. I been thirty years in business and never had a dissatisfied customer, and don't want one. Go get your money. Is that doing you right?"

"But I'm not trying to sell this," interrupted Dick. "Please let me get in a word. This property was bought here, but not by me. I simply want to get in touch with the people on whose account you sold it. I want some information about it, that's all."

"All I know about it is that it was bought here by a gentleman that came in with a blind lady. They just happened in, as people do all the time, knowing the place's reputation, and I never seen either one of them before or since. They paid cash—seventy dollars—and walked out with the goods, so I had no tracer on them. Why don't you let me sell it for you—put it in the Saturday sale? I got some people who are very specially interested in that line of goods, and I'll get them here, and I can probably get you up to a hundred and a quarter."

"No, thank you. I merely want to know on whose account you sold."

"Come over here," said Mr. Barkin, leading Dick, for no evident reason, a few steps. "Brother, do you want to sell that? Everything in the world is for sale. It's only a matter of getting together, ain't it? I won't barter with you. I'll give you two hundred dollars cash money. No, brother, don't come back with no counter offer. Two hundred dollars is my story, and I'm going to stick to it. Go to the office and get your money, and I congratulate you."

How about a VACATION that PAYS?

BE HONEST, now. Do you always get your money's worth out of your vacation?

Here's a man who admits frankly that he never used to feel his vacation had paid.

"I pretended I'd had the finest kind of time, of course. But secretly I was miserable a lot of the time. In the first place, I started off in no fit condition, after being cooped up in an office all year. I'd get tired and winded in no time at all. It was an effort to keep up with the rest of the crowd, and be a good sport. The change of water and climate always upset me, too, and threw me off schedule. I just took that for granted. Altogether, it used to take me weeks to recover from my vacation."

Last year this man joined a motor camping party. "What do I need in the way of equipment?" he asked the old-timers. They listed off the items. "And be sure to bring along a bottle of Nujol," one of them added.

"They ought to have headed the list with Nujol," he said later. "Believe me, that bottle of Nujol did more to make me enjoy my vacation than all the fishing tackle and golf clubs in the whole party. I only wish I'd begun taking it long before, so I'd have been more fit at the start of the trip."

When you go on your vacation this year, be sure Nujol goes along, too. This pure substance helps your system function normally and naturally under all conditions. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal. It keeps your habits regular in spite of radical change of diet and climate.

Don't think, though, that Nujol is something to be taken only on special occasions, like vacation trips. You need it just as much—if not more—all the rest of the year when you're at home, working, leading a sedentary life. Nujol will keep you from getting rundown and below par. Keep you in good shape so you can really get the utmost out of your vacation when it *does* come around.

Whatever your summer plans, you'll enjoy them more if you form the Nujol habit *now*. Buy a bottle today. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey).

Certainly worth a try, isn't it? For Nujol can't possibly upset you (it contains absolutely no medicine or drugs). Its cost is a mere trifle in your vacation budget—no more than one golf ball. But it will do you as much good as those extra days you wish you had. Just try it and see.

"Please try to grasp the fact that this is not for sale, Mr. Barkin—not for two hundred thousand dollars. Will you kindly give the information I ask?"

"Well, I will do this," said the auctioneer reluctantly: "I will give you the party and you can go to work on him, and when you are got his top I will ask you to come back here and tell me, and give me half of what I can get for you over and above."

"Mr. Barkin, if I sell that fan I'll employ you as my agent."

"Well, I sold that for the account of a Chinese party named Huey Gow that was running a Chinese boarding house on Seventy-seventh Street acrost from the Museum. It seems he had stopping with him this party Jacob Koo, and this Jacob Koo was tomahawked early one morning and found in the areaway. So, it being that Koo was back in his rent, Huey Gow brought his belongings over here and auctioned them off."

"And you don't know anything more about the fan?"

"Well, I will tell you. This Huey Gow is quite an American, and he had an idea he ought to come and cap for me, and he made a spiel at the sale about this fan, telling all about it and probably a lot more. I did not pay attention to his arguments because I got trouble of my own, and all I remember was this Huey Gow saying there was only two fans like this in the whole world, and even that sounded like hooey."

"He's on Seventy-seventh Street? He's my man. He told all about the fan, eh?"

"Not on Seventy-seventh Street. He's out of there. He got in wrong with the police, somehow, and they framed him with a claim that he was running a game, and being under suspicion of being a Chinaman anyway, he had no chance to beat the case, and went out."

"Where is he now?"

"He is running a game on Doyers Street. If you want to see him, you want to go down on Sunday. He don't work any other day."

"A Chinese gambling den?" said Dick doubtfully.

"Never you fear. You're as safe there as in church. Those Chinese are peaceful and lawful, and only asking to mind their own business and you mind yours. I've always found them perfect gentlemen. This affair of Jacob Koo? Well, we all make mistakes now and then, brother. I'll give you the address on one of my cards, and you send it up to Huey Gow and he'll recognize it. Go next Sunday afternoon."

On the following Sunday afternoon Dick mounted from the Subway at City Hall, walked eastward on Chambers Street to Park Row, and thence through Chatham Square to the Bowery. He penetrated narrow and twisting Doyers Street—less than three hundred feet long, and the main artery of New York's Chinatown, an amusement resort whose resident population is multiplied by five on Sunday.

He made his way through the crowd of Orientals who had flocked in from fifty miles about, a depressing throng of shrouded figures drifting over the dirty pavement like drowned men, and with little more life in their faces. They were set off against the policeman who was strolling among them, himself an importation but from an egotistical and assertive race, thrusting his big stomach out, putting his big feet down flat, eying the drooping men about him with benevolent contempt.

The Chinese were drifting in and out of the houses. Dick followed three round-shouldered figures into a dingy tenement. Men were slipslopping up and down the uncarpeted stairs, up and down. A Chinese in American dress, with a derby hat on the back of his sleek black head and with a bad cigar between his purplish lips, was sitting on the stairs.

"What you want?" he droned. "See Chinatown? Not here."

"I want to see Mr. Huey Gow," said Dick.

"Huey Gow? Huey Gow?" intoned the man.

"I understand he is here today. I was sent by Mr. Barkin."

"What for?"

"I'll tell him that."

"No, you tell me."

"Do you know him?"

"May be. What for?"

Dick wanted to observe the etiquette of Mr. Huey Gow's house, and the man on the stairs spoke English at least.

"He used to own this, and I understand he wants to see it again. I'd like to talk to him about it."

The man put out a thin hand for the box, opened it and looked into it.

"What for Huey Gow want this?"

"Now you're going too deep into the subject," said Dick. "I will talk to Huey Gow."

The man called aloud and a Chinese came down the stairs to him. They chattered together, and the second Chinese went out into Doyers Street. He returned with a third Oriental and went upstairs again, leaving the new arrival with the man on the stairs. They talked at length, seeming to talk about the box, and then the third man went upstairs too.

"He say right away," said the fellow on the stairs, giving Dick back his box.

After some minutes the third man appeared at the head of the stairs and beckoned. Dick went up. He followed his guide up another flight and down a narrow hall. He stopped before a door through whose transom came a frantic yelping, and his guide indicated that he should go in there.

Dick found himself in a room about ten feet wide by fifteen feet long, in the middle of which was an oblong table of rough boards. Chinese were ranked solidly about the table, so that Dick had to push his way among them. They paid him no heed, their attention being concentrated on the table, and Dick won to it before his alien presence was noted. He saw that it had been lined off into four squares and that there was a small heap of buttons in its center. A Chinese was taking buttons from this heap with a long stick, raking them out four at a time.

The yelping—which was probably a way of invoking luck—ceased suddenly, and the Chinese who had been manipulating the buttons dropped his stick. The company stood stock-still with their hands hidden in their wide sleeves.

"Is Huey Gow here?" demanded Dick, divining that he was the cause of the cessation.

"Here is Huey Gow," said a voice behind him. Dick turned and saw that a Chinaman in American dress had followed him into the room. "Come out. You got no right here. Who send you here?"

"Your man told me to come in here, Mr. Huey Gow," said Dick, following him. "I didn't mean to intrude."

"The man tell you?" The slant eyes in Huey Gow's fat face glinted aside, and Dick saw that his guide was waiting with three other Chinese at the head of the stairs. Their manner was peaceable; the guide was telling a good story and all were laughing.

"Some months ago you sold at auction through Mr. Barkin some things that had belonged to a man called Jacob Koo."

"May be."

"Among these things was this fan," continued Dick, tendering the Chinese the silver box. "I am very anxious to have a talk with you about this fan, and I can make it well worth your while."

Huey Gow took the box, opened it and took out the fan. He unfolded the fan, stared at it in silence, and put it back in the box. He handed the box to Dick.

"I don't buy," he said.

"I'm not asking you to buy it."

"I don't buy," repeated Huey Gow. "This man tell you I buy?"

"Oh, no. I met him downstairs just now, when I asked for you."

"He tell me give him ten dollars," said Huey Gow in a soft voice. "I give him ten dollars."

He waddled down the hall to the merry group. He whisked something out of his trousers pocket, and brought it down with a vicious swing upon the guide's head. The man uttered a short scream and fell to the floor, whereupon his three merry comrades sprang upon him and kicked him mercilessly; Huey Gow darted about with poised arm, trying to get in another blow.

Dick did not like to impose his foreign prejudices upon the people he was among, but he saw at once that the man was being beaten to death. He was limp and seemingly unconscious, and his four assailants were beating him with all their might. It was horrible, nightmarish.

"Here!" cried Dick, running up. "Stop this!"

He caught Huey Gow by the soft shoulder and yanked him back. An earnest shove sent two of the other fellows toppling.

Huey Gow reeled back against the wall, braced himself and ran at Dick with hand overhead. Dick dodged the impending blow and whipped up his right fist to the Chinaman's head.

Huey Gow came down to the floor in a sitting posture, rolled over, got to his feet and ran up the hall in the wake of his three assistants.

Dick did not await their possible return, nor did he bother further with the man on the floor. The man's punishment had been extreme, but he was not exactly a blameless character; Dick guessed that the watchman on the stairs had got this man to go up and give Huey Gow a squeeze.

Dick found on the stairs the thing that Huey Gow had been using. It was a leather strap ending in a small leather ball that, from its weight, evidently held a lump of metal. Dick rolled it up and slipped it in his pocket for a souvenir, telling himself ruefully that it was all he could hope to get from Huey Gow now.

When he got to the street he told the policeman what had happened, and offered to appear if the injured man made a charge against the gambler.

"Go along, me boy," said the officer. "You're out of it—stay out. Not a blessed word would that villain testify agin anyone but yourself. I don't know what kind of men they are at all."

VII

THE Fourth of July fell on Sunday that year, which made Monday a holiday and stretched the week-end. Dick was invited down to Blue Point by the Duanes, and upon due consideration he decided that it was his duty as executor to accept, even if his acceptance involved seeing Nell Duane. He called up Little Amby and asked the lawyer to send Scissors Lafetra down there on Saturday the third.

Nell was walking on the bricked path that led from the house to the gate. Dick was surprised anew at the sureness and freedom of her carriage. Her light summer dress was green and black, which set off the soft pallor of her skin and the red lights in her brown hair.

She stopped when she heard the car. Behind her was the billowy green and gray and black of the spruces, so that her dress was indistinctly seen, and her head and bust were statuesque. He halted the car and sounded the horn. Her black-lashed gray eyes with the curiously expanded pupils were wide, and he knew that she could not see him, but before he spoke she cried "Hello, Dick!"

"Doctor Wessel told me you can see and don't know it," he said, going to her.

"Doctor Wessel must have a bad conscience," she laughed, taking both his hands. "How are you, Dick? I knew you were coming."

"You're farsighted."

"No, psychic. I'm psychic, Dick. I do know things about people I do, really. I was reading a book yesterday about some phenomena of blindness and I became quite annoyed with it. The writer had so much to say about the sharpening of the other senses in compensation. He said that when I—of course, Dick, he was speaking of no one but me—when I approach an object I know it because my extrasensitive skin feels the currents of air curving away from that other surface. No such thing—I simply know it's there."

"He probably blundered because he was writing about you in particular, Nell. I've noticed myself your peculiarly smooth and delicate complexion."

"Go on, you city chap. I'm psychic and I refuse to be anything else. How did I know you were coming just now?"

"Oh, I was kicking up a terrible fuss. Who's at the house? Come, get in the car."

"People I don't like. Psychic, again. There's a fellow named Zittel who gives me the creeps. I can speak about him because he's not my guest, but Flo's; you're my guest. And Doctor Wessel is there just now, and Suydam the lawyer has come over to meet you."

"How do you like Doctor Wessel, psychically?"

"He's blind and doesn't know it. Flo says you introduced Zittel to her, and that he was awfully helpful. Do you like him?"

"He seems a very decent sort. I didn't quite take to him at first sight, but ——"

"That's it. You didn't like him before you saw him. Here we are—don't fall over that first step. Most people do. Do you know, Dick, that the universe is pitch dark, except for little rings of light around the stars? Away out there beyond our ring ——" She ceased; her lips trembled. He put his hand over hers with a gesture of unaffected sympathy, as he would have comforted any creature in distress. "Hold it tight, Dick. Thank you. I thought of Garry. Well, here we are. Let me have your bag. Oh, let me have it."

"It is rather heavy for me," he said seriously, taking her free arm. They mounted to the house.

"You big brute," exclaimed Florence Duane, throwing the screen door wide. "You're just in time for a drink. Will you take that bag from that child? I think you'd make a first-class wife beater."

"Hit and run, Mrs. Duane." She was gay and genial. He noted the tinge of rose in her curving and ordinarily colorless cheeks; the blue of her eyes was heated, made darker and yet more brilliant. "Make mine very light, please. . . . Hello, doctor. . . . I have that fan," he announced some minutes later—"the fan that was mentioned in the will. I have Mr. Zittel to thank for it."

"How's that?" asked the salesman of women's wear.

"You know that fellow you had arrested for entering this house? His lawyer came to see me the following night and told me that his man had been discharged in court, but that out of a sense of remorse he had given the lawyer the fan for me. It seems that he did enter here, but that that was all he took."

"I don't believe it," said Zittel angrily. "Where did all Mr. Duane's money disappear to? The police ought to have held that man and given him the third degree. I hope you didn't say you'd let him go on account of that miserable fan."

"I said something to that effect." Dick looked steadily at Zittel, trying to suggest to him that he was taking an undue interest in the matter.

"Well, I must say ——"

"Lowell," said Mrs. Duane distinctly. She frowned at Zittel and he subsided. Dick saw that Zittel had tried to make interest with her by an affectation of energy in her behalf, and she proposed to keep him abject, with no assumption of the airs of a benefactor.

He wondered if she had ever loved Garry, since, hardly more than six weeks after his death, she could take pleasure in the attentions of a shallow fellow like Zittel. She was no longer the bereft widow; she was only a woman in black, and black became her.

She spoke for herself, having silenced her admirer: "What have you to tell us about the estate, Mr. Phillipse? Dick, I should say—if Nell will let me. You thought you

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 68)

would discover it hidden in some safe-deposit box or private account where Garry had put it to save from those people who sued him. But I suppose you haven't come on the trail to it."

"I think I have," announced Dick.

"Really? Oh, good!"

"There was a letter in the fan case, addressed to me."

"Garry put it there; I remember that," confirmed Nell.

"It's very interesting, whatever it may lead to. It has led to nothing so far. Shall I read it? You should all be familiar with its contents, and we'll have the benefit of everybody's counsel."

He read the letter aloud.

"Where is the fan?" asked Suydam. "And you do know all about it, do you, Phillipse?"

"No, unfortunately—nor does anyone. You know that Garry picked it up at an auction he chanced into on Columbus Avenue. You were with him, Nell."

"Yes, his first thought was to buy it for me. It's a perfect beauty."

"Indeed, yes," said Dick considerately. "Well, I went to that place to trace the fan back to the original owner and learn its special qualities. But by the way, Nell, you were there when a Chinaman explained about this fan."

"I was in the front of the place trying a violin that was to be offered. Garry and I often went to auction rooms. I do remember that something was said about the fan, but Garry wouldn't tell me. He didn't want me to know what there was about it."

"He didn't want anybody to know but Dick Phillipse—and now it seems that he doesn't know either." Florence's bland tone had suddenly become caustic. But she was smiling at Dick at once, mutely asking forgiveness. "But you didn't stop with making an inquiry at the auction room, I'm sure."

"I'm following up what I got there, but have nothing definite yet," he said evasively, feeling that his audience might not be wholly sympathetic if he stated that he had gone to the logical informant and promptly knocked him down. "However, here's something that may shed a light in the immediate neighborhood of the mystery. The man whom you had arrested, Zittel, is coming here today to show us just what he did that night. His lawyer volunteered the man's services."

"I don't see what use that will be," said Zittel contrarily. "The information we have now makes me think that Mr. Duane hid that money himself. May I have a look at that fan?"

"I'm sure it would be quite all right," said Dick hesitatingly. "Although from the tone of that letter it would seem that Garry didn't want me to let the fan out of my own hands. If the ladies are entirely willing ——"

"Oh, let him see it," said Florence slightingly. "Garry's reason for secrecy was his fear that those people who sued him on the notes would seize all he owned, and that's out now. His whole procedure was most ill-advised. I sometimes think the poor boy was mentally unbalanced. See what he says there about expecting to die."

"Those expectations were soon justified," put in Dick.

"Mere wish fulfillment," said Doctor Wessel. "He wished to die. The color of his mind was typical of the alcoholic—filled with suspicion. He even said something to me once—he retracted it with shame when I brought it out into the open—that indicated the beginning of a suspicion of his wife."

"Pardon me," gasped Florence, her eyes widening. "To my knowledge, he never gave the least indication of that."

"Typical," said Doctor Wessel, elevating his long hands and wagging his head in an effort to explain. "The mind's normal associations are broken up. The subject's delusions do not formulate themselves in conduct; there is no harmony between the ideas and the acts. The delusion of marital infidelity is extremely common; also the notion that people are leagued against him and that he is being poisoned. There is a deterioration of character, with no care whatever for honor or family ties. With impaired memory, bad judgment, irritable, brutish ——"

"How dare you!" cried Nell, leaping to her feet, her hands clenched in fury. "These are the lies and delusions. Garry was not like that! He was good, kind, honest, loving—you are horrible people."

She ran from the room. "I'm sorry," said Doctor Wessel.

"Following your suggestion, Mrs. Duane," said Dick quickly, preventing a painful silence, "you will be wise to observe all possible precautions in recovering this enormous sum of money. It is true that your legal title to it is established, and there are now no sizable charges against it; but don't forget that it's unfound and that it's something around two hundred thousand dollars in hard cash. Don't talk about it outside of ourselves. You can readily see the danger of spreading the news that a fortune in ready cash is awaiting a finder."

"I may have spoken to people," said Florence, with a slight toss of the head. "One must talk! Heavens, one can't go around like a conspirator, keeping a finger on one's lips!"

"You have my advice," said Dick. "You are studying that fan very hard, Mr. Zittel."

"I get no hint from it," said the salesman, lifting his brown eyes from the carved and fluted sticks. He passed the fan to Florence. "Can you see anything in it? I will say, with all due respect to Mr. Phillipse, that Mr. Duane was right in thinking that an expert in that sort of thing would see at once where this fan differed from others. I suppose Mr. Phillipse doesn't claim to be more than an amateur. Florence, let me have that fan, and I'll submit it to some expert in that line and get the story in short order."

"I'm sure you meant to address me, Mr. Zittel," said Dick.

"Well, I suppose it's your fan."

"Thank you. . . . May I have it, Mrs. Duane? . . . Let me have the name of your expert, by all means, Mr. Zittel, when you have found him. I do hope he won't recommend you to me. That would be awkward."

The red-faced man with the mutilated ears whom Dick knew as Scissors Lafetra did not put in an appearance until after dinner. Doctor Wessel and Suydam had stayed for the meal.

A car was heard to stop under the porte-cochère, and then the doorbell rang. A maid answered it, but not promptly enough to please the caller; the bell sounded again, and with insistence, and then the door reverberated under a heavy kick.

Dick went into the foyer, meeting the maid, who said to him nervously, "There's a man wants to see you, sir."

Dick switched on the outside lights and opened the door. "Hello, my boy," he said, seeing the man Scissors standing there erect and motionless. "It's good of you to come. Who's there with you?" He went to the steps and distinguished the outline of a man sitting at the wheel in the car. "Drive around to the circle in back, will you?" The driver did not answer, but the car started and rolled obediently to the rear of the house.

Dick turned about, put a hand lightly on the shoulder of the runty Scissors, and was about to utter some commonplace when he was startled by the violence with which the man hurled his hand away.

"Pardon me," said Dick smoothly, deciding to proceed with delicacy until he had what he wanted. "Won't you come in? There are a few people here, but they're not interested in our affair and we won't bother them."

They went into the foyer. The man walked quickly and jerkily. Conversation in the living room fell off.

Doctor Wessel looked out at the pair in the foyer, contracted his brows in closer scrutiny, and rose and went to them. He adjusted his eyeglasses and peered into Scissors' face.

"Typical, isn't it?" he breathed, beaming mildly at Dick. "A rash like scarlatina or roseola. H'm—the beginning of cutaneous desquamation. What a piece of good fortune; I was reading of something similar only this afternoon. I was one of the first psychiatrists, Mr. Phillipse, to use drugs in the treatment of insanity. Most psychoses begin with a depression, and that may go down—down"—he brought his hand all the way to the floor and then up in a slow arc—"down into a melancholia. How to bring them—up!—out of that depression. How to get them out of that introspection, dwelling on themselves. Paraldehyde and hyoscine lifts them, makes them indifferent to their symptoms." He laid his index finger alongside his bony nose and rested his pointed chin on his thumb and looked at the fidgeting Scissors. "Chronic," he said. "Here, I'll show you something else, Phillipse."

He took hold of Scissors' skinny hand and turned it over as if to exhibit the finger nails.

"Let go!" snarled Scissors, snatching his hand away and striking at the psychiatrist.

"There, there," soothed Wessel, backing off and patting the air with fending palms.

Dick followed him. "What seems to be the matter with him, doctor?" he asked in an undertone. "Is he crazy? He acts strangely."

"Well, yes," said Wessel slowly, drawing a hand caressingly over his chin and gazing at the uneasy Scissors. "He'll return to normal when he's had his usual dose of some drug. Chloral hydrate, I think."

"Chloral?"

"He's a chloral drinker, I judge, and he hasn't been able to get his tot for a day or two. Perhaps it's been withheld from him for a purpose—offered to him as a reward, as it were. He's not in the manic state yet, but he's approaching it fast; he's screwed up tight."

"Come here!" called Scissors to Dick, swinging an inviting arm with uninviting energy. Dick went to him. "Listen," said Scissors in a feverish whisper, clutching Dick's lapels. "Can I talk to you? No, I can't talk to you here. Who are all these people? Are they in the know? Are they your mob?"

"They're all right. What is it? Go ahead and talk."

Scissors whirled about and looked behind him, as if he expected to find that an eavesdropper had stolen up to him. "Come in here, then."

They went into the living room. Dick, scenting something curious, poured a stiff drink of whisky for the tremulous Scissors, and saw it taken down in a gulp.

"Listen," said Scissors in the same unhealthy whisper. "The lawyer told me to come here and show you how I got the silver box. I told him that was all I done here, and didn't know nothing about anything else, see? Well, he got his own game, and what do I want to play ball with him for? There wouldn't be nothing for me in that. When I seen Duane knocked off with my own eyes, don't I get nothing?"

Sound was paralyzed in the room.

"You mean to say," said Dick sternly, "that Garry Duane was murdered, and that you saw it done?"

"I'm telling you," said Scissors. "And where's all the jack I heard about? Don't I get nothing? Look, I ain't got the price of a shot."

He was snatching at his pockets to pull them out demonstratingly.

"Scissors," said Dick, "if you can show me that Garry Duane was murdered, and how it was done, I'll pay you a thousand dollars tomorrow morning."

"Hold a moment, Phillipse," interposed Suydam. Dick looked at him. He was pale to the lips with emotion. "If this man knows anything incriminating, we want to have it, but I must call to your attention that you are weakening the value of his evidence when you offer him a money

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THE WALLOPS

[*No. 20 of a series. No. 21 will appear Aug. 18*]

A funny taste in the water

"This water tastes funny as the dickens," complained George Wallop, making a queer face. "Clara, have you put anything in it?"

"I have not," said Clara Wallop. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Well, it tastes as if you dropped a little of that 'Banish-your-husband's-tobacco-habit' stuff in it, or a little Vuxated Iron to make me strong and beautiful."

"Nothing will make you beautiful, George, but if we had some decent plumbing pipes in this house we'd also have some decent drinking water."

"What's the matter with the plumbing?"

"Nothing, except that we can't get any hot water on the third floor, and Arbutus can't get the rust out of the sheets, and we had the plumber here twice already this month to fix leaks—and all the water is orange-red with rust, and tastes it, too. It all comes from using cheap rustable pipes."

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payment for it. And furthermore, you have no authority, as executor, to pledge the estate ——"

"Never mind about the estate," said Dick curtly. "I'll pay the money out of my own pocket gladly. Go right ahead, Scissors."

"Put the chain on the door," ordered Scissors. "Pull down them shades. You don't know what you're mixing in here. Yes, I seen it. I know all about it. I know who done it, and why he done it. But I get out clean, see? No state's evidence for me. I'd get the works right in the chair with my mouth open. Want me to show you how it was pulled off? Never mind about the fan. I picked that on my way down and out, so I wouldn't lose my trouble. Is it K. O.?"

"Agreed," snapped Dick.

"I come in them French doors." He pulled back from the doors, which he had been approaching with a nervous stride. . . . "Lock them doors. Pull down them shades! . . . I come in them doors, and I went right across here and out that door, and popped up them stairs back there. Come on, and I'll show you how it was, and you'll see if I'm lying. Well, I will tell you right now that there is a winding stairs up there, and a room at the head with books all around, and a big desk. Right through this door."

"Bring the key here!" cried Dick, trying the door to the stairs from the study and finding it locked.

The company was crowding behind the two men. After a short delay, Florence brought the key.

"We've kept it closed ever since," she explained. "Oh, my poor husband. Is it true, Dick? Is it true? Make him show how it was. Oh, no, I can't believe it."

"Quiet, now," said Dick, patting her shoulder as she bent over the lock.

The door opened. The musty air of a closed space came to them as they mounted the stairs.

"Here it was, right here on the turn," said Scissors in his loud and hissing whisper. He had stopped below the landing outside the study. "I give a look around here to spot him, and I seen him in there."

"Very well, you were watching from here," said Dick, urging him on. "Now come in here and show us just what happened—where Garry Duane was, and where the man was that shot him, and the rest."

Dick pressed an electric button on the landing, switching on the lights in the study.

Everybody except Lowell Zittel, who had not returned since Florence had sent him hurriedly to look for keys in the coat closet in the foyer, went into the study. Dick racked his memory in later days to discover where each individual had stood during the fateful minute that followed.

He remembered Florence entering and throwing up a window to relieve the stifling atmosphere in the room that, immediately under a shingle roof, had been shut for nearly two months in the heat of summer; she stood beside the window. In the doorway, with the electric switch at her elbow, was the maidservant called Kennedy—a woman of about forty-five and the same servant who had gone to the door in the foyer to admit Scissors Lafetra; this woman had followed the company upstairs unobserved. Nell was standing with Dick, about six feet inside the entrance. Suydam had crossed the room to the farther side, and next to him was Doctor Wessel.

"Show us where Garry Duane was when he was shot!" ordered Dick.

"He was right in this place," said Scissors, stepping in between a built-in bookcase and the swivel chair before the desk. "He was sitting right there in that there chair, and was writing or something, and something dropped, and then he went around here where I couldn't see him from out there ——"

"If you didn't see him," cut in Suydam sharply, "how can you know he didn't shoot himself?"

"Didn't I see the book in both his hands when he got the works?" snarled Scissors resentfully.

"Let him tell it, please," said Dick crisply. "Go on, Scissors."

"I can't keep thinking," complained Scissors, putting a steadying hand to his head.

They waited in tense silence, and during that interval of stillness in the study they heard a faint tapping in the distance, a light and regular knocking spaced by single seconds, and growing ever louder.

It was somewhere outside the room, somewhere beyond the hall; Dick heard now a wheezy panting and a scraping on the stairs.

"He's coming!" screamed Scissors, his eyes set and vigilant with fear. He shrank back, seeking the support of the wall with wide-flung arms.

"Go right ahead," growled Dick. "No—wait!"

He had no eyes but for that dark turn in the stairs which would frame the approaching threat. And it was in that moment of inevitable distraction that the deafening explosion of a pistol filled the chamber. His ears were still ringing when the lights went out.

He bolted for the doorway, hurled aside the invisible form that was there and groped for the switch. He found the button and pressed it, and the room was again brilliant.

All were standing as they had been, except Scissors Lafetra. The body of the man with the clipped ears was sprawled in the swivel chair, in the same position as that of Garry Duane when Dick found it in the midnight of May 21–22. Like Garry, he had been shot through the forehead.

Scissors lay prone, but Dick had a foreknowledge of what he would see ere he sprang to him and sought to lift him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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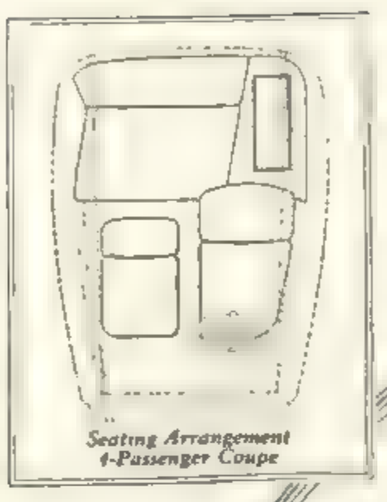

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THE TAKEN CHILD

(Continued from Page 33)

"Not my child, eh?" he continued soothingly.

So it was here, on top of him; the thing she had warned him was going to happen. She was crazy—quiet and calm, but crazy.

"Do you want to hear how it happened?"

"Of course. Go on, Hillie. I'm listening."

"Perhaps you don't remember the way Maida was about having another boy. You had kept telling her, 'No more boys—three is enough—I want a girl.' All that sort of thing."

"Yes, I remember those jokes."

"They weren't jokes to Maida. What you didn't realize was that she wanted a girl ten times—a thousand times—more than you did. No pretending to joke, either. Toward the last she used to say to me, 'Remember, Hillie, if it's a boy, I don't want ever to see him and I won't nurse him. Let him ——'"

"Stop!" thundered the colonel; then he caught himself and forced a ghastly smile to his lips. "Yes, yes, Hillie; go on, dear, but be careful."

"I know; you think it's a lie, but it isn't. When they are like that, women aren't responsible. Dozens of them say they hope their baby will die, and at the time they mean it."

"Hush now!" said the colonel controlling himself with difficulty.

"You'll have to listen," said Hillie sharply. "I'll have you understand that this is a lot harder for me to tell than for you to sit and hear."

He was terrified for fear she would begin to scream.

"All right—all right!"

"It was a big ward," she continued quietly, "and they had two delivery clinics—perhaps more. On the day it happened—you remember they had telephoned—I rushed in and everybody was too busy to tell me anything. I kept asking frantically and like a fool for my sister, and finally one of the nurses said, 'Has she just had a baby? Well, then I guess she's in there.' So I went into the room. There was a screen around the operating table, but outside it was a baby in one of those white sort of dishpans they use. It was half wrapped in a little blanket, so I looked and saw it was a girl. Then I rushed around the screen, gasping, 'Maida! Maida!'"

She paused and gazed blankly at the floor. "It wasn't Maida; it was a woman I'd never seen, still bandaged and propped the way they do. I stared at her and she stared at me. I said, 'Why, you're not my sister!' And she said, 'No, I'm not your sister.' Then after a minute I started to go and she said, 'Please, please! Tell me it's not a girl. Please! Please!' You never heard anybody beg like that, with her throat, her eyes, her soul. I laughed and ran out. I found Maida. You know—she—she was unconscious."

"I remember," muttered the colonel, marveling that any other memory of those tormenting hours could be as accurate as his own.

"The baby was a boy. Nurses and an interne came bustling in. They pushed me aside. Wherever I stood I seemed to be in the way, but I had lots of time to think. A nurse picked up the pan with the baby in it and carried it out. I followed her and saw the door she went through; then I stood around for a bit, thinking and sort of giggling. I went in to see the first woman again. Her baby was gone, too, but she was all alone. I asked her what her name was, and she told me. She said her husband was a fine man and she was there in the private ward because he was a favorite of some political boss. She kept saying, 'Tell me it isn't a girl! We've got so many girls!' I didn't say anything."

Again she paused, and her eyes lifted for a moment to search for something in the colonel's face which they did not find. She dropped them and continued.

"It was such an easy thing to do. In those days they used to fasten a tag on each basin with a clip, but they don't any more. On the tag was written the baby's name—Baby Smith or Baby Jones or—or Baby Kent. I went into the room where I'd seen the nurse go. There was a long shelf all around with basins on it and that morning there were babies in eleven of them."

She looked at him again, and this time his florid face was as white as paper. Her eyes remained steadily on it.

"You can't imagine how clever I thought I was. I leaned over as if I was looking at the babies and changed the clips. I was careful to get the right tags and I remember that made me feel righteous, as if I'd done something God himself hadn't been able to do. Just as I straightened, a nurse came in. 'Looking at the babies?' she said. 'You ought to be getting one of your own.' I pretended to be embarrassed and hurried out to go back to Maida."

Her voice descended almost to a whisper, but she did not shift her eyes from his straining face, now so red that it verged on purple.

"She was conscious and asking whether the baby was a girl. Nobody seemed to be quite sure; they had been having such a terrible day, with so many babies. One nurse said yes and another no, but the interne said, 'What nonsense! One of you go and look.' So one of them did, and when she came back she said, 'I was right; it's a girl!'"

There was a long silence, but the wavering colonel had no question he dared ask. She went on:

"For a while everything was perfect. I was so proud of myself it made me seem brilliant, fascinating. Those were the years, you remember, when men went half crazy for a word from me—sometimes for the mere sight of me. It was the secret I was always thinking of that made me different. Then—then it happened."

She stopped, but still he dared not speak; only his eyes entreated her to go on, to give him some surer lead.

"Harry—the day Harry was killed. I went to my room and locked myself in. For the first time in my life I began to think—really to think. Something like ice began to go up and down my back, then it would spread around slowly toward my heart. I knew then that what I'd done wasn't clever or kind or funny. I knew I'd committed a horrible crime—a sort of unforgivable blasphemy against God—and that He would surely take His revenge. You know how I changed, but you don't know why. I was waiting—waiting all the time, in the daytime and at night when I was awake, and I'm almost always awake. I was waiting for something to happen to the other boys."

The colonel groaned aloud. He was in agony, face to face with a problem just beyond the reach of reason. He had heard all his life that a disordered mind was capable of uncanny shrewdness, of superhuman adroitness in the dovetailing of fact and fancy into what appeared the unmistakable semblance of the truth. But even thus forewarned, he felt himself steadily giving way, breaking down before belief. Hillie paid no attention to the distressing sound.

"So I've been going crazy all these years," she continued. "When something did happen to them I thought perhaps I'd made it happen by thinking of it, expecting it. Of course I couldn't tell Maida and I couldn't tell you—not until today."

"The other name," asked the colonel thickly—"what was it?" His voice sounded as if he had not used it for years.

"That's part of the terror," said Hillie. "I learned it for long enough to do what I had to do, then I must have pushed it out of my mind. I try and try to think of it. Each day I try for three hours, while I'm sitting with Billy, to remember what it was."

The colonel pulled himself together. He had decided to torture himself no longer. He would believe her, believe all she said, believe that she was sane, and find out where that road would carry him. If it was a wrong cast, he could always come back and take the other fork.

"Why did you have to tell me even today, Hillie? Why couldn't you have stuck it out a little longer—as long as Maida and I and you lived?"

"Because of that boy—Harry Galloway."

"What's he got to do with it? You're not worried for fear Doris wouldn't be good enough ——"

She interrupted him with a harsh laugh. "What's he got to do with it? You don't know? You're so blind you can't see? I wish you'd heard what Billy said to him this afternoon."

"What was it?"

"You've got to remember that I'm always looking at boys around Doris' age—always tormenting myself, wondering ——"

"What did he say?" insisted the colonel.

"Doris introduced the boy as Harry Galloway. You know how little interest Billy takes and that he hardly ever speaks. But he looked up at the name and then such a funny expression came over his face. Do you know what he said?"

"No."

"He said, 'Hello, Harry, you lucky dog. You'll never know just how lucky you were to get yourself kicked by that horse.'"

The colonel remained silent for a long moment. "Perhaps it was only the name—hearing 'Harry' that way when he wasn't expecting it. I remember something like that happened to me when I first saw the boy. I told Doris he reminded me of our Harry."

Hillie leaped from her chair, gripped the edge of the desk and leaned toward him, her face transfigured with anger.

"Fool! Fool! Why didn't you tell me—not Doris, but me? You're blind or I'm really crazy. Why do you suppose you felt like that? I'll tell you why: He's your boy—your son!"

"Then you're crazy," said the colonel. "Harry—our boy Harry—come back from the dead? You're crazy." His face changed, went white and then reddened. "Oh!"

She laughed, gave him a derisive, pitying look, and returned to her chair.

"You've got it at last."

"But this boy came from Trenton, Hillie. Trenton is a long way from Birmingham, Alabama."

"That's not my business. I've told you everything I know."

He sat plunged in thought, thinking first of Doris, then of Maida, then of Hillie herself—Hillie, who had once liked and been liked by Doris.

"They say a woman can't keep a secret," he said presently, "and I guess it's right, only in a different way. You've kept this one, Hillie girl, and it's almost killed you."

The kindliness was back in his voice and she knew that he was his helpful self again. She gave him a grateful look.

"You don't know how much better I feel, Houston." Her lips trembled, but did not twitch. "You'll never know!"

"There, there! You and I have got to think this thing out together—find out if it's so, and then think it out all round."

It was his turn to stare at the floor. Supposing the thing to be true—and he had already agreed with himself to believe it—already there were two Dorises—his own dear Doris, unchanged, just as beloved as ever, and this other girl by the same name. There were two Maidas—his dear wife, who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him through every happiness and grief, and this other Maida, who had perhaps felt what he had felt, tormented herself, and like him, dared to say nothing, admit nothing, not even to her own heart.

Most puzzling of all, there were three Harry's—his dead son, his refound living son, and Harry Galloway, a boy to whom he had been strangely drawn from the first time he laid eyes on him. His mind leaped to the Galloways, John and his wife. You'd have to think of them too. You'd have to remember that the boy was theirs not only by law but by the twining hold of the growing fibers of their hearts.

"How can you find out for certain?" asked Hillie.

"Eh? Oh! Well, there's a judge in Trenton who knows at least the name. That would help, wouldn't it? You'd remember it if you heard it?"

"I'm sure I would."

"Then there's the man who gave him the old dog. He must have known him before the judge did, but perhaps not very long before, because dogs don't live forever. Then there's the best of the lot—the boy himself."

"For some reason he won't tell," said Hillie.

"How do you know?"

"I tried to get him to—long ago."

"Did you ask him point-blank?"

"No. I don't remember. I don't think I did."

"That's where you went wrong. I shall ask him point-blank, straight out, and that's the way he'll answer, or say why. But before I do that there's one thing I've got to settle with you."

"What is it?"

"You did a wrong thing, Hillie. You've paid pretty heavy, quite aside from blaming yourself for what had to happen to the boys, but everything you've paid so far will count for nothing at all if you should tell anybody else what you've told me. You've unburdened yourself, you've handed over your secret to me. From now on you let me have the disposal of it, to tell it to whom I please, to keep it from whom I please, whoever the person may be."

"I'm more than willing. You don't have to urge me."

"I have an idea it's going to be a little more like old times with you," said the colonel encouragingly. "You can forget all this and be cheerful again. You had a home with us when you were the gayest of the gay, and during all the years you've been like a death's head at the feast; but if ever your tongue should slip as regards this one thing, Hillie, whether you meant it to or not, you would go out of my house and you'd never come back, not even to be buried from my door."

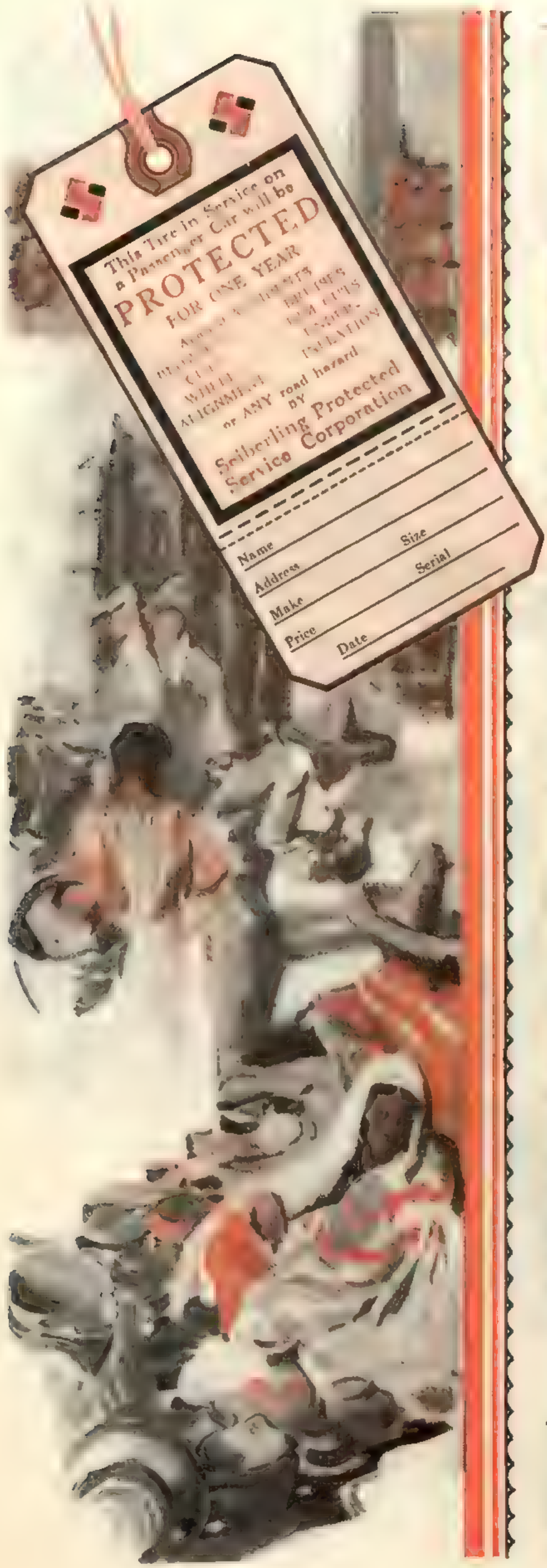
"Did you have to say that?" asked Hillie, her face white with the hurt.

"Yes, I had to say it for one big reason, and for your own sake. I had to say it because you don't love Doris the way I do. You haven't loved her for a long time and you might not understand until it was too late that as far as this home is concerned she's still the most important person in the whole world."

A few minutes later he was out of the house alone, carrying his dead cigar in his fingers and sometimes puffing at it without knowing it was dead. He was hatless, and though the evening was cool, he did not notice that either. He walked on the great front veranda, but the noise of his own footsteps annoyed him so much that he went down on the lawn and out under the trees. He would take a few steps and then stop stock-still and stand for a long time, as immobile and upright as a pillar.

In the light of the stupendous possibility that Harry was his son he was following out each thread of the unraveled lives around him—Maida's, Hillie's, Billy's, the Galloways', Harry's, Doris' and his own. Where did each thread lead now? Where would it lead in the event that all were known to all? Who would benefit and who would lose? If the thing were to be told to some and not to all, then to whom? With whom would it be safe? What if he said nothing, told nothing, made no change? But that

(Continued on Page 80)



Vanishing Frontiers

*An Editorial by F. A. Seiberling**

One are the old frontiers! They have vanished before an army of travelers such as the world had never known. Over hundreds of thousands of miles of paved highway we travel with never a barrier from coast to coast—from Maine to New Mexico.

And vanishing, too, are old frontiers of custom and of commerce.

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F. A. Seiberling

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Practically every major improvement in tire manufacturing—in tire construction—bears the imprint of his inventive genius, or has been developed under his direction and leadership.

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from Maine to New Mexico

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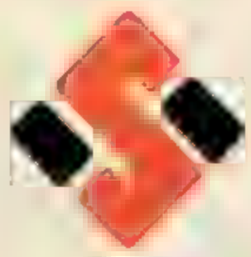

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AT LEFT: *Chic one-piece, club-striped "travelo" SwimSuit with attached trunks, one button at shoulder; style W225.*

AT RIGHT: *Smart "travelo" SwimSuit consisting of club-striped shirt, style M256; navy flannel trunks, style M171.*

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(Continued from Page 76

would be beyond the bounds of his own endurance, unfair to Maida and unjust to the boy.

But perhaps it would be best, after all; perhaps he would have to endure it as he had already endured so many other unendurable griefs. Perhaps the only fair thing to do would be to be unfair, to practice injustice that justice might prevail. Words! Words! Who was he to govern the planets or assign sequence to a Pleiad? He strolled slowly around the end of the house and across the line, sharply defined, which divided shadow from a flood of moonlight. He was searching only by the vaguest intention for Doris and Harry.

Almost without knowing how it came about, he was looking at them—had been looking directly at them for several seconds.

Abruptly he forgot all that had happened in the last hour. So completely was it wiped from his mind that he could see nothing but outrage in the fact that his girl, his daughter, was half lying in the arms of an upstart guest whom he had been so rash as to bring to his house when by rights he should have been sent to the stables.

Oddly enough, in that moment he was more unjust to Harry, less impartial, far less benignant, than he would have been had no astounding interlude crashed in upon the natural progress of their friendship. A few hours ago, talking to John Galloway, he had been able to envisage just such an issue as this without throwing a class-conscious fit; but now all he could see was that this boy, being what he was, had violated an ancient code and played him a scurvy trick.

Still unreasonably angry, he stepped nearer, paused and came once more to a stop. The late moon poured its slanting rays full on the bench and its occupants—two children in a single coat—but that was not what the colonel saw. In the boy's face he beheld the selfsame steadfast light which illumined the crusades and looked by right upon the Holy Grail—a light which persists today only in the eyes of the dreaming young.

He suffered a sudden and fundamental reversion. Was this his son, his flesh? Had his own face ever harbored such a look of sheer resolve and incandescent faith? He drew a long deep breath of relief, of surcease from doubts and fears. Here was his ally, his comrade, a stout staff for his vacillations and his old age. He stepped forward and out, full into the purview of that fixed gaze.

The boy did not move. "She's asleep, sir," he explained in a whisper.

They stared at each other until the colonel felt he was getting the worst of it.

"Then wake her up," he commanded in a loud voice.

Doris awoke, protesting, was released and struggled to her feet. She looked first at Harry, a strange possessive and inclusive look, and then at the colonel.

"You'd better stand up, Harry. I guess we're in for it."

Harry arose to stand beside her, and as the colonel looked up at them he was conscious of more than relief. The alleviation which attends the first stirrings of the inventive faculty and waits hand and foot upon the creative power took possession of him and from that moment he began to see his way clear.

"I suppose you two are old enough to know that you are really man and woman?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"I was speaking to you as well, Doris."

"Yes, father."

"Well, Harry, that being the case, were you merely philandering—or necking, as they call it nowadays?"

"You know I wasn't."

"You'd be glad to marry her?"

"If she'll wait for me. Anyway, I'll never want to marry anybody else."

"What about you, Doris?"

"Harry knows."

"What does that mean?"

"He knows."

"For the peace of mind of all concerned," decided the colonel, "you may consider yourselves engaged. Kiss him good night, Doris." It was an order and she obeyed. "Now go to bed. Not you, Harry—I want to have a talk with you."

XVII

THE colonel led the way to his study, ushered Harry in ceremoniously, closed the heavy door and locked it.

"Don't be nervous," he said reassuringly; "I'm only making certain we won't be disturbed or overheard." He added with what he realized was a weak attempt at joviality, "I mean in case anybody should feel you might need protection."

"Doris wouldn't do a thing like that; she wouldn't listen at any door," said Harry loyally. "Besides, she knows I can take care of myself."

"Most naturally it doesn't occur to you," observed the colonel, "that Doris is not the only person in the house." He saw the boy's eyes light on the big desk and stop with a glimmer of surprise. "No," he said with a smile, "I don't keep all these books, but I go over them every week, or when I get back from a trip. Come over here; this will be Lesson Number One in the running of Alloway Deep. Take a look."

It pleased him to dally with the great secret locked in his breast. He would let it peep through a window or a crack in the door, but he wouldn't let it out for a long time. Who knew? Perhaps it was all a dream, a concoction of Hillie's troubled brain brewed to blend with his own subconscious aspiration. But he was only titillating his senses with anticipation. Fear had lost its grip on him in the presence of the living evidence. He convinced himself that he now saw a striking resemblance to Maida and half a dozen Kent tricks, the way the boy walked, that peculiar erect carriage ——

"I had no idea it was like this, sir. There's a profit-and-loss account for every horse and mare and a whole book for the stud. What's this item though? It's in all of them."

"Overhead? I'll show you." For an hour they weaved back and forth through a slowly clarifying maze of figures. "You begin to see how it is, don't you? At the end of any week I could strike a trial balance and tell you more or less where Kent Acres stands as an industry—what's paying, what isn't and what's costing like the devil. Just as my stables buy my own hay at the market, Mr. Galloway will have to buy anything you grow that he needs at your local prices."

"I think I'll leave tomorrow, colonel. I've got to get busy."

"But what about Doris?" teased the colonel.

"That's why," said Harry gravely. "It's it's going to take me a long time and I'd better start."

"Sit down. We've still got to have our talk, Harry. You realize there are a few things I've got a right to ask, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I'll answer anything I can, colonel."

"How old are you?"

"I think I'm nineteen or twenty."

"Don't you know?"

Harry flushed a little, but his eyes did not waver. "I think it's just about twenty."

"Have you had any schooling?"

"Yes, sir. I'm a graduate of the Salem High School."

"Well, that's something. You talk very well and I suppose you know enough about bookkeeping to handle ledgers like those I showed you."

"There's nothing there I couldn't learn to do."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Harry. You know that, don't you?"

"You couldn't hurt my feelings, colonel. Go ahead."

"John Galloway told me about your being a taken child—about adopting you. Do you remember who your real folks were?"

"Of course. I had a father and mother and three sisters. There was a fire and they were all burned when I was about eight years old. My father was a policeman, so the force took up a collection for me, but they sent me to the County Home for Boys and ——"

"Wait a minute. I've been feeling around a bit before tonight and it seems you've been particularly careful all your life about keeping your true name to yourself. I have an idea that's what you're doing now. Even John Galloway says he doesn't know it. What I've got to know is whether there's any particular reason and what it is."

Harry frowned and then laughed. "Well, there was a reason for a long time, colonel. You see, I kept running away from the county home, and every time they'd catch me and fetch me back, so when I ran away again—when I really got away—I wasn't taking any chances. I wasn't going to get shipped back again if I could help it, and I sort of got the habit of keeping my mouth shut."

"They must have treated you pretty badly there."

"No, sir, they did not. Nobody has ever treated me badly." He frowned. "I don't know how it is about the stories you read, but I don't think people are given to treating children badly. They never did me."

"I don't suppose you've got anything to prove what your name was?"

Harry thought for a minute and then his face brightened. "Yes, sir, I have." He took a tattered piece of folded paper from his wallet and read it gravely before handing it over. "I always carry it with me on account of Banco being such a valuable dog," he explained.

The colonel read the tattered bill of sale carefully, folded it and handed it back.

"It isn't exactly a birth certificate," he said with a smile, "but it helps." He picked up a paper cutter and began bending it back and forth between his strong fingers. "By the way, where were you born?"

"Birmingham, Alabama."

The paper cutter snapped in two. So it was true—all true—thought the colonel; he didn't have to dally with conviction any longer. This was his boy, his son, given to him in his advancing years as a recompense from relenting fate and without the intervention of a miracle. If the lad had not been horse-proud by inheritance, if he had not stood out from the throng at that long-ago sale as one in whom coursed the blood of a born lover of the breed, he might never have come back; he might never have been traced even had Hillie been driven by other impulses to confession.

But he was not ready yet to pass on the revelation. His mind reverted to the solace of the inventive urge and remembered the nascent promise of creative power. He measured the boy, studied his points as he might have any colt, any other futurity candidate, and found him peculiarly endowed for the pace he would have to go. It was true he was very young, far under the usual age, but on the other hand he was well grown, seriously intent on whatever business was to the fore, and matured far beyond his years. At twenty he was as independent and as far advanced in the basic elements of living as most pampered youths of thirty.

"Harry, you heard me say you and Doris might consider yourselves engaged?"

"I was there; I couldn't help but hear it."

"Did you think I was joking at the time?"

"I thought you were passing the buck because you were afraid of Doris."

There was a pause during which the colonel barely managed to preserve his gravity.

"Why did you think that," he asked. "Are you afraid of her?"

"No, sir."

"Why not? Do you think you're a better fighter than I am?"

"It isn't that exactly, but I know how it is with her and she knows how it is with me.

(Continued on Page 85)

COMFORT

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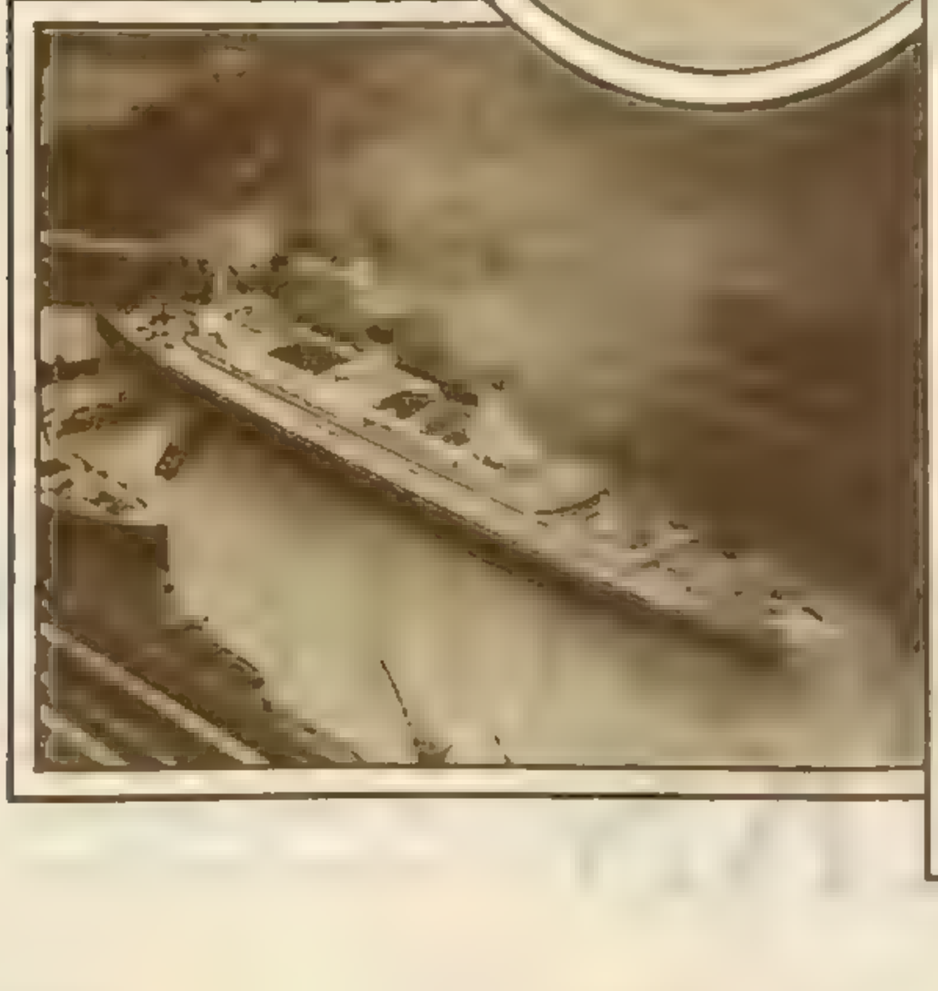
(*below*) THE BIGGEST SHIPS AFLOAT, the *S. S. Majestic* (pictured at her dock in Southampton) and the *S. S. Leviathan* are lubricated with Gargoyle Marine Oils, sister lubricants to Gargoyle Mobiloil. The thousands of motorists carried to Europe every year by these ships find Mobiloil the most popular oil among experienced car-owners in every country they visit.



(*right*) WASHINGTON TO LOS ANGELES in 3 days with Mobiloil. When Cannon Ball Baker, champion road driver, broke the coast-to-coast stock car record by 6 hours with his Falcon Knight, he wired the Vacuum Oil Company: " . . . used Mobiloil throughout the trip. Motor never faltered once. Much credit for the run is due wonderful service given by your oil. I congratulate you on your real lubricant." 3198 miles in 73 hours, 47 minutes!

(*left*) CORRECT LUBRICATION IN EGYPT. This Arab boy is making good use of a 1-quart Mobiloil can, the original contents of which have long since been put to good use in protecting somebody's Model T Ford against the hard going over desert trails. Looks as though the motorist had left his shoes behind, too. *Photo by Hazenmos*

(*above*) DARKEST AFRICA has had its burdens made considerably lighter since the coming of the automobile. This native trading-post 400 miles from Nairobi, British East Africa, supplies Mobiloil to the motorized hunting expeditions that pass through for the big game regions where rough going gives oil its hardest job.

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(*below*) WHERE THE DAWN comes up like thunder in the Far East, it is more than likely to reveal the Gargoyle trade-mark on Mobiloil cans and cases. Sunrise at Singapore finds this Malay sloop pushing off from the Mobiloil steamer with a cargo of the world's quality oil for the Straits Settlements. Because of its heat-resisting qualities Mobiloil is almost always used by experienced motorists in equatorial lands.

(*above*) MOBILOIL'S FARTHEST NORTH is the North Pole. Commander Byrd's crew pouring the world's quality oil into the tanks of his tri-motored plane at Spitzbergen shortly before his take-off for the North Pole. Commander Byrd wired the Vacuum Oil Company at the end of the flight: "Mobiloil functioned perfectly on 16-hour Polar Flight under severe operating conditions."

ROUND THE WORLD with Mobil- mechanics preparing the planes of Army Round-the-World fliers for the t Santa Monica, Cal. All these in- ots used the world's quality oil that historic globe-girding flight.

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Wide World Photo

(*above*) FOR THE FLIVVERS IN ARGENTINA. A truckload of Mobiloil at the Ford agency in San Rafael, Province of Mendoza. The new Model A Ford is still scarce in Argentina, but there will be plenty of Mobiloil "A" awaiting its arrival.

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(Continued from Page 80)

I guess that doesn't mean much to anybody but us, but anyway, I'm not afraid of her."

"Well, I'll tell you. I really meant it about your being engaged. For reasons it's no use going into now, and which would naturally surprise you, I'm not inclined to stand in your way."

"Thank you, sir."

"Whoa now, I'm not through. There are certain people those reasons can't reach at present—Mrs. Kent, for instance. She likes you and I believe she could easily love you, but I doubt whether those beginnings are strong enough yet to stand up against certain apparent disadvantages we won't trouble to name."

"You mean my being a taken child and poor."

"Well, you've named them for me; and without flattering you, I can say you've named about all I can think of with the exception of your being so young. Besides Mrs. Kent, there's the world at large and how it would strike people in general to look on during a long engagement. Because, after all, the public has some rights. We can kick about it as much as we like, but the public still manages to enforce what you might call a nuisance interest in what we do. On the other hand, it is quick to swallow and forget an event, a *fait accompli*, which is French for an accomplished fact. Do you begin to get where I'm heading?"

"No, sir."

"Then hold your horses, because we're going to talk turkey. What I'm trying to suggest to you is that, all things considered, it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to grow too impatient to wait for an elaborate ceremony."

There was a weighty pause while Harry frowned and delved deep for the colonel's motive and object.

"You mean, to elope with Doris?"

For a moment the colonel thought of making another attempt at joviality, but recognizing the impulse as a sign of nervousness on his part, and in deference to an odd look in the boy's face, he changed his mind.

"Yes," he said bluntly, "that's what I meant."

"Well," said Harry, flushing a deep pink, "I won't do it."

"You won't!" cried the colonel, genuinely taken aback. "Why not?"

"Because I won't."

"Are you a woman, to give me an answer like that?" cried the colonel, exasperated at the sudden deflation of his precious kite balloon. "Is that a reason?"

Harry fixed him with his gray eyes. "It's the best reason in the world, colonel, and you know it. What kind of a scab do you take me for anyway? I'll marry Doris all right if she'll have me, but it won't be by snatching her out of somebody's goldfish bowl when somebody isn't looking. No, sir; not even if it's owner's orders."

The colonel began to think, and as he thought his anger and chagrin melted away. He remembered that this was his son, and with that glowing recollection came the ability to put himself in the boy's place. By Jove, he was right! What a figure of shame he would have cut if he had been as big a fool as his father! Recognized or not recognized as a scion of the house he had rifled, he would still have been branded for all time as the hobbledehoy fortune hunter who had outwitted his host.

The colonel realised that he would have to discover some other means to bind Doris, without her knowledge, against any eventuality. His mood changed from one of inane pride in his own powers to humility, and he felt a sober need for help. Presently his eyes, still resting on the boy, telegraphed his brain frantically that all he had to do to be saved was to hold out his hand.

Immediately a profound calm settled on his spirit. He began to talk almost casually, but with shrewd little touches which would guide Harry's mind by a gradual deviation into the channel he wished it to follow to an amazing end. He described the hospital in Birmingham, pictured the mysteries of the maternity clinics, aroused interest in the strange scene to a high pitch, and only then told Hillie's story as simply as he could. When he had finished there was a long silence while boy and man regarded each other in silence out of an inarticulate and momentarily insensible No Man's Land of emotion.

Harry was the first to recover sufficiently to move. Turning his head slowly, he studied everything in the room deliberately, appearing to include the colonel only as among the other primordial fixtures. It was a noble room, not large, but ingrained and sturdy like polished heart of oak. It had an atmosphere of permanence, of having been before man and intending to endure beyond him, not in isolated magnificence but merely as a continuing hospitable foil to progressive generations.

Harry's eyes returned to his father's face and he smiled from ear to ear. "It's been some different from this, sir."

It was as though he had summed up all regrets, all recriminations, in that one comprehensive phrase and kissed them good-by. With the same scanty clause he had managed to make his declaration of acceptance of a tremendous fact, and somehow it was enough. They looked at each other steadily, perhaps a little moistly, each grateful for the other's calm, and knew that understanding was to be their lot. They might differ; it was conceivable that they might even war; but never would they misread motive with the tragic results which dog the stumbling footsteps of the unattuned. The colonel perceived that they were to be more than father and son—friends, partners, perhaps fellow conspirators. He reverted to what was the cardinal point in his own mind.

"How does it make you feel about Doris?" he asked.

"In what way?"

"Well, do you feel any different about her?"

"No, sir. Why?"

"That's the way it was with me," explained the colonel. "Being my daughter or not being my daughter hasn't seemed to be able to change Doris as Doris in the slightest. What she was she still is, one and only."

"I see," said Harry thoughtfully. "At first I couldn't imagine what you were driving at. Of course if I'm your son she can't be your daughter, and yet, as you say, you can't think of her as being anything else and neither can I." He frowned. "It wouldn't do her any good, as far as I can see, to know different. It isn't as if she had any folks left, because she hasn't."

"That's so," said the colonel, and waited.

"There's a lot of difference," continued Harry, "between being pulled up and being hauled down. I mean, you can get over being pulled up a lot easier." He looked up with a humorously supplicating smile. "You won't feel sore if I say something, will you?"

"I don't think I will," said the colonel encouragingly.

"If it's going to hurt Doris or change her from the way she is, I don't think I can be your son."

That brought the colonel up out of his chair all standing. He came around from behind the desk.

"Stand up, Harry. Let's see how tall you are." He threw his arm around the boy's shoulders, his hand closing and unclosing on his biceps with a sort of tensile hunger. "You're a grown man, all right, inside and out."

Presently they were standing side by side at the window, with the curtains drawn wide and the shade up. They could see the stables, looking low and sleepy, the white lines of the paddock fences, and beyond, the hazy, glimmering moon-swept grassland. It was as though the peace in their souls had overflowed and spread as far as the eye could reach. Time ceased for them, as it always does cease for the sublimely happy. They stood and talked and planned and conspired.

It was agreed that Harry should go ahead as arranged with the rehabilitation of Alloway Deep except that he was to be allowed ample funds to remodel the house, erect new stables and—most important of all—lay in his fertilizers by the carload. He was to have unstinted advice from the Kent Acres farmer as to methods for bringing back the soil, the scheme being to go in for alfalfa on such a scale as would either make him a small fortune out of his percentage or put a serious dent in the colonel's bank account.

It was enough of a gamble to save his self-respect before the unknowing world, and on the issue depended more than met the eye. Success meant that he could court Doris with dignity as soon as it was assured or even in prospect; failure, that he would have to wait and try again. Never had stout heart greater incentive, for here was no empty game. If Doris was to live on untroubled in the paradise she had always known and had been so magnanimously willing to share, it behooved him to make good or confess a weakness verging on betrayal.

"Then there's Maida, your mother," murmured the colonel. "I'm going up to her now. Better hang around for a bit, or you can go to your room and not take off your clothes until I tell you."

"Doesn't she know?" asked Harry wonderingly.

"No, my boy. I didn't know it myself until a couple of hours ago."

A rap sounded on the door. They both heard it, but only stared at each other helplessly without speaking, Harry thinking of Doris and the colonel of his wife. The knock came again.

"Who's there?" asked the colonel finally.

"It's Hillie, Houston. Let me in."

He unlocked and opened the door. She slipped by him quickly, a swirling, slender figure, hair down her back and her hands holding closed about her a silken fur-trimmed negligee.

"I've remembered it," she said breathlessly, "so I had to come."

"Remembered what?" asked the colonel, frowning.

"The name. It was Logan."

"Oh, yes. Well, I knew that already, Hillie." He stood for a moment thinking. After all, here was proof, had he still wanted it. She could not have overheard what never had been spoken, for he remembered he had got the name only from reading the bill of sale. "But now that you're here, you might as well stay for a minute. Tell her, Harry, and tell her straight."

He went out, closing the door behind him, and Harry found himself face to face with the woman he and John Galloway had reluctantly decided was crazy—only she did not look crazy tonight. Her face and her eyes seemed newly alive, as if blood had been let into the dried-up veins. She smiled at his embarrassment and he was startled into wondering if he was going to like her, now she didn't seem crazy any more.

"Welcome home, Harry Kent," she whispered.

"No, no!" he cried. "I guess that's what the colonel meant when he said to tel. you straight. I'm Harry Galloway still, Miss Truman, and I guess I will be for a long time—perhaps until he dies. You'd better remember that or you'll be spoiling everything."

"Don't worry, Harry Galloway," she said, still with that warm smile in her eyes and on her thin lips. "I've had enough of meddling for one life."

Harry was in his room; he sat on the edge of his bed and waited. It did not seem so very long before the colonel came in search of him.

"You'd better come," he whispered. "She said she didn't care to hear the rest—she wanted you."

Whatever happened between Harry and his mother, it left him shaken as he had never been shaken before. What he remembered most as he rushed back half

(Continued on Page 88)

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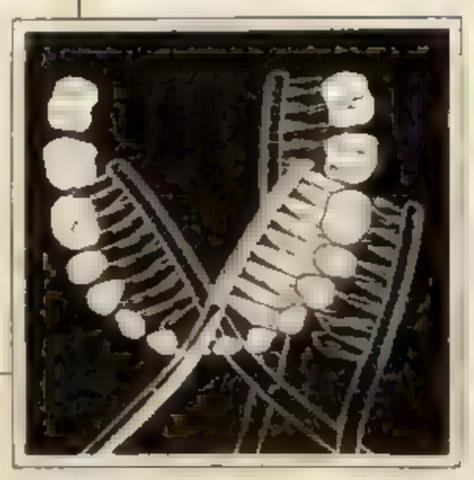

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(Continued from Page 85)

blindly from seeing her and closed the door was her quietness without calm, the stillness of her lovely room, its air of refuge without peace, of grief bowing the knee to a smiling courage. There were things far more intimate, but they were blurred—things like the feel of her hands as she drew him down, of her lips against his cheek as they murmured words neither he nor she could hear, but that would keep on ringing in his ears as long as he lived.

The colonel agreed that it was well he should hasten his departure. As a sop to Doris it was arranged that she and the colonel, with Mrs. Kent, if she felt equal to the trip, should visit Alloway Deep within a week. To make it definite, Harry was instructed in Doris' presence to engage rooms at the hotel in Salem. He left on the following day, accompanied, as always, by Banco, but leaving Pickpacker behind to complete his cure.

Only when he was being driven down the long familiar lane in a hired jitney did he feel his first qualm. After all, what would Doris, coming from Kent Acres, think of this place? Would she understand why he loved it now? Seeing it today, would she be able to see it as he saw it tomorrow? Then he took heart as the drowsy loveliness gripped him. Everything was old and dilapidated on the surface—the ancient house, the soil, even John Galloway and his wife, but the foundations—all their foundations—were solid.

Then, almost before he knew it, the hour was upon him and they were there; not Mrs. Kent, but the others—Doris and the colonel. John Galloway was still at home for the last days of the two weeks' lay-off. He sat on a stout chair he had brought into the sitting room from the kitchen, because his own habitual niche of comfort was occupied by Colonel Kent. Ma Galloway was in her usual seat, pretending to sew.

But in reality she was watching Doris and Harry, sitting side by side on the old horsehair sofa. Ma's eyes would have been as big as saucers had they equaled the breathless grandeur of her secret thoughts. As if consummation outdistanced her half-formed aspirations and were intent on treading on the heels of premonition, she saw their hands steal toward each other and their fingers lock. Never was brazen action less self-conscious. Her wisp of a body thrilled like a taut wire in the wind. She took off her dimmed glasses as though to wipe them, but instead she had to blow her nose.

The colonel's roving eye discovered the large framed photograph of a horse, hung askew upon the wall before him, and immediately he was at ease.

"What's that you got there, John?"

"Don't you know, colonel?"

"It's never Triple D?"

"That's him—Triple D."

Doris turned her head, looked up, released her hand and lifted the frame from off its hook. She looked again and gave a tiny gasp of loving admiration. She had never seen this horse in life, because she was too young, but here he was before her in the very pride of his youth. There was that about him so friendly to man, so beautiful, so gently bred, that he seemed to step out of the faded picture to rub his silken nose against her arm. "Oh, you darling!" she murmured with a caught laugh. "Why didn't I know you?"

"Funny thing about that hoss," remarked Mr. Galloway—"he was gun-shy."

"Gun-shy?" exclaimed the colonel.

"Yes, sir. If you should of carried an empty gun past his stable he'd of gone clean through the roof. It was on account of Old Man Ellsberg over to Berry Chapel that owned him getting so mad he used to lam at him with a charge of birdshot."

"Wait a minute, John, wait a minute!" said the colonel, leaning forward in his chair. "You start this story from the beginning—from the day that horse was foaled."

"It begun 'way before that," said Mr. Galloway, his half-absent eyes crinkling at the corners. "Gentleman born, if there ever was one, but the funny thing is we don't know who was his mother—I mean we don't know it to rights, family name and all that." Doris looked up from the picture and fastened her eyes on the speaker's face. "We seen her often enough, but that ain't what I mean," he continued. "She come here with a scraggy lot from somewhere south of Norfolk and Old Man Ellsberg bought her for junk—leastways until he hitched her to a wagon. She was rat-tailed and covered with fleabites from her crupper to the end of her long nose; but, colonel, you could put your two hands around her neck behind the ears and her eyes stuck out so far we was all dumb not to see she was a lady, blood and bone.

"Anyways, she was so ugly that when Ellsberg brought her over with his fee in his pocket Mr. Dillon refused her for his first-line stud and the old man sez, 'Oh, hell, breed her to anything.' So we bred her to a good enough hoss of the Axworthy strain that had never seen the track by reason of an injury, and what come of it was this here Triple D. Nobody ever seen him as a youngster to speak of, buried away like he was, but from all accounts he was as sweet and pretty the day he was foaled as the day he died, white all over when the sun shone one way and dappled as a poplar when it shone another.

"Likewise, he was full of a laughing devil. No fence meant no more to him than a crack in the floor does to you. Whatever he seed that he thought he wanted, he'd jump over and get it, and that was when the Old Man used to run out and plug his lovely hide full of birdshot to make him jump back. No breaking him, either; so finally old Ellsberg gets so mad he gives him outright to his son."

"What a brute!" breathed Doris, tears in her eyes.

"Yes'm, nobody ever denied the Old Man being kinda rough; he didn't deny it himself. But you can imagine what a boy along sixteen years old would do with a colt like that. He started in to live with him, morning, noon and night, and before you knowed it, they was friends and the colt would well-nigh have laid on his back and let him tickle his belly with a pitchfork. So the next thing you knew that was the horse-proudest boy in three counties. Every day and Saturday nights he could beat the living lights out of anything on the road in harness. No stinking motor cars in them days, colonel."

"No, sir!"

"Fair week come along and Mr. Dillon sent over the Ajax black, Sid Weisenhoffer up, to walk away with what money there was in the one big race. Everybody thought it was kind of small of Mr. Dillon and mostly ducked, all except this here Ellsberg boy. Not knowing no better, he turned up with his nameless hoss looking almighty pretty, only he was hitched to a common high-wheeled road cart that showed up so queer beside Sid's fancy bike that the crowd give the boy the ha-ha. But they didn't laugh none after the first heat. Cart and all, the gray-white colt, looking like a flying patch of dappled moonlight, streaked the living legs off the Ajax black and romped in alone.

"Well, sir, Sid allowed it was all his job was worth to lose that measly pot, owner absent, and in the second heat he goes right after the money the way he knows he can get it. He starts in after the first turn to crowd the cart on top the pole, and you can believe me or not, but that Ellsberg boy was such a natural he never knowed he was being crowded. So he keeps on heading for ruin as calm as you please, when all of a sudden the hickory spokes of the old cart catches holt of the left wheel of the bike and rips it off like a kid pulling a toy to pieces. Yes, sir. Without even knowing he done it, the boy left Sid sitting in the middle of the track and drove hell-bent-for-leather all the way to the wire."

"Then what happened?" demanded the insatiable colonel.

"Then, of course, I bought him for Mr. Dillon," replied John Galloway. "It had to be for Mr. Dillon," he added sadly; "it's always had to be for somebody else, and not for me." He drew a deep reminiscent sigh. "Well, you remember what he done. Him not having any lineage we knowed on, but all the breeding of a prince, we named him Triple D for Dillon, and with three months' training he stepped out and won all his races from Maine to Kentucky, just to prove God meant him for a nobleman."

"Please, Mr. Galloway," whispered Doris, half sniffling, "would you—do you think you could give me this picture?"

"Sho now, Miss Kent, you can have anything there is on the place. Can't she, ma?"

"Of course she can," gulped Mrs. Galloway, not trusting her voice to say more.

Doris looked at her with a wavering smile, a look as straight as an arrow and as strong as a cord.

"Even Harry?"

"Yes," said ma, the tears running unheeded down her cheeks, "even Harry."

(THE END)

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The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 4)

Spanish moss, held triangular cypress trees and water oaks; flowers, white iris, trumpet flowers and bay blossom grew; there were Spanish bayonets and pampas grass; and, moving through the unsubstantial tangles, there were cane-biters, catamounts, opossum, vindictive squirrels and snakes.

The deep South, like a conservatory, was sweet with flowers. The isolated burial grounds, approached through avenues of cedars, shaded with willows and live oaks and linden, were planted with white flowers—cape jasmines, bridal wreath, white japonica, sweet alyssum and white althea. In the strange white radiance of Alabama moonlight, white flowers—Cherokee roses, the night-blooming cereus, moonflowers and honeysuckle—are sweeter than at any other time. Perhaps they are sweeter in the moonlight of Alabama than anywhere else. There were camphor trees and ivy and dark red roses, Richmond and Jacqueminot. In the earliest spring snowdrops were followed by jonquils and hyacinths and narcissus in fragrant groups along the south walls.

The elaborate gardens were laid out in formal walks, with labyrinths and fountains, leaden statues and marble urns, with magnolias and bay and laurel, crape myrtles and oleanders; but the little gardens were simple with flowers—cross vine, yellow jasmines, seven sisters, snow on the mountain, banana shrub, verbenas and spiced pinks. Especial trees had a romantic significance—the catalpas, Indian cigar trees, tulips, hackberry trees and palma Christi. In the Black Belt there were sweet gum, red oak and willow oaks and evergreens; the sandy lands had willow and bay, spruce pine and cottonwoods; in the red hills there were loblolly pine, magnolia, dogwood and holly. Haw trees were common, and giant pecans, pomegranates and mulberry trees, and everywhere lavender.

Yet, against all that tenderness of beauty, in spite of an apparent transcendent peace, the intense heat bred its intensity of emotion, a dangerous bitterness of conviction, hatred together with loyalty and a fatal pride. The deep South reacted deeply, darkly, from its heart; its passions were not tempered by deliberate intelligence. It had, together with its fineness, an unrestrained brutality of act destructive like the blaze of its sun. It had an integrity, but it was not the measured dignity of mind. Its integrity, as I have said, lay in the virtues of extreme loyalty and unassailable courage. It was magnificent in battle—in battle rather than in war. After all, it was General Lee, Virginia, who led the South; but he had Alabama tigers to lead; men born for fighting, capable of fighting throughout all their long or short lives. They made the four years of the Confederacy possible. Then they, too, vanished.

The First Battle of Manassas was fought in July, 1861. It was the result of political impatience in Washington, and ended in a potential Confederate victory. The victory, however, came only with the late arrival of reënforcements after a threatened disaster to the Southern Army. Joseph E. Johnston, who had been guarding the Valley of the Shenandoah with 9000 men, eluded the Union commander, Patterson, with 20,000 men, and joined Beauregard at Manassas—Manassas or Bull Run. The Confederates, actually, were in flight when they encountered Thomas J. Jackson's brigade standing on the Henry House plateau. It was Jackson's calm idea that the time had come for the bayonet; almost immediately the retreat was in the opposite direction.

Mr. Davis, in Richmond with his government, took a train for the battle. At Manassas Junction he was overwhelmed with disordered fragments of his army; the air was thick with the dust from retreating wagon trains; there was a continuous sound of cannon, and the conductor refused to go farther. Mr. Davis, with an aide-de-camp, continued in the locomotive. They secured horses at General Johnston's headquarters, and, in the solemn cloth of administration, a stovepipe hat, Mr. Davis rode among his troops, urging them to return to the front. They had, in reality, already been victorious.

Affairs in the deep South had not been so simple, so sharply drawn. The governor of Missouri, in the best oratorical manner of his day, responded definitely to Mr. Lincoln's call for volunteers:

> Your requisition, in my judgment, is illegal, unconstitutional and revolutionary in its object, inhuman and diabolical. Not one man will the state of Missouri furnish to carry on any such unholy crusade.

In the face of that, Francis P. Blair, Jr., with the assistance of General Curtis, drove the Confederate General Van Dorn out of the state; the Northern victory at Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, held Missouri in the Union. The governor of Kentucky was in favor of secession, but the legislature opposed it. Alabama had been one of the first group of states to withdraw; there was opposition to secession, led by Robert Toombs, in Georgia; and throughout the war Tennessee, although a great majority of the state voted for separation, had two local governments.

In the February of 1862 a General Grant had reduced Fort Henry on the Tennessee River and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. This settled the question of Kentucky—the state issued a proclamation of neutrality—and brought about the fall of Nashville. The Union army advanced and practically cut Tennessee off from the South. In March, Grant was on the Tennessee River, at Pittsburg Landing. Beauregard—hurried south to support Albert Sidney Johnston—and Johnston were at Corinth with 40,000 men and Johnston was insistent on an advance in force. Beauregard was very doubtful about attacking the Northern base; but battle—the Battle of Shiloh Church—was prepared. The armies then were so close together that when General Beauregard ordered the beating of a drum stopped he discovered that it was in the Union ranks.

Grant's forces lay between deep creeks, their backs to the river; only the full front was exposed and retreat was impossible. Johnston was joined by Braxton Bragg. The Right Reverend the Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, Leonidas Polk, become a soldier, was with him. The troops of the North and South were practically equal. On Saturday—it was the fifth of April—the Confederates advanced in heavy rain; it grew worse and at midnight they stood at arms through a violent downpour. Sunday was very beautiful and Johnston was drinking his morning coffee, at a quarter-past five, when the first cannon sounded. The army of the North was completely unprepared for attack; sentinels were on ordinary beat, details for brigade guard and fatigue duty marching to their posts. Before eight o'clock Johnston had carried the camp of the Sixth Union Division—its colors and arms, stores and ammunition, abandoned

The men's breakfasts stood on the tables, the officers' baggage and clothes were in the tents. Sherman's camp, then McClernand's, were taken; by ten o'clock all their supplies were captured.

At six o'clock Grant had been engaged with breakfast at Pittsburg Landing when artillery fire was reported and he took a steamboat for the field. He found his troops in complete disorder. Or, rather, it was almost complete—two brigades of Prentiss' division had established themselves in a wood thick with underbrush and for six hours they resisted a massed and continuous attack. The Confederates called the Union position the Hornets' Nest. It was almost evening before Prentiss, with 2200 men, surrendered the Federal center. General Albert Sidney Johnston, charging, was safe through the main affair, but a chance Minié ball cut an artery in his leg and within fifteen minutes he was dead. His surgeon could have saved him, but Johnston had ordered him back to assist the wounded of both sides. Beauregard took command at Shiloh Church, where Sherman had slept the night before.

The Union Army Disbanded

The Confederates, before the day was over, made a last effort to turn the Union left and reach Pittsburg Landing. It was protected, however, by a battery of rifled guns on a hill and two Federal gunboats. The troops of the South had to cross a deep ravine and, under cannon and a terrific rifle fire, take a long steep rise. They advanced again and again, they fought until they had no cartridges at all, and then Beauregard ordered them to withdraw. There were fields at Shiloh so covered with dead that it was possible to walk over them, to walk on the bodies of soldiers, without touching the ground. Through the night the Union army was reënforced. At four o'clock, on Monday morning, the Confederates had moved back of Shiloh Church; the Federal advance rested on its arms and after eight hours' desperate fighting the Southern army was forced to retreat to Corinth.

It was a various and indecisive engagement. At the end of the first day the Union soldiers were falling back in a disordered rabble on Pittsburg Landing; it was impossible to rally them; before the second day was over Beauregard was forced from the field. If he had not persisted in his attacks on the Hornets' Nest, it is possible that General Beauregard would have routed the Union army; it was, in reality, practically routed through an afternoon; either he missed the opportunity for so much or he was unable to pursue it. Beauregard was without Grant's resources, his men were limited, his ammunition always insufficient.

The Battles of the First Manassas and Shiloh were almost identical—they were both in essence Confederate victories, but in the end the completeness, the weight, of victory was lost. After Manassas, the Union soldiers fell back from the Henry House plateau in utter disorder; they pressed through the fords of Bull Run and filled the Warrenton Turnpike with no better than fugitives; they refused to stand at Centerville or at Fairfax Courthouse, and were stopped only by the south bank of the Potomac River. Numbers of them ran over the Long Bridge into Washington

itself. During this Mr. Davis and his generals contented themselves with riding in a serene flood of moonlight over the field of battle. At the end of the first day of Shiloh, Beauregard rested on his arms.

The result was unhappy, nothing was decided, and when nothing, in a military sense, was decided Confederate victories were defeats. They could not wait for accumulations of men and events. Their fervor burned with a clear hot flame, but its fuel was scant; men killed, cartridges exploded, could not be replaced.

In September, 1862, Grant's army was marching toward Kentucky. General Price advanced to prevent this, but before he could join forces with Van Dorn, he was repulsed. He escaped, however, and very soon afterward he was with Van Dorn. At the beginning of October they attacked the Federals at Corinth, but without success. Rosecrans, the Federal leader, was relieved and General Pemberton, from Philadelphia, took command for the South. The winter that followed was, in the aqueous region of the Mississippi River, largely inactive. The Confederate battalions were spread out thinly over an immense country; the Union forces were concentrated under Grant in the formation of his campaign against Vicksburg. In the North, in October, Jackson had been made major general and put in command of the Valley district at Winchester, Virginia. The Valley of the Shenandoah was connected with Richmond by two lines of railroad—the Manassas Gap Railway and the Virginia Central, running from Staunton; at the upper, in reality the south, end of the valley, the Shenandoah River flows in two forks; they combine at Front Royal and from Strasburg north the valley is simplified.

This topography was wholly familiar to General Jackson. He had been born in Clarksburg, westward of the valley—a tall, awkward man with enormous hands and feet and insensible to fatigue. At his father's death the family was literally penniless. His mother married again, but lived for only another year, and at seven Thomas Jackson was an orphan. He managed against so much—or, perhaps, because of it—to get into West Point, where he was laborious and successful rather than distinguished; and in 1851 he was appointed professor of artillery tactics and natural philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute.

In the fall, then, of 1862 he was in command of the Confederate force at Winchester; where, with Ashby's cavalry, he had 10,000 men. General Banks, at Frederick City, had 18,000 Federal soldiers, and the Union General Kelly had 5000 more at Romney. At the end of winter Jackson, however, commanded less than 5000 men. In March he retreated from the greatly superior force of General Shields, but throughout a momentous period he had prevented Northern troops from leaving the valley; and General Lee reënforced Jackson with Ewell's division of 15,000 men. Against Jackson's 20,000 the Union had 65,000 available soldiers—there were 4000 with Milroy at McDowell, a brigade of 2500 near Franklin, where 20,000 more under Frémont were gathering. Banks had fortified Strasburg on the valley turnpike and had 20,000 men at Harrisonburg.

Jackson made a feint toward Richmond. He entrained near Charlottesville—but for Staunton, and on May eighth he fell on Milroy and destroyed him. The broken Union ranks fled to Frémont, at Franklin; and, leaving Ashby's small command to cover his rear, Jackson returned to the valley. On May twenty-first General Jackson moved north over the main turnpike. He shifted rapidly to the left, to the Luray Valley. On the morning of the twenty-second he was marching down the valley road; on the twenty-third he smashed the Union force at Front Royal. He withdrew with practically no losses, and Banks retreated from his fortifications at Strasburg to Winchester; more prudent still, General Banks crossed the Potomac.

On May thirtieth a Federal army retook Front Royal, and Jackson's position was absorbing. Frémont was on the Strasburg road, within eighteen miles of Winchester, with 15,000 men; Banks, at Jackson's rear, had 15,000 more; and Shields with 10,000 men and a second supporting 10,000 was immediately behind. There were 50,000 troops opposed to Jackson's 15,000. He had 2000 prisoners to move, and a double row of wagons, laden with the spoils of Winchester in addition to his equipment and supplies, seven miles long. Well, he checked Frémont and his 15,000 men with Ashby's cavalry six miles west of Strasburg. Jackson kept Shields back with one little brigade, and on the last day of May his main army was bivouacked at Strasburg. Ewell's division relieved Ashby and held Frémont until Jackson's wagon train had passed. The next night his command was at Woodstock, with Ashby guarding the rear. He retreated, closely pursued by Shields and Frémont. The Confederates destroyed three bridges north of Port Republic; they held the bridge there against massed assault; they burned the bridge at North Fork and it took the Federal engineers twenty-four hours to build a pontoon. On June sixth Ashby was shot through the heart.

The seventh of June, at night, Shields' troops filled twenty-five miles of the Luray Valley, and Frémont had reached Harrisonburg. General Jackson was near Port Republic and his escape was an established fact. That, however, did not sufficiently engage him—he preferred to hold Frémont back at Cross Keys with Ewell, smash Shields himself, and then overwhelm Frémont with his entire, his ridiculously small, command. On the eighth Frémont made a weak attack on Ewell and was thrown back in disorder, and early the following morning Jackson moved against Shields. He came upon two Federal brigades under Tyler in a strong position, but, after a hard engagement, he defeated them. By midnight his whole army was in camp at Brown's Gap. It remained there until the seventeenth and then left swiftly and secretly for Richmond.

The consequences of Jackson's valley campaign were invaluable—by driving General Banks above the Potomac it prevented a Federal concentration on the Peninsula; the Confederate victories at Port Republic and Cross Keys led Mr. Lincoln into a disheartening mistake—McClellan was left unsupported. Jackson vanished. When he reappeared it was on the banks of the Chickahominy, but Banks and Frémont and McDowell were held guarding the valley approaches to Washington. One hundred and seventy-five thousand Union soldiers had been kept inactive, quite totally useless, by Jackson's mobile command.

In May, with McClellan on the Chickahominy, Joseph Johnston intrenched his army before Richmond. Two Federal corps had crossed the river and Johnston planned to destroy them before they could be reënforced. The Union soldiers were in rifle pits; they had a redoubt, near Seven Pines, a tavern on the Williamsburg stage road. There was a supporting division on the right and to the rear; a third corps had hardly moved from the river; and a violent storm prevented McClellan from crossing the Chickahominy in force. Johnston had the advantage of battle. Longstreet was to attack at daybreak, but his orders were verbal and misunderstood. It was past noon before the advance was in motion, and then D. H. Hill attacked alone. At five o'clock, near Fair Oaks, the Confederates were repulsed. Johnston was wounded badly twice, the engagement lost, and at two o'clock of the following afternoon General Lee appeared at Kirby Smith's headquarters and, with orders from Mr. Davis, took command of the Confederate army.

Later of that June—it was the twenty-first, on Saturday—Lee summoned Jackson from Gordonsville for immediate orders. Jackson left on a freight train, but at midnight he deserted the train for a quiet Sunday, attending two church services. Again at midnight he started on horse for Richmond, fifty miles farther; and in consequence of this, arrived at three o'clock Monday in place of Sunday morning. On march, Jackson's brigades were constrained to observe the Sabbath; Jackson himself prayed continuously through battle.

On the Fourth of July, 1863, the fortified city of Vicksburg fell. It was protected both by Nature and intrenchments, for Vicksburg crowns a great bluff above the flood, the bayous and alluvial swamps of the Mississippi River. At its foot impenetrable forests of cypress and wastes of water made it impossible for armies to operate; fortifications could not be erected. Below Vicksburg, as far south as Port Hudson, the Mississippi was commanded by the Confederacy; and between Port Hudson and Vicksburg the Red River emptied into the Mississippi from the west—the sole means of communication between Richmond and Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas. A Confederate battery occupied Haines' Bluff, sweeping the river, twelve miles above the city, and deep ravines guarded it against approach by land. Vicksburg was considered to be unassailable. For months Grant had proceeded against it by sapping and damming, with strings of bateaus and gunboats, but without any advancement of success.

Then the Union general—in defiance of all military probabilities and factors of safety—decided upon one of the apparently mad courses that make brilliant the records of great commanders: Grant disembarked his army at Hard Times, below Vicksburg, ferried across to the east bank of the Mississippi, and—it was May—cut loose from his base of supplies. His men took two days' rations each, they lived on an enemy's country, and in nineteen days marched 180 inconceivably difficult miles and won five separate engagements. As early as the third of June the Federal batteries were shelling Vicksburg, it surrendered and the South sustained an irreparable damage. The trans-Mississippi states, the Mississippi River, were lost to it. After this—it had become September—the Union General Rosecrans forced the Confederates out of Middle Tennessee. He took Chattanooga without an engagement; but, following Bragg through the mountains, his troops were dangerously scattered. It was Rosecrans' idea that Bragg was in full retreat, but that fact was not present in the consciousness of Braxton Bragg. Rosecrans, with enormous difficulty, reassembled his men along Chickamauga Creek.

The Southern army in the West was greatly inferior to Lee's troops in Virginia. The Army of Virginia felt that it had never been defeated, but the Army of the West had seemingly never gained a victory; its arms, its equipment and organization were precarious. General Lee enjoyed the completest confidence, the affection, of the South—supports that Bragg was obliged to do without. Yet at the Battle of Chickamauga the Confederate fighting was so headlong, so determined, that over a quarter of the whole Southern troops engaged were killed or wounded.

Rosecrans, the Union forces, lay in the valley of the creek, on the west slope of Missionary Ridge; they were strongly intrenched; and Bragg, attacking before Longstreet arrived with supports, found his position awkward. All day of the nineteenth of September he battled without appreciable result; and when General Longstreet arrived, at eleven o'clock at night, he immediately ordered a different formation and assault. It was to take place at a quarter before six on the following morning, but it was dangerously delayed, and General Thomas, holding the Federal right, had an opportunity to protect his position with a log fortification. General Thomas and his men exhibited again the sheer ability of American soldiers, Northern or Southern, to fight. Thomas held his position all day. He repulsed assaults by Anderson, by Deas, by Manigault, by Gracie and Trigg and Kelley, Gregg and McNair and Fulton; he drove back Longstreet's five brigades and defeated the efforts of Kershaw, Humphreys, Law, Robertson and Benning. The South fought the North with bayonets and clubbed muskets from two in the afternoon until six o'clock early evening.

At five o'clock Longstreet got eleven guns under Williams into position at the flank and rear of Thomas, but they were too far away—900 yards—and their fire was ineffectual. At six Thomas successfully retreated to Rossville. Those were the heaviest losses of the Civil War. On the twenty-second of September Thomas withdrew into Chattanooga. Braxton Bragg, following, established his lines on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain; Hooker, in October, arrived to support Rosecrans, and Bragg ordered a night attack at Wauhatchie. There was a fitful moonlight. The engagement began with the shooting of a Union picket at ten o'clock, but in the confusion of shifting darkness nothing was accomplished. Morgan, with a force of Confederate sharpshooters, was temporarily lost at the Federal rear; Law, for the Confederacy, fired successive and successful volleys from an ambush; Geary, with the Federals, charged and recharged Law; a column of two Union brigades, sent to support Geary, halting without orders for two hours, was overlooked and as a result Law was able to withdraw in order.

General Grant then arrived to take command of the Federal army; he had 65,000 infantrymen, together with artillery; and Bragg's force had been reduced to less than 40,000. With November nearly gone, Grant attacked the Southern troops holding Missionary Ridge. Hooker and his men succeeded in climbing Lookout Mountain to the foot of its palisade—its sheer last precipice—and turned the Confederate left flank; at the extreme right, Sherman, with masked pontoons, crossed Chickamauga Creek and got a foothold on the ridge. At sunrise Hooker and Sherman attacked—Sherman again and again, but without success. At three o'clock Sherman was exhausted; the Confederates stood unbroken behind a half-finished breastworks. The Federals then formed in two great lines of battle, over a front of two miles and a half, and there was an impressive momentary stillness interrupted only by a faint distant cannonading.

The Southern position was desperate and a secret order had been issued for its troops to fall back to a second line of defense when the enemy was within 200 yards. This was misunderstood and the result was a fatality of chaos. The heat was unsupportable, part of the Confederate forces moved back and part remained; soldiers reached the upper works utterly exhausted and breathless; they were lost in nausea or fainted on the steep slope. They rallied again, however, at a ridge 500 feet higher still, where they held for a while the semblance of another magnificent lost victory. General Bragg, at his own request, was relieved of command; and the operations of Longstreet, moving against Burnside in Eastern Tennessee, went forward to its tragic futility in the siege of Knoxville.

Longstreet advanced by rail, his artillery on trains of flat cars, the cannoneers pumping water into the engines and cutting up fence rails for their fuel, with Burnside in a skirmishing retreat. He withdrew finally into Knoxville past the middle of November and on the eighteenth Longstreet drove in the Union outposts and invested the city. An attack was ordered against Fort Sanders, a part of Knoxville, but the original plan was changed to another night engagement. There was a Confederate advance following the signal guns of three batteries, and almost at once its column was hopelessly massed in a deep ditch protecting the face of the fort. Colonel Thomas, of the Sixteenth Georgia, was killed; Colonel McElroy was killed; Colonel Fizer's arm

(Continued on Page 97)

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was shot away on the parapet; Colonel Ruff was slain on the counterscarp. After twenty minutes of hopeless struggle, daylight began, and Longstreet, after a second advance, ordered retreat. A staff officer arrived with a telegram from Mr. Davis, announcing Bragg's defeat at Missionary Ridge, commanding Longstreet to join him at Dalton, and there was a truce until dark for the removal of the dead.

The suspended victories and defeats of the Confederacy in the deep South were accompanied by irreparable loss—the last remnants of available resistance were engaged. No fresh divisions could be brought forward, ammunition and equipment were practically exhausted. Joseph E. Johnston's army, in Dalton, Georgia, was purely an army of defense. The South—the whole South—had reduced itself to complete poverty. The structure of its society, the form of its daily life, its property in ideas and ideas of property, were all destroyed. Even its code of honor, its sense of integrity, began to appear archaic. The deep South, in a word, with all that it signified, had come to an end. A certain ordered fineness of existence vanished. Only a naked and bitter pride and cherished memories remained.

A society cannot exist without its forms, its setting—manners and dress and space and leisure. A minuet requires elegance. Dress and a manner are inseparable. There is a virtue inherent in polite circumstances. Banks of tall wax candles and silver, jeweled buckles and sheer cambric, ruffled satin and pearls, powder and colognes. Women, charming women, and a cultivated society are synonymous; one can have literally no existence without the other, and poverty is fatal to both. But before ruin overtook them, the American Civil War gave aristocratic and lovely women a last transcendent importance—they became the symbol of everything that was priceless in life. The perfection of delicate women was doubly perfected.

War, then, was still an aristocratic profession and affair; it had not entirely lost all the aspects of chivalry; its prerogative was commanded by kings and presidents. The lot of the common soldier, compared with the position, the rewards, of his officers, was insignificant. The great captains, the celebrated leaders, of the deep South were cavalry officers, brilliant beings fired with inextinguishable bravery. They were part of the ideal pictorial conception of courage. Romantic—a word, I believe, that describes a complete agreement between reality and desire. The Confederate cavalry officers were supremely that. They were the extreme ideal come to earth of men charming women cherish and adore. They appeared from the field, shining with valor, in Atlanta or at Savannah or Charleston; they married at dusk and in the morning they were gone—mostly forever.

Aristocratic women, lovely women—the women of the deep South—are not utilitarian at heart; they are not practical. They are—at least they were—concerned only with their beauty and with love. Love and personal beauty. They were not—they could not be in that climate—perpetual and dry like straw flowers, but bloomed quick and white and sweet; and what happened to them tomorrow was far from their apprehensions. They were glad to pay for the ecstasy of their supreme separate moments by a swift scattering of their petals. They did not, consciously, want the men they loved killed in battle; but the imminence of battle, of tomorrow, gave their love a passionate intensity impossible to security and long peace.

Before the Civil War, fortunate women of the South lived in a great privacy; their public appearances were limited to small watering places, to balls and to rigidly selected dinners. This was the result both of convention and the necessities of their situation, the distances that separated the plantations. It was, in essence, a masculine society; a masculine society is founded on the desirability, the actual charm, of women, in their rôle of women. After 1865, even in Alabama, society became commercial rather than masculine. The empire of charm largely departed. First extreme poverty assaulted it, and then, as a result, economic necessity drove women into public knowledge. They left the plantation houses, the old peace of the living and of the dead, and went into cities; the isolation of plantations and little communities was broken by easy communication; the individual principalities of cotton were overthrown.

It could not be prevented—it couldn't even be condemned. In reality the South lasted for an amazing period in a world that had grown wholly different. It was a land almost totally foreign to the rest of America; it regarded what was different from it with disdain; the North and the West, for their parts, were increasingly impatient with its pretensions. Its ideas, as I have said, belonged metaphorically to the heart rather than to the head; it was, like a beautiful woman, incurably personal. For the people who dominated it, it was paradise, and they fought for it with every particle of their possessions. They gave their silver and gold, their horses and food, and their lives. They went down in a glory peculiarly their own; they perished, as they would have chosen, with a final splendor.

The South stripped itself of its riches; its armies, hopeless of replacement, charged the perpetually renewed armies of the North; it went into every engagement with less men than it had owned before; only its courage was not diminished. In fewer numbers, it grew brighter. It was never, after the Battle of Gettysburg, except in its women and a few fanatically devoted men, hopeful. The Confederacy, after 1862, fought with a desperation that was only an obedience to its conceptions and its past. The Southern mind was not wholly innocent of mathematics; it realized, by the process of mathematics, that it was conquered; its body was killed, and without body a spirit could not remain on earth. The necessity not to disgrace its illusions kept it in the field until the superior humanity of General Lee insisted on surrender.

At the beginning, the First Battle of Manassas, the Confederate ammunition was almost useless. It had been obliged to use the Archer projectile in cannon. It would not fly point first; it tumbled and had no range. Throughout that impressive engagement, the South had only four six-pound guns, three three-inch iron rifles made in Richmond and a six-pound brass cannon that at once became worthless. Its men had antiquated .69 caliber muskets with smooth bores, old long rifles of odd patterns, rifles that loaded at the muzzle. When the Confederacy wanted guns or supplies or mules, it raided the fat armies of the North. The Stonewall Brigade looked with gratitude on the Union General Banks as its sole commissary. That, however, had been in Virginia; conditions were harder in the deep South. When Johnston began his slow and successful retreat through Georgia, his men could not renew or refresh themselves; they returned harassed and hungry through a land—their own land—starved and harassed.

A land swept of its richness, the fields already choked with weeds, the houses, great and small, deserted. Windows broken, colonnades thrown down, chimneys fallen in piles of brick. The past obliterated in a sudden and complete disaster. General Johnston had less than 40,000 infantry and 112 guns; Sherman had assembled an army of more than 98,000 with 254 guns; and Johnston, falling back from Dalton, established himself behind earthen parapets at Resaca; he retreated to Kenesaw, where he defeated the Union forces; he withdrew behind the Chattahoochee River and again dug intrenchments. Then, in July, Johnston was relieved of his command and Hood fought in his place. Mr. Davis had a last thin dream of aggression, but the fate of Atlanta ended even that. The democracy conceived by Mr. Jefferson had

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BURGESS "SUPER B" BATTERIES

finally—at the expense of Monticello—triumphed over the Federalistic, the aristocratic, precepts of General Washington. Mr. Lincoln, at a price, had preserved the Union.

The greatest principle involved in government, individual liberty, had been ruinously fought for and apparently solved. The states were again, more firmly than ever, united. A bitter sectional difference had been reduced to a political issue. That difference, once so deeply implanted in men's destinies, began, after 1865, to disappear. It was in reality the opposition of an aristocratic idea to a democratic conviction. The democratic conviction is not, at base, elaborate—it is the assertion that the dignity of the entire human race is implied and represented by every individual. That individual, then, in the interest of the whole, must be supported with a justice and privileges equal to those shared by all others. It is an abstract and perfect idea, and, in spite of its simplicity, it is beyond the grasp of the generality of men. It is, for example, the exact reverse of selfish interest. Nothing could be more impersonal.

The aristocratic principle—quite the reverse—believed that the dignity of the human race exclusively resided in a minority of especially situated, especially born and privileged men. They, because of their superiority, were responsible for less fortunate individuals. Some men, a very few, had the affairs of life in their charge; the others, in the interest of all happiness and well-being, were expected to live in the state and conditions society and God had called them to. That was the conviction of the deep South; it was not, perhaps, what they immediately fought for, but it lay behind their passionate refusal to subscribe to a Northern humanitarianism. At best, the principle upheld by the South did create men with a singular impressive power of integrity, very great men indeed; at best, it gave the relationship between master and slave a mutual acknowledgment of obligation and affection. At worst, it bred an intolerable brutality. It placed an overwhelming responsibility in a few hands and relieved all others; but the others, discovered by France and Mr. Jefferson, increasing in power and mobility and ambition, swept the superior minority into oblivion. They obliterated the Alabama and Mississippi, the Louisiana and Georgia of 1860, destroying the good with the bad, what was ugly with what was beautiful.

When General Lee surrendered to Grant he rode to meet him at Major Wilmer McLean's house in Appomattox; it was a plain affair, two stories of wood, with a wooden porch, set back from the street in a yard. It was Sunday, April 9, 1865. Lee arrived first, accompanied only by his military secretary and a courier, who held their horses. Grant appeared at half-past one, with General Sheridan and General Ord and General Ingalls and nine members of his staff, and they met within. General Lee sat at a small oval table, near a window, and Grant occupied a marble-topped table in the center of the room; for the most part, the others stood. The Confederate commander wore a fine new gray uniform, immaculate with gilt, his spotless boots had burnished ornamental spurs; his long unstained sword was elaborate with jewels. A felt hat and buckskin gloves were on the table beside him.

Grant wore the common blouse of a private, dark blue flannel; only his shoulder straps showed his rank; his undistinguished trousers were thrust inside ordinary boots; he was without spurs or a sword; and the blouse, the trousers, the boots, were thickly splashed with mud. His hair and beard were brown; they hadn't a trace of time; but Lee's hair—he was fifteen years older than General Grant—was a pure silver. That moment perfectly illustrated the whole course of the Civil War—the South, the past, that had been defeated and the triumphant North, the future. The aristocratic principle surrendered forever to democratic ranks.

It is very clear, at least to me, that Mr. Lincoln succeeded at a price; I could see that a change had occurred; but I could not convince myself that an improvement had been effected. Two things were plain—first, that in a very few years the South itself would have freed its slaves; and second that, had it left the Union, it would before long have returned. For fifty years there had been a growing question of the institution of slavery in the South; it was persistently condemned; many slaves were voluntarily set free. The South, where slavery was concerned, had been trapped by its climate, by cotton. There had been, even throughout the deep South, a violent opposition to secession; its leaders did not believe it could be victorious; state after state fought against it. But to no end—it could not humiliate itself before the new, the Northern, moral order.

Personally, I lingered with regret upon the bravery of apparel, the fineness, of General Lee. He represented so much that gave a dignity, beauty, to life and to men. I regretted his burnished spurs and jeweled sword. Spurs were done and swords were soon to be thrown away. Marks and mementoes of chivalry. I regretted the end of what, supremely, General Lee personified. It was definitely gone, and life could not very well do without it. I was aware of the significance, the power, of General Grant, but it didn't here engage me. It wasn't nearly handsome enough. Men required every possible detail of dignity, just as women needed tenderness and beauty. I particularly regretted the deep South—a land, a time, of bravery and grace. Democracy, like perfect Christianity, was a dream; but the deep South, the old South, had been a reality.

The great plantation houses and the small lonely houses had existed, the slave quarters holding negroes who sang in the cotton fields, at the cotton press—labor and song. Men had proclaimed themselves to be higher than other men; women knew they were superior to others less lovely. Often this was true. It is, perhaps, more important to have valuable men than to value all men. Certainly beautiful women are more momentous than women who are plain. That is where democracy, the theory that all men and women are equal, is absurd—ridiculous. The old South knew better. There are more plain women than beautiful, more undistinguished than distinguished men, and their vast multiplication overthrew a state which, naturally, they envied and condemned.

It is apparent, however, that, in spite of the importance of climate, more than climate was involved. The deep South, the heat, simply gave its children a burning intensity of feeling and mental indolence. No highly intellectual civilization, in that land, was possible. Intellectual men are disagreeable; they are the product of disagreeable weathers, of cold winters and pinched circumstances. Brilliant women, women with practical brilliancy, are not often lovely. The qualities of the mind are polished by struggle, by enormous difficulty, and in the South struggle was not necessary, it was not possible. The long summers drove men into a continual siesta; they made women pale, delicate, in delicate pale muslins. It was a land, a society, that flowered in the evening, like the night-blooming cereus; it was lighted with a golden radiance and musical with fiddles; fiddles at night in the quiet, the peacefulness, of wide plantations. Night with no disturbance but the owls in the live oaks and the whippoorwills in the evergreens. I regret it enormously. Then the deep South went to war, the heavy sound of cannon drowned the fiddles. All the music stopped.

flavor

Guess what—lift the cover—aha!—spaghetti. Tender, creamy curlicues in a happy scarlet sauce. That juicy, fresh-tasting tomato sauce, temptingly seasoned and spiced. That nippy, snappy cheese. Good! Isn't it though? Wonderfully good—and satisfying! This savory combination of delicious flavors—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—*Italian* style—in tomato sauce with a special cheese—steaming hot.

It was from a rather noted Italian chef that Heinz learned the gentle art of *flavor* in spaghetti. For in spaghetti, you know, flavor is everything—the tomato sauce—the way it's blended—the way the whole of it is cooked . . .

To be sure of quality we make the spaghetti from a special hard *durum* wheat and wash and filter the very air in which it is dried. And our friend, the chef, was delighted to know that we grow the tomato seed and start the plants and use the tomatoes while they are still fresh. For, as he said, it's only from plump, juicy, ripe tomatoes—fresh from the garden—that you get the *real* flavor for the sauce.

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57 flavor

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

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Colonial Manufacturing Co.
Zeeland, Michigan

COLONIAL CLOCKS

TWENTY MINUTES LATE FOR DINNER

(Continued from Page 15)

The words were clear, but they did not quite penetrate the warm mist that was in Hobey's head, now that everything was changed for him.

He went right on saying, "I've got to leave early for Miami because ——"

"What'd you say?" the commander said. "You remember that black boat—the one that got away from us last week? Yes, I know it's your liberty night, chief. That boat looked as if it weren't making all its usual speed. Better snap into it."

There was a black boat wallowing out in that gray sea somewhere, out in the stream, and this tall person with the slow, keen gaze seemed to expect him to do something about it. Hobey half opened his mouth to ask him what. And then he didn't. The word "Evelyn" had drawn veils across his thinking. But somehow the Navy shoes on his feet were carrying him, running, back up to the house for his cap and his jacket and the Navy automatic in its holster on the belt that went around his waist. He heard his own pipe skirling shrilly, heard his voice shouting the names. The thumping of the weapon against his hip as he ran was not so real as the thumping of the resentment in his heart, but his body hurled itself back across the strip of sand, along the dock and curving down onto the chaser's immaculate deck with the blue legs of his crew swarming into action behind him.

The boat's get-away from the dock, with a bursting roar of engines, down the bay to the ship channel, already running swift with greeny-gray water before the push of the gray wind, the long rolling swing out into the slate and livid leaping white of open sea, and southward, was a thing which, half an hour ago, the blood sang in his veins to feel. Now he felt nothing.

One of the seamen had the wheel. It was the boy named Willis, he recognized vaguely—one of the new boys who got rattled when some local newspaper charged the Coast Guard with graft and murder after some battle with the rummies. He didn't look rattled now. He was grinning and the two others on the deck behind him were grinning into the teeth of the wet wind whipping across their faces. It used to get him like that, too, Hobey thought absently. There was something about this action that got you. Or it did once. Now, there was no response in him any longer to the surge of a deck under his feet and the ensign snapping out and the sea running white astern. It was all blank for him now, except for his impatience at being kept from Evelyn.

What the deuce did he care about this smash of water and roar and tension of excitement and black boats, if it meant the capture of every infernal rummy from Canaveral to Key West? He was out of it now—out of it, out of it. It didn't concern him. He was through. For the first time in three years he rebelled hotly against the idea that anyone at all could make him do something, when he, Hobart Allen, 3d, wanted to do something else. When Evelyn had said they could be married next month.

The worst of this sort of wet, rolling, chill, stern chase, he thought vindictively, clutching the weather rail and staring resentfully but still watchfully out over the tumble of gray sea under the whity-gray scud of cloud, was that it was quite likely to amount to just a half less than nothing at all. If the black boat were a real rummy they wouldn't be bringing her in openly at this time of the afternoon with any evidence on board. Or if it were the same boat they had seen, her engines were so much more powerful than their own that she would walk away from them. And if it were not a rummy, it would mean only hours precious to him wasted on some disgruntled fisherman tourist who would go back and complain about being rudely overhauled by the rude Coast Guard that had nothing better to do than go poking about sticking their noses into a private and respectable citizen's private and respectable business. Even if the same citizen had voted for a tariff.

And yet the chaser was a great craft. He had to admit that. She was taking the short, choppy, 'longshore sea like a gray, leaping cat. The stinging white foam flew from the impact of her forefoot on the ridges and the bleak racing wind lashed at her, rising to it splendidly. But she ran lightly, staggering and shuddering only a little to some heavier shock of water, answering her helm valiantly. They were heading, roughly, southeast by east; taking the plunge and chop of the deepening waves that ran northward, slaty green now, marbled with glaring foam, as the Gulf Stream deepened about them. The flying wet clung to their faces and blurred their eyelids. Hobey clung to anything he could reach in the bucking plunges, peering ahead for whatever he might discover, feeling sure that whatever they found would be worse than useless anyway. The thuttering roar of the engines was one with the smash and shock of tons of sea water, leaping and smashing and breaking along her sides. The troughs of the running seas were glossy, greenish black.

The boat was discovering a nasty little pitch and toss in the cross seas that turned the boy named Willis whitish-yellow about the jowls, and Hobey motioned for steady old Saunders to relieve him at the wheel. Because of that sea, Hobey's resentment burned deeper. It was the miserable kind of pitching any man might be sickened of, if he had to stand too much. There wasn't any romance in it, nor any sense of adventure. It was just a wet, rotten job that anybody would be crazy to say he liked.

He really had not been expecting to see anything. Surely the black boat must have changed her course and got away out of that by this time. They had been a good half hour now. There was no land to westward, only a dirty smudge with a white splinter sticking out of it that was the high tower of a building. The clouds were rolling heavier overhead, like long wads of dirty cotton batting. Pretty soon it would rain, to add to the joy of life in dirty weather on the Gulf Stream, and after that it would be colder. Any rummy who ventured out on a day like this was crazy.

The sea before him was empty of everything but thrashing gray-green and blackish water, lit with boiling white. He looked back and saw that the white sliver had disappeared, and the land. He looked forward and a black dot was there—black and a snowy flash of white—that broke and flashed, broke and flashed, with the black rolling, but moving steadily between.

The men had seen it as soon as he had. Sooner. And a little smothered tightening of excitement ran among them. The boy named Willis turned from a yellowish white to a sudden pink. Saunders at the wheel, for all his fifteen years of service, narrowed his eyes and chewed slightly in his grizzled cheek. Saunders always did that, Hobey thought absently. But where interest should at least have quickened in himself, there was only that blank place. He watched the alternating flash of black and white ahead, and signaled for all the speed they had, but it hardly seemed to him to matter whether they caught the thing or not.

They were gaining on it slightly. Something must be wrong with the black boat's engines, or else they had not seen their pursuer yet. Hobey waited, brushing a hatful of spray from his eyes. The black wedge was growing larger. Yet at this rate the chase might lengthen out indefinitely, with the black boat disappearing eventually in a burst of additional speed. And the chaser roared forward, doing her best. The distance grew only very slightly less. And then it seemed to Hobey that the black boat's speed suddenly increased.

It was useless to hail in this wind. But they should hear shots. From habit he looked to make sure his Coast Guard ensign and pennant were showing. Then he nodded to Anderson, who stood ready, rifle in hand. The three warning shots cracked out, high up, over the black boat's smothered bow.

As far as Hobey could see, nothing happened. The black boat was not stopping, and they, with all the speed they had, were just holding the distance between them. It was impossible that the boat had not noticed the shots. Hobey had the gun fired once more.

"Better use the Lewis gun, chief!" Saunders shouted. "If he knows we've got one he'll likely quit!"

Hobey clicked back the charging handle. The quick staccato barks rose sharply above the engine roar and the crash of the spray. As if traced by a finger, a line of torn water crept up past the black boat's bow well off to one side. This was as it should be. The orders were strict about firing at or too near boats unless absolutely necessary. And who wanted to hit a man for a load of liquor, even if the orders were specific?

The width of the gray troughs between them slowly grew narrower. They were running up on the black boat now, which had not stopped, but was proceeding more slowly, as if limping away. But still there was no sense of excitement in it for Hobey. It was all according to regulation, the usual formula for stopping boats at sea. Then they curved about to draw alongside and Hobey heard the black boat's engines thumping haltingly.

"Darn nerve he's got!" the boy named Willis yelled at Hobey's right ear. He was bright red with excitement now, and Hobey's eye lingered on him with a little amazement. A day or two ago he had not been unlike that too. Now, what in the world was there to get excited about?

They were alongside the black boat, and Hobey waved and yelled to them to pull up. It was a long boat, decked over except for an open cockpit where the helmsman stood, sheltered by a weather hood. He looked down into it and full into the eyes of a man with a narrow, sallow face, who stared at him fixedly with little gleaming eyes under lowered lids. The black boat's halting engine stopped abruptly and Saunders dropped over into it with a line to make fast. Now that the roar of the engines was blotted out, both boats lay and wallowed deeply in the deep sliding troughs, and the sounds of wind and smashing water were suddenly louder over them, in a kind of silence.

The body of a man lay aft in the black boat, on a layer of bags in the cockpit, giving and rolling stiffly with the rolling of the boat. It was a dead body. Anybody could see that. Hobey's glance leaped back to the eyes of the man watching him. That one had made no motion since the boat had stopped, but hunched there, one elbow over the wheel, his narrow face lifted boldly.

"Why didn't you stop when I ordered you to?" Hobey yelled down at him from the side. Something of all his resentment crackled in his voice. "Don't you know a signal when you hear it? Get aboard there, boys, and open up that forward hatch!"

The sallow-faced man said nothing, his small black eyes fixed on Hobey's under yellowish lids. Charlie Brown and the boy named Willis watched their chance as the gunwales tossed and lifted, bumping against their fenders, and dropped over the black boat's side to join Saunders. Perkins and Anderson remained on their own boat. Hobey jumped over into the boat after the others. As the boys worked at the hatch cover he clambered aft to bend over the body.

A sudden harsh cry came from the man at the wheel: "Don't touch him!" he said, and his voice hung on the wind for a moment.

Hobey straightened up and looked back into those narrow eyes. "Why not?"

(Continued on Page 102)

TILE-SETTING is a true craft, requiring a high degree of skill and workmanship. A competent job of tile-setting will give you results of enduring beauty—something you can regard with endless pleasure and satisfaction.

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The sign of a Breeze

(Continued from Page 100)

"Because you killed him!" the sallow face said.

Hobey's scalp stirred. He looked back at the body. It was so terribly dead. Low down in the back a ragged hole was blurred in the coat. Hobey looked at that a long moment. Then he caught his breath, bent down and turned the man over by the shoulder. The face was pasty white under a smear of grime, and the shirt front had been sopped with blackened blood. Hobey put him down again gently. He felt a little shaken. This had never happened to him before. Or had it happened? He glanced forward again and met the eyes of the man there, gleaming and ratlike and watchful.

Old Saunders left the hatch cover and came toward him. "He say you shot him?" he asked under his breath, looking down at the queerly shrunken thing at their feet.

"He says so," Hobey said.

Saunders leaned and put a hand down slowly. Then he stood up and grinned, murmuring into Hobey's ear, "He's stone cold. Hours ago. Watch out," and went back to the hatch.

Hobey's caught breath went out in a great gust and he jumped up on the deck forward without another glance at the man at the wheel. They got the cover off. Hobey looked in. Burlap bags made a solid floor under the gray light, reaching into the shadows. It was evidence, all right—a big haul. The breath of the Willis boy was exultant at his shoulder.

"Anything the matter with your engines?" Hobey said abruptly to the sallow man. "They sounded queer."

The man said nothing, dropping his lids slightly over his fixed gaze.

Hobey considered. "We'll get some of this stuff aboard and lighten her," he said. "She's too heavy forward to tow well. Hey, Perkins! Stand by to stow some of these bags!" He braced himself by the mast on the deck to the sullen plunging of the boat. His brief glance passed once over the man at the wheel and the body aft. "Snap into it, Willis," he said. "The sooner we get this aboard, the sooner we get back."

The bags were passed up over the hatch coaming, from Saunders below deck, to Willis and Charlie Brown and so across to Anderson and Perkins on the chaser. Hobey watched them, holding to the mast so that he could keep an eye on the man still loafing by the wheel. He saw himself being watchful. Yet now that the action was over, the whole area of his brain was given up to impatience at the delay. At this rate it would be an hour before they could get back to the base, another hour before he could be in Miami. The slow, monotonous bucking and plunging of the two boats—the black one and the gray one—the gray roll and toss of the breaking seas under the hissing gray wind, worked in him a gnawing protest that was anger. Down in the black boat the engine-room door was slatting.

The man in the hatch sang out that the forward compartment was empty. Hobey had counted sixty bags.

Saunders looked up at him and said, "Shall we take any from the engine room?"

Hobey realized that he had not looked into the engine room. Often they stowed cases there, each side the engine. The open door slatted and banged. Without bothering to get down into the cockpit, he bent over the break of the house, holding the door with one hand and peering down into the shadows. There were bags ——

It was only the sudden roll of the boat that prevented the blow that caught him over the ear from stunning him completely. He felt himself knocked down into the cockpit, but even as he rolled over, with his hand to his holster, he felt his automatic jerked away. As he staggered to his feet a crash of sound and flame brought him up, standing, and in a kind of whirling redness he saw Perkins crumple slowly over the chaser's gunwale and hang there, his arms swaying idly, with a fan of blood from his chest leaking brilliantly down the wet gray side. The bottle that Perkins had snatched to throw from a torn sack had splashed into the water.

He saw the face of the man in the hatch staring, with a sort of gleam in the whites of his eyes, and his arms go up slowly, and the arms of the two others on the housed deck went up also, and their eyes stared, hard and a little glassy, at the sallow man turning Hobey's automatic upon them and grinning a little.

"Now you can get your hands up too, mister," said the sallow-faced man. "Get up out of that hatch, you, there! Keep those hands up and claw air with 'em. . . . You too," he said again to Hobey. "You put your back up against the house where I can see you. And, you three, start bringing them sacks back here, where you got 'em."

Hobey's mind jerked like a caught fish in an agony of anger and helplessness. "Fool," he said to himself bitterly. "Fool;" and watched the tuft of Anderson's yellow hair creeping along the gunwale of their boat toward the gun forward. He tore his telltale gaze away and jerked his arms to draw the sallow man's gaze. But that was all the good it did.

"Keep those arms up there!" the sallow man yelled at him, and waited until Anderson had made a plunge from the cockpit to the exposed deck forward. Then he fired and the shot smacked out dully over the wash of water. A splinter leaped from the deck and Anderson fell backward, sprawling limply, out of sight. Both boats tossed and rocked and plunged to the swing of the seas, and Hobey stared, without blinking, at the dead arms of Perkins, swinging also.

"Anderson," he called out, and his voice croaked, "did he get you? Did he get you, Anderson?"

Over the chaser's bow, yawing slightly under the wind, a flung sheet of spray leaped and fell like small shot on the deck. The sallow man said to him conversationally, "There's daylight through him, all right. Just like the man you killed. They don't say much after that." Then he raised his voice, meeting Hobey's eyes with a long, sneering glance. "Hey, Bill!" he called. "Hurry up! Come out of it!"

From the shadows of the engine room, where, in the first place, he had neglected to look, Hobey, with his hands tingling in the air, saw a brown negro emerge—a grinning brown negro with thin, long arms and legs. He was over the side and into the chaser's cockpit in one ungainly scramble.

"Now, you there"—the sallow man pointed with Hobey's automatic—"you can stow those cases back. Get 'em over, Bill. . . . Keep your hands up, you," he said to Hobey.

Hobey's back was against the deck house and his arms in the wind, and in him was one black seethe of rage and humiliation. It burned his throat so that he swallowed twice, tightly clenching and unclenching those useless fists of his, with the wet wind streaming through his fingers. What a useless fool he had been. Two good men cold in less than two minutes, and his fault—his fault. Where he gritted his jaws was a dull unnoticed ache. Not one of these men had been armed, in spite of the pistols on their bulkhead. There was only this automatic of his anywhere near—in those sallow fingers. As the rummy's coat blew back he saw another pistol snug in its holster.

Saunders and Charlie Brown and Willis were dropping the sacks back into the hatch with the deliberation of a slow-motion picture. Old Saunders was great. Nothing had disturbed him. Every gesture he made carried insult. The eyes of all three of them, as well as Hobey's, with his useless hands in the air, turned from whatever angle to stare with rigid lids at the man who held the weapon on them. Their nostrils were stiff. The Willis boy's face was yellow-white again, and he was frightened, Hobey saw, but he was controlling it. He'd be a good man yet, with another year in the service, Hobey thought with a detached corner of his brain, watching the sallow man, watching the long arms of the negro passing sacks to Saunders, watching, out of the tail of his eye, the grim mouths of his men and their

(Continued on Page 105)

How the Wildcat Keeps Fit!

TRAPPER EVANS *tells this amazing story about the wildcat's "setting-up exercises" which keep him lithe and springy.*

"MAYBE you think the wildcat is a stealthy hunter. Really he isn't. His method of hunting is quite crude. He rambles along quietly, occasionally letting out wild shrieks.

"This frightens all animal life within hearing, who suddenly break for cover. This is just what the cat wants and has known they would do. He spots a victim, as he jumps terrorized by the cry, and suddenly pounces upon it.

"The cat could not move quick enough to catch his quarry were it not for the fact that he keeps himself physically fit by a form of setting-up exercises.

"Here is what he does. As you follow a cat's trail in the snow, suddenly you will see where he has made a tremendous leap, carrying him high in the air and about 10 feet. Upon coming down once again he takes his usual gait.

"By keeping his feet and leg muscles constantly exercised and using them, he is in perfect condition for the time when he needs every ounce of strength and energy."

Trapper Evans

KEDS give to the human foot much of the protection and springiness of the wildcat's paws.

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(Continued from Page 102)

backs, bending over the hatch. But the rest of his mind was fixed on the dead arms of Perkins, swinging and swinging.

The negro held the last of the sacks on the rail, waiting for Saunders to take it. Good old Saunders—he was taking his time. There was defiance in every line of his elbows. He clutched one end of the sack carelessly, heaved it across. It slipped through his fingers, and with the smash of glass, came clear brown liquid running over the deck.

The sallow-faced man swore a thin stream of vitriol. "Line up there, you three!" he yelled at them, and Hobey saw that Saunders had managed to flick him on raw nerve. There was a livid look on the sallow face.

"Line up for'ard there!" he said. "Turn your faces for'ard and get those hands up. Way up." The automatic was in his left hand, his right clutched the butt in his own holster. He stared at Hobey for a moment and Hobey saw his broken teeth.

"All right, Bill," the rummy said to the negro on the chaser. "Got your matches? Get in there and start a fire in that engine room."

The negro looked at him and then down at something in the cockpit and so back again, with an odd sort of hesitance. "Dis mahn here—'e isn't dead!" he said shrilly. "'E moved now, fo' true!"

"What difference does that make?" the sallow man shouted at him. "Do as I tell you! Get that fire started and get back here to cast off that boat, or I'll leave you burn up with it. Hurry up there! Faster!"

The negro swallowed, looked down, fumbled in his pocket and started toward the engine-room door.

"Anderson!" Hobey yelled, and a prickling quiver ran down his spine. "Anderson, can you move? He's going to burn the boat. Can you move?"

Anderson's voice came indistinctly through the sounds of wind and water. "Can't . . . move my legs. Can't . . . move them. I'm shot in the back. Don't let them burn it—don't ——"

"You Bill!" the sallow man shouted. "Get started there!"

Anderson cried out again, and the Willis boy shrieked suddenly.

Hobey's voice leaped out and jerked the negro's head around as if he had struck with it. "Put that man aboard here," he said—"put that man aboard here, you, before I ——"

But it was the sallow man who spoke last for only an instant, swinging his automatic around straight at the negro's right eye.

"I'll give you three minutes to get that fire started, Bill," he bawled, "before I put a hole in you! You hear me?"

The negro's head disappeared. Anderson was moaning "Don't—don't." The boats heaved and bucked. The seas broke and banged and smashed, and the wet wind hissed in the snowy foam. Hobey caught the tail of Saunders' eye with the tail of his. Defiantly, they had all turned around. The Willis boy's lip was bitten through. But all four of them—Hobey and Charlie Brown and Saunders and even the Willis boy—stood leaning a little forward, with their hands clutching and clutching the empty wind, their eyes glaring at the man with the automatic.

He stood, with a kind of lounging alertness, by the rail. He eyed them through dark slits, listening. The sea made too much swash and hurly-burly to let them hear the sound of matches striking. Hobey's eyes were scalded with staring. A thread of smoke blew out suddenly from the chaser's engine room and disappeared.

The Willis boy went suddenly very sick. He clutched his stomach and retched, plunging blindly for the boat's side. The sallow man, having looked at him with brief disgust, turned and deliberately spat over the rail into the sea.

In that half second Hobey plunged. He had the sallow man's throat squeezed like a sponge in his hands that craved murder, murder, and he was not aware that the automatic had bumped on the deck. He was past worrying about firearms. They were down in the cockpit, twisting and mingled somehow, but he was aware only of that throat and his own thumbs, rigid steel, pressing in. The black eyes bulged within a few inches of his own crazy glare. He did not know whether he was cursing or not, or when they rolled and banged against the deck house. He did not know anything but the savage, indomitable satisfaction of his own fury.

The body under him went limp and he hauled it up and flung it down again, snatched the pistol from the holster, his own from the deck, flung them somehow into someone's hands by his shoulder and crouched over the long inert frame. His hands were opening and shutting still because they were still hungry.

The eyelids in the pasty face twitched over congested eyeballs and the man gasped and lifted his head up gingerly and drew himself back in a defensive huddle against the seat. Hobey wiped his face with his cuff, and reached out for his automatic and put it into his holster and stood up.

Saunders and Charlie Brown were over on the deck of the other boat with the negro between them, and there was no drift of smoke anywhere. The Willis boy was over there, too, lifting Perkins' body from the gunwale.

Hobey straightened up, watching the man at his feet. His head was quite clear now, and his thoughts were orderly. They'd have to get this bird tied up.

"Tie Bill up," he said to Saunders, "and then come over here and tie this one and yank him aboard. We won't take any more chances."

Saunders stood and looked over at him. His grizzled face was like iron.

"You'd be wise to shoot him," he said harshly, "same way you'd smash a snake. Shoot him where he lies. It'll save trouble in the end. There's that stiff aboard there. He said you killed him. We know you didn't. But you can depend on it, he and his friends will raise a howl and try to fasten it on you. Shoot him now and keep out of trouble, chief. God knows it's too good for him, after what he's done."

Hobey looked down at the cornered man on the deck. He was a rat—a livid, murdering rat. Murder was nothing to him, because he was outside the law anyway. He had killed Perkins and shot Anderson, and he'd been perfectly ready to burn Anderson alive. Shooting was too good for him. If he had been shot by accident, it would have been all right. But if he didn't do it now, it was perfectly possible that he, Hobart Allen, 3d, would be arrested on a charge of murder.

And if he were arrested for murder, would Evelyn —— He stirred uneasily, watching the sallow man breathing more naturally, staring at him with his hard small eyes. Evelyn—it seemed as if it had been days since he had thought of her. The thought of her now held no flush of delight. What place had it here, on this wet deck where there had been blood? But Evelyn—would she ——

The boats thudded against the fenders. The spray flew over like blown snow. Anderson was moaning again and they were attending to him. Only old Saunders stood and looked at him with his grim cold eyes.

"Shoot him and have it over," he said again—"for your own sake, sir."

Hobey looked over at him curiously. You didn't get called "sir" like that until you wore stripes. The word did something to him, warmed a slow spot in him, in the chilled clarity of his mind.

He looked back at the man on the deck and slid his automatic definitely into his holster.

"Nope," he said, "it can't be done. Whatever happens, I guess I can stand it. I know you'll see me through. Come over with a rope and tie him."

Hobey was exactly twenty minutes late for dinner. The shaking racket of his old car died before the wide veranda of his mother's Miami house, and he got out and walked up the steps out of the salt and windy dark in a kind of mental breathlessness. It had seemed, vaguely, much later than that. Yet, as he stalked through the door the second man held open for him, the breathlessness gave way to a grim, slow calm. He remembered, as of time long past, that his Aunt Agatha was very difficult about people who were even five minutes late for dinner. It really did not matter, he decided. In the long hall mirror he saw himself against a softly lighted silver wall, as a dark, unkempt figure, unshaven, with his blue uniform wrinkled and whitened with dried sea salt. That did not matter, either. If his mother cared to delay dinner, he would change.

It was curious how he had managed to keep his mind away from Evelyn these last hours.

He came down the dim, great living room quietly, among the tiny pointed flames of candles, his wet shoes soggy on the rugs. Against the pale tinted walls there were great masses of some tropic flower that gave off a clinging, poignant sweetness. He saw the dark shadow of his figure passing the dim pools of the wall mirrors, toward the three women in silver by the white fireplace where the flames streamed upward.

He wondered a little, moving more slowly, why they had all chosen to wear silver tonight. It made them seem so much alike. His mother's was gentle silver, under a gray-and-silver shawl, and his Aunt Agatha's was stiff silver, with her long chin line over her pearl choker. At any distance he recognized her anger. He had to look at those two closely, so that he would not see Evelyn too soon.

She was there, at the piano in the corner, and the fine gilt of her hair and the frosty silver about her worked the old miracle in him.

He stood at the edge of shadow looking at her, and the emotion she set loose in him ran like a faintness along his tired body. He found that he had been weakly hoping that she would have ceased to be so lovely to him. But she was lovelier, more exquisite, like a tiny silver statue seen from a long way off. He dreaded the moment when she would turn her eyes upon him.

So that he spoke hurriedly, knowing his voice harsh. "I'm sorry to be late, mother," he said. "I was detained."

They turned, startled, to look at him. His Aunt Agatha's anger was haughty, and his mother wore that nervous stiffness about the mouth which showed that she felt he had slighted her purposely. But Evelyn just looked. Yet how alike they were—the fragile, silver, feminine figures—how alike, and how remote.

"It does seem to me, Hobart," his aunt was beginning, when the second man, moving down the room, said, "Telephone, Mr. Allen, please."

"It does seem to me," his aunt went on icily, with her formal head-of-the-family manner, "that you should show some respect to your mother and our guest, however little you may feel it. No, don't answer that telephone now. You have kept us waiting twenty minutes and you arrive in this extraordinary condition, which I ——"

"Sorry, Aunt Agatha," Hobey said calmly. "I think I'll have to take this call."

When he spoke into the transmitter the commander's voice was immediate and crisp to his ear. "Chief? Thought I'd warn you. The minute we got your man in jail he called up his lawyer and they are going to get out a warrant for your arrest. Murder. It's just about as you told me when you brought him in. There is a lot of bootleg money behind him and they mean to push it, perhaps as part of his own defense. They may overhaul you in Miami, or wait until you get back here. I'm starting out right now to wire the commandant and see about bail for you. Of course, you understand that the Government makes no provision for bail in a case like this. It's up to you, from now on, as a private citizen. But I'll get it somehow. It might be well to get back up here fairly soon."

(Continued on Page 107)

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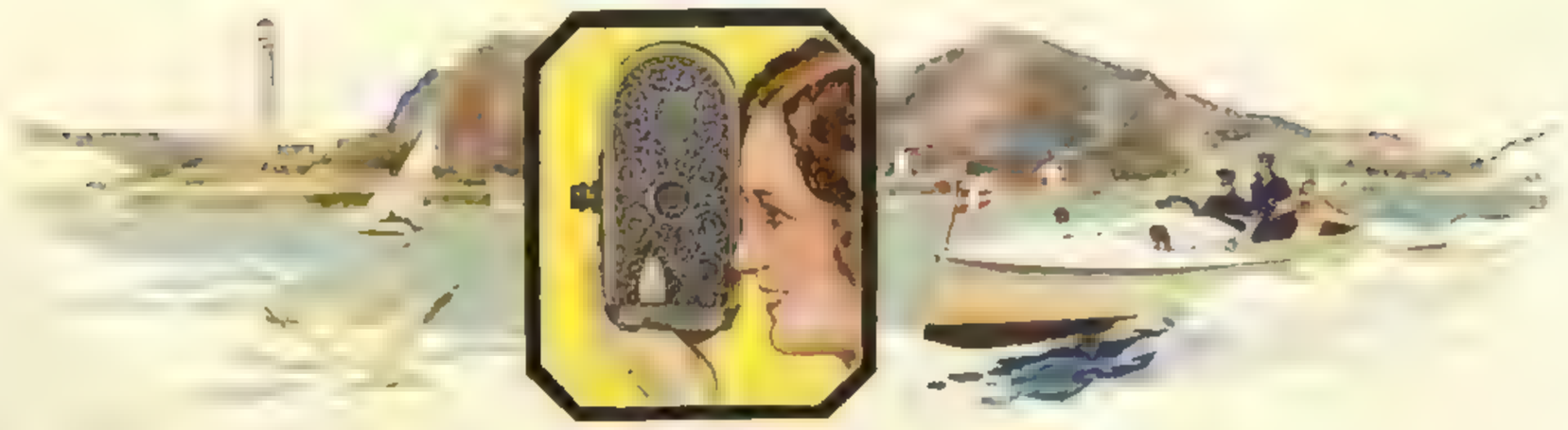

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(Continued from Page 105)

"Yes, sir," Hobey said distinctly—"yes, sir. All right."

"And while I think of it, Allen, I want to say I've been talking to Saunders and the others. Saunders told me he advised you to shoot. I get Saunders' idea, of course. It would have simplified things. But you were absolutely right. It wouldn't have done. Not for the service. And perhaps it will be a good thing for the service in the end. But I want you to know I think it took guts to do what you did, knowing the mess it would probably get you into—guts. And I'm behind you every ounce. Get that?"

The grimness had grown in Hobey, listening, but with it a strong and surging warmth that ran in him through every muscle and nerve end. But all he said was: "Thank you, sir. That's great of you. Thank you. I—it didn't seem there was anything else I could do. But I've been wondering—will this make any difference about reënlisting next Wednesday?"

"Absolutely not." The rough warmth of the man's voice made Hobey's throat tighten in spite of himself. "I should say not. And if you get cleared at the trial—which we'll have to see that you are—I'll see that you get some mighty strong recommendations to the board, if you can pass your officer's exams. You can depend on it."

The trial! Hobey went slowly back into the fragrance and gleam of the long room. Tonight he would be arrested for murder. He would be tried for murder, when he had deliberately not murdered. He saw clearly that stiff body, rolling under the gray light in the bottom of the black boat. Was there any possibility that he had killed him? He saw the three waiting women, delicacies in silver, beyond that. He would be arrested for murder. It was kind of queer, when you stopped to think of it.

But, of course, it simplified everything too. His course was so utterly clear. They must not be alarmed. They ought never to know anything about dead men in dirty boats. It would be best to let them know after—well, afterward.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to stop for dinner after all, mother," he said steadily. "I'm awfully sorry to have kept you waiting, and then to have to run off like this. I hope you will forgive me. That was the commander asking me to get back to Fort Lauderdale directly on a—a matter that has just come up." Against the raised emotion of Aunt Agatha's voice, he went on, saying deliberately, "I want to tell you that next Wednesday I'm reënlisting for another three years."

He had to look at Evelyn then. He had to. In their assaulted silence he looked at her, and he saw what he had dreaded. She stood up slowly and looked at him, and her beauty moved in him like pain. It shook him, even as he saw the loveliness of line and contour in her face fixed in a coldness that was absolutely clear to him. It was not just that she would never marry him now. It was that she had not loved him, ever, so much as her own will. It was only he who had loved. He saw that equally clearly. And yet the hard simplicity of the thing he was doing steadied him in spite of the pain; made, for the moment, the pain seem only part of the course he was now following unhesitatingly

He looked from her, turned completely away from him, back at the other two—the older, more fragile women. It was curious that for the first time in his life the childish threads of fear of their anger, their nerves, their insistence, fell away from about his heart and he knew in its place a strong surge of tenderness for them—an active, pervading tenderness that went out to their vague soft hands, their small, withering, proud faces. All this thing he would have to go through would be much more horrible for them.

He had not thought of that before. Now it tore at him savagely. It would be dreadful for them. Strangely, in that moment he knew for them that same ache of protection they must have felt for him, when he was little, against all the fervid dangers of their own imaginings. He could not protect them from the consequences of living, any more than they had been able to protect him.

It was a gripping, almost an agonizing emotion. It swept him clean of all thought of Evelyn. It made him suddenly years older than these two little silvery women. Was this what it was like to be grown old, to have helpless things to protect, whom you could not protect? He felt himself gathering all the strength he had, to help them bear it. They were so fragile. They had so little resource against the thing that would happen to him any minute now. There was a pain in his heart like nothing he had ever felt before, and it was for them entirely.

He heard his Aunt Agatha saying, with that graciousness in which her anger was lost at the challenge of an emergency: "But, Hobart, surely, you don't need to decide that so abruptly, without consulting us. Your mother and I will think it over. Here is Bemis with a fresh shaker. We will wait ten minutes while you change. But you may drink your cocktail now."

He looked down helplessly at the tray of gleaming little glasses. What a mess everything was—what a mess! He wanted a cocktail badly.

"I'm afraid I can't stay," he said slowly. "I will telephone you in the morning and I may be able to see you. I think I won't have a cocktail. Thanks. No, don't worry, Aunt Agatha. You know we aren't prohibition agents. It's just that ——" Why should he be thinking at the same time of his mother's delicate profile and of Perkins' dead arms over the rail, swinging and swinging? A horrible mess. But at least, he saw suddenly, his own course was direct and clear. It had the straight simplicity he had always wanted. Well, he had it now, all right.

And, in a way, in spite of his concern for these two, it was good to have it. He threw his head back and grinned, if a little soberly. "It's just that —— Well, maybe I've lost my taste for them." He went over abruptly and kissed his mother's hand. The poor, little, gentle thing. "Good night, honey," he said, and went out.

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PROFESSIONAL REASONS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Let's dance," she suggested. "I've been stalling off Jim Huntley, who's been nagging me to dance with him, but I suppose I'd better do it the next time he comes around. It might be reported to Ann if I stayed with one person all the time. You see, we'll have to enjoy every moment we get."

They both enjoyed the moments which followed thoroughly, and Jim Huntley, when he came up, all spectacles and wide smile, was probably more unwelcome than he had ever been in his pleasant life.

"Wait here a minute," Virginia Brown told him, and started to lead Gordon to the other side of the room.

"I suppose I've got to provide you with entertainment," she told him on the way, "but don't make me regret it."

Pausing by a table where a dark girl sat with some men, Virginia addressed her: "How much will you pay me to introduce you to Gordon Roland, Nancy?"

The girl inspected Gordon. "I know I can never afford it, Easy," she said. "Don't be mercenary."

"My dear, I have myself to think of. I've been losing frightfully at contract. How much?"

"I can't insult him by naming what I could pay, but if you don't introduce him I'll snatch him when your back is turned."

"I believe you would. . . . Gordon, that's Nancy Maynard. Beware of her. She's practically worthless."

It was all very gay and delightful. Like many stage people, Gordon was romantically impressed by society. Miss Brown and her friends were, very evidently, society.

"Why do they call you Easy?" he asked her as they rode uptown in a taxi.

"Because my father made Easy Going cigarettes. Didn't you know?"

"Did he really?"

"Don't look so impressed. It's one of the newer brands. We aren't really awfully swell, as Ann is always telling me—not what you'd call an established position. Father was a grand person, but he never developed a manner. Ann didn't go out much until he died. That's why she's so afraid I'll marry somebody who's not important."

"Like me?"

"Yes. We have our way to make in the world." And suddenly she said: "I'm so unhappy, Gordon."

"Are you?" he asked tenderly. "Are you, you dear little thing?"

"Yes."

He took her small hands and kissed them. "When can I see you again?" he implored.

"Tomorrow for luncheon. Do you know of some quiet restaurant?"

"The only ones I know are quiet. Do you mind if the food isn't awfully good?"

"Not a bit." They sat, hands pressed, looking at each other devouringly until they reached her corner. "Don't get out," she directed him. "The enemy may be on the lookout."

Gordon hadn't anyone with whom to talk over the adventure which was happening to him. Perhaps because the agonizing, glorious exaltation of it was all bottled up within him, he hardly slept that night.

"Hey, what is the matter with you?" Mr. Bauer yelled at him next morning. "Don't you even know your first act?"

"I'm sorry," Gordon said, and produced the correct line from the rose-colored muddle in his brain.

He wasn't even very conscious of what was going on around him. Just before he left, Miss Mandeville fell on him and bubbled something fancy about a surprise: "She's so sweet and dear. I think it will be lots of fun."

"Oh, talk to me about it some other time," Gordon told her, and rushed away.

Virginia Brown said she'd never liked a restaurant as much as Celentano's, where he took her.

"We must come here lots," she said.

"Can I call you at seven tonight?" Gordon asked her.

"Maybe I'd better call you today for a change," she suggested. "You call me one day and I'll call you the next. That will be safer."

"Do you know my telephone number?"

"Of course, I do. I looked it up last night in the middle of the night, just so that I'd feel nearer you."

His daze of excitement was still over Gordon at the next day's rehearsal.

"Are you going to snap into this part or ain't you?" Mr. Bauer demanded of him. "Make up your mind soon, because otherwise we got to start looking around."

That speech jerked him out of his sweet lethargy and he did better. Mr. Waller had rewritten the third act and that day they got their new scripts and read them. It went very decently. At the end, Miss Mandeville rushed up to Dawn Fay with a big package.

"What's this?" Miss Fay queried, touching it with butterfly fingers.

"Look and see, sweetheart. We wanted to give it to you ourselves and we couldn't wait."

"But I can't imagine."

She undid the strings. A great doll lay in the box in a foam of pink-and-white baby clothes.

"Oh, a dolly!" Dawn Fay almost shrieked. "For my curtain call! I love it! I never saw anything so darling!"

She squeezed it ever so hard. If there was an electrician lounging in the last row of the balcony he couldn't have missed her ecstasy.

"From the whole cast?"

"Well, from almost everyone," Miss Mandeville replied, and Gordon realized that her reproachful glance fell on him. "There's a card."

"I'm going to give every darling one who did it a kiss," Miss Fay declared.

Gordon couldn't very well leave and stood looking extraordinarily sheepish.

"I didn't even know it was being given to you," he said to Miss Fay when he got a chance.

Unfortunately, Miss Mandeville heard. "Well, I told you," she said.

"I didn't hear."

"I don't think," Dawn Fay remarked, "that Mr. Roland would have very good ears for anything that has to do with Needles and Pins."

"Oh, that's not true," Gordon protested, alarmed.

In spite of Henry Parker's warning, he'd fallen down already. What a fool he'd been! He'd start in next day and make Miss Fay like him. It wasn't going to be any cinch, though, when his mind was completely filled with Jinny Brown.

The following morning, with some distaste, he brought flowers.

"In token of my admiration," he said to Miss Fay, trying to take off the curse of their presentation by burlesquing a formal speech, "and to prove it wasn't stinginess on my part about the doll."

"I never thought it was," Dawn Fay informed him. "I just took it for lack of interest. I must say that's something I haven't run into very often in my company, though."

The moment was a grave one. Gordon felt that it was up to him to declare a chaste, hopeless passion for her, but he was darned if he thought he could. Driven hard, he decided to take a dangerous chance.

"Don't you know what's the matter with me?" he asked.

"No."

"I'm in love."

Her eyes changed subtly. "Oh, really? With whom?"

"I wish I could tell you."

"Please. Let me be little sister."

He put profound admiration in the glance he directed straight into her eyes.

"Perhaps I should, because it's your fault in a way."

"Mine!"

"Well, you know, when you think some person is wonderful, only she's way out of reach and married and famous ——"

He felt he was almost dropping into baby talk, but one was apt to with Dawn Fay.

"Yes," she breathed.

"—— and then somebody who makes you think of her comes along."

"Is that what happened?"

"Yes. Her name is Virginia Brown. She's got two nicknames—Jinny and Easy. I call her Jinny."

"Is she really like me?"

"Absolutely, and she's the cutest thing on earth."

"When did you meet her?"

"The day we started rehearsing. Just at the right moment, of course."

"Tell me all about it."

Gordon did. It relieved his pent feelings and he saw that he'd struck a note sympathetic to Miss Fay. Henry Parker was right—he did have tact.

His relations with the star became idyllic. She started calling him Gordon immediately.

Several times, when rehearsals lasted overlong, she offered him her limousine so that he wouldn't be late to an appointment with Jinny—he was careful not to accept—and she often brought "a flower for his buttonhole so that he'd look his prettiest."

As for his affair with Jinny Brown, it flourished like a plot under a tyrant. Jinny was terribly afraid she wouldn't be able to be present at the first night of Needles and Pins, but after gigantic subterranean endeavors she got a man named Brooks to ask her mother and herself to dinner that night and, ostensibly by chance, take them on to the opening.

That first night marked rather a crisis in the friendship between Dawn Fay and Gordon. On Gordon's exit, after the quarrel scene in the second act, he got a good deal of applause, and at the close of the act, when the cast were taking their bows, the audience was clamorous when he appeared, and he felt danger in the air.

As prearranged, he was left on with Dawn Fay for two special calls; then Dawn Fay was to have the stage alone for as long as they could find any excuse for raising the curtain.

When it went up on her solitary figure, however, the applause that greeted Miss Fay wasn't just tribute applause, but the sort which demands something. Gordon, standing in the wings, glanced at the star apprehensively. Her smile was a little taut. The clapping out front continued urgently steady.

Someone in the audience called "Gordon Roland!"

The sweet fury that crept into Dawn Fay's face made Gordon's blood run cold. He hadn't a contract for the run of the piece and he needed to be kept on.

"Gordon Roland!"

Dawn Fay raised her hand in a summoning gesture, and standing there in Nile-green organdie and candy-pink slippers, she couldn't have been more awful had she been Medusa.

Gordon gave a quick jerk at his collar.

"Come!" she called.

"I can't. My collar's broken."

He showed her where it was flapping loose.

The applause beat on, but to Dawn Fay's racked countenance there came a sudden glow of inspiration. She plucked her wide skirt in delicate fingers and went close to the footlights. Standing there, her face puckered with cunning humor, she leaned forward and took her public into her confidence:

"He can't come because something's gone wrong with his collar. But isn't he a darling?"

Professional gallantry could go no further. The audience loved her for it. The rest of the applause was wholly hers.

One of the critics snickered a little about the anecdote, but most of them commented on Miss Fay's graciousness. All of them referred to Gordon Roland as a young leading man of great promise, and Gordon was satisfied.

"Did you hire somebody to act as a claque?" he asked Jinny Brown next day.

"I didn't," she vowed, "and I didn't even dare join in the applause very hard, because Ann was only two seats away. I just sat bloating with silent pride."

"How did your mother like the show?" Gordon inquired.

"She said you were a good actor."

The dimple which showed at the corner of her mouth made him say: "What were her exact words, though?"

"'Your little acquaintance is a good actor, isn't he?'" Jinny quoted in her mother's voice. "'That speaks rather worse for him personally than if he were a bad one. Sometimes the incompetent actors are endurable.' You see, Ann isn't letting her irony rust, even though she thinks I'm pretty much absorbed in this Brooks man who took us."

"Who is he?"

"He's Ann's idea of heaven's gift to her daughter."

"What's he like?" Jinny made a face expressing complete distaste. "I hope your mother's words about me didn't have too much effect," Gordon said.

"They had an effect all right. Do you know what I did this morning? I went down to the ticket agency and bought two seats for Needles and Pins for every night for the next two months. Toward the end of that time I'll get them for the rest of the run."

"But you can't see that fool play every night," Gordon protested; "you'd lose your mind."

"I don't intend to see it all through. But I'll drop in for part of it whenever I can. Almost every night. Just to see you. I'm not going to be sneered out of you."

"You darling," was all he could say.

She was amazingly faithful about coming. Her seats were always the same—in the fifth row at the side. For an act or an act and a half they'd be vacant; then, glancing at them, Gordon would see Jinny's small face, and on catching his eye she'd hold her program over her heart. Beside her there would be some boy she'd drafted at the dance where she was supposed to be.

"How do you explain it to them?" Gordon asked her.

"I pretend I've got a crush on Dawn Fay," she laughed. "Men are such fools."

After the memory of the opening night of Needles and Pins had had a chance to fade a little, Dawn Fay was as nice to Gordon as ever. She asked him to her pink-satin-and-gold-lace apartment to dinner with her baggy-eyed, opulent husband, and she got him to escort her to a tea which she warned him was very exclusive, though he found the people present obvious in comparison with Jinny and Mrs. Brown and their friends.

He had seen Mrs. Brown several times more by then. It had amused Jinny to take the risk of inviting him to a Sunday-night dinner party. When she and her mother were preparing the list, Jinny had said: "That's an interesting lot of men, but they're the homeliest in the world. I think we'd better squeeze in some beautiful dumb-waiter. Girls nowadays demand their vitamins."

"Whom do you suggest?" her mother had asked, and Jinny had been careful that Gordon's should be the least repellent to her mother of the names she gave.

Another day Jinny took him home to tea, saying: "Look what's attached itself to me. I met it on the avenue and I guess

(Continued on Page 113)

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With its coming, riding ease will be advanced to the highest degree in the history of motoring.

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we'll have either to notify the police or drown it."

"I wanted to see your mother," Gordon said.

Mrs. Brown was perceptibly nicer to him than she had been at first.

Jinny came to call on Gordon next morning at his room. He was used to such harmless visits from Bohemian young ladies, but to have Jinny so appear rather worried him.

"Don't be grandmotherly," she laughed at him. "I'm out shopping with Ann. She's busy around the corner, so I took the opportunity of slipping in here. By the way, did you notice how Ann's attitude toward you has changed? She evidently doesn't regard you as a menace any more. That's because of Babble. Haven't I been smart?"

"What or who is Babble?"

"Colonel Brooks. I call him that because he's so quiet. Ann thinks it's all over but the blessing as far as Babble and I are concerned."

"I wish I'd seen Babble," Gordon remarked.

"You have," Jinny told him. "He was there that night at dinner. You wouldn't notice him. As I say, he's silent and slightly gray at the temples. That always gets women Ann's age. Besides, he's terrifically old family and his sister married the Duc de Treville and he's very popular in the Faubourg."

Gordon felt a definite twinge. "Are you going to marry him?" he asked.

"Marry that old man! He wasn't just in the war; he was a captain in it."

That was reassuring. Gordon himself had been a boy scout during the conflict.

He had a chance of observing Colonel Brooks at another party at the Browns'—one to which he was bidden at Mrs. Brown's own suggestion, as Jinny reported exultantly.

"It's a big after-the-theater crush. There are going to be other theatrical people there, and one of the first things Ann said was: 'I suppose it would be kind to ask that Roland boy.' I groaned and said: 'He's such a bore. And he's not so good-looking as he used to be.' My darling, it made me feel absolutely sacrilegious to say such things about you, and I held my breath, afraid of what she'd say next."

"What was it?"

"She said: 'I think I'll ask him. He has nice manners.' You're a snake in the grass. That's what you are, Gordon Roland—just a snake in the grass. If she had the remotest idea how I felt, she'd see you drawn and quartered before she'd let you cross her threshold."

The party was, Gordon realized, one to which Dawn Fay would have liked very much to be asked. The theatrical people present were ones whom theatrical people regarded as almost entirely social. There were a few of the more decorative literati, and the rest of the guests were all more or less famous for doing nothing superbly.

There was one flaw in Gordon's enjoyment. Colonel Brooks stood out from the rest of the guests. He wasn't nearly as senile as Gordon had hoped, and there was a disturbing ease underlying his quietness. Quite evidently infatuated with Jinny, Colonel Brooks didn't follow her about as Gordon did. Only a certain look in his eyes when she came near him betrayed it, and Jinny drifted up to him rather often. He didn't say much, but what Gordon heard wasn't dull.

Some woman was fuming about the demands her servants made.

"Don't break our hearts, Mary," Colonel Brooks requested her. "You sound like old Jim Barry in Paris. He has a Russian prince for a butler, but he complains that the man is constantly depressed. 'I don't know why he should be,' he said to me one day. 'I've told him that any night when he gets his work done I'm perfectly willing to have him go to the movies with the cook.'"

It had amused Jinny more than Gordon liked.

Jinny came to luncheon with him at Celentano's the next day.

"I saw you watching Babble," she said. "Isn't he awful?"

"No," Gordon answered. "And I saw you watching him, too, Jinny."

"Of course I did. I have to keep up my alibi. What do you think Ann would have done if I'd hung around your neck as I'd like to have?"

"I'm jealous of him," Gordon admitted.

"Why? I can't stand him."

"He's got something to give you. I haven't."

"Don't say that. It sounds like Ann."

"It's true, though."

She looked at him over the little table with its two plates of ravioli and its vase of imitation flowers. "You don't know what you've meant to me this winter or you wouldn't talk about people having something to give," she told him.

"Really?"

"Yes." She broke a piece of bread thoughtfully; then she looked up at him again. "I'm in love with you, Gordon, ever so deeply."

"Are you?" he asked in a hungry voice.

She nodded her head. He could see there was a lump in her throat which kept her from speaking.

In a moment or two she went on: "I don't suppose you want to marry me."

"You know I do," he groaned.

"Let's then."

"But your mother ——"

"We won't tell her until afterward. I'll pretend I'm going to visit Sue Barton at Tuxedo."

"I haven't got any money, you know."

"Don't be silly. I've got so much."

Her disdain made it seem unimportant. He tried to grin.

"I hope you don't want me to give up my career."

"I don't want anything about you to change."

"When will you marry me, darling?"

"Any time."

"I suppose if we're to have any kind of honeymoon it will have to be on Saturday."

"Next Saturday morning, then."

"It's a wonder to me," he told her, "that I don't float up and bump around against the ceiling. If you feel me starting, catch my feet, will you? Nobody's ever been as happy on earth."

"Somebody else is just as happy at this same table," she informed him.

"Can't we get a license today, or something?"

"I doubt if it would be safe. I know there are plenty of Virginia Browns, but if Ann saw that one was marrying a Gordon Roland —— No, we've got to keep it a dead secret. I'll think out arrangements about me and telephone you."

"We'll have to get the license Saturday then, but I've got to celebrate right now in some way. I can't buy you a ring you'd even look at, but I can get you the best bouquet of flowers in New York."

"I'd much rather have them."

There was a light snow in the air, and they went to different florists where unseasonable and improbable flowers trembled from the walls or lived breathlessly in the enchanted realms of glass-fronted refrigerators.

The bouquet wasn't much of an æsthetic success, because Gordon insisted that there should be in it some of all the flowers that made him think of Jinny—pansies and forget-me-nots and orchids—the mauve, expensive-looking sort—and pale bouvardia and some microscopic roses and mignonette. In the end it was just a great, unwieldy pie of flowers, but Jinny seemed to like it.

After they'd parted and he'd called her up at seven for a few ecstatic words, Gordon was so bursting with excitement that he almost confided in the waiter at Celentano's, where he ate a lonely dinner. Instead, he merely indulged himself by insisting on sitting at the same table where it had happened.

He waited for the first moment when he should be offstage alone with Dawn Fay almost as impatiently as though she had been Jinny herself. Dawn Fay would be excited and grand about it. No wonder people liked Dawn Fay as they did.

When they had made their first exit together, Gordon caught her hands and swung her about.

"Wish me a thousand congratulations."

"What about?"

"It's happened. The stars and moon and all the rest of the planets have tumbled into my lap."

"Tell me."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Cross my heart," she swore, and went through the gesture in her slightly exaggerated way.

"You mustn't tell a soul till next Monday."

"Cross my heart," she said, and did again.

"We're going to be married this Saturday."

"Married! I didn't think there was any question of your getting married."

"You certainly knew I wanted to if she would."

"But her mother ——"

"Her mother isn't going to know till it's all over."

"I suppose that means the fortune is in the girl's name," Dawn Fay spat out with totally unexpected spitefulness.

"What's that got to do with it?" Gordon demanded.

"Humph," Dawn Fay snorted; then it was time to go back on the stage.

Was it possible, Gordon wondered, that Dawn Fay had felt some emotional interest in him, that she'd merely taken his confidences as a complicated form of flirtation? Certainly she'd never given any indication if that were true. He couldn't believe it. Her sudden ugliness was just due to some feminine twist in her nature complicated beyond fathoming.

They exchanged no further words that evening except those put in their mouths by the script of Needles and Pins. He found it a little hard to put the necessary tenderness in the quarrel scene. The performance went badly.

He wondered that night if she'd have him given his two weeks' notice. It wouldn't be very pleasant to be out of a job just as he got married. And two weeks would be through just before New Year's; it would be a rotten time to get anything else.

Why should his announcement have annoyed Dawn Fay anyway? What an incomprehensible reaction! Oh, women! All women, except Jinny Brown! At ten o'clock next morning his telephone rang.

"Were you asleep?" Jinny's voice asked.

"Yes, darling"

"I'm glad. I wanted to wake you with a kiss. It's arranged that I'm to visit Sue Barton Saturday. I had to tell Sue about it, but she's all right."

"Isn't that great?"

"Isn't it? I haven't a minute to talk. Ann is waiting outside the drug store where I'm telephoning, in the car. I'm supposed to be buying a stamp. I love you"

"I love you"

Gordon made his coffee and toast, and sat in a day dream over his paper, unable to read even the column of dramatic news.

He, Gordon Roland, who so recently had known poverty and obscurity and distrust in himself, to be going to marry Virginia Brown! Jinny Brown!

At half-past eleven he began to dress for luncheon. They'd agreed the day before that Jinny had better not try to lunch with him. They were meeting at four. He had almost finished when his bell rang. It meant walking downstairs to admit whatever caller was there. He knotted his tie on the stairs and buttoned his waistcoat over it. Behind the door he swung back stood Mrs. Brown.

"May I talk to you, Mr. Roland?" she asked

She must have gone into that drug store and overheard Jinny; yet she didn't seem angry.

"Of course, Mrs. Brown," he said. "My room is pretty much of a mess, but ——"

"It doesn't matter."

They climbed the stairs. Perhaps, Gordon meditated, Jinny had changed her mind and confided the plan. He'd have to wait and see how things developed.

Mrs. Brown sat in the one big chair. Gordon pulled the bedclothes up over the bed and sat on it.

"I hear you and Virginia are going to be married."

"Yes, Mrs. Brown."

"I can't pretend very convincingly that I approve, can I?"

"I suppose not."

She was silent for a moment, apparently studying the toes of her walking shoes; then she looked into his eyes.

"Are you a fortune hunter, Mr. Roland?"

"No, Mrs. Brown." He made it as calm as he could.

"I didn't think you were," she said, and paused again before she went on: "Of course I can't stop you from getting married. I could shut off Virginia's income until she's twenty-one, but I shan't. I've only come because I think you're really fond of Virginia and I want you to cooperate with me in being fair to her."

"I will, Mrs. Brown."

"Virginia's such a child. Such a dear little girl who loves to be naughty. You wouldn't want to have her marry you just because she thought that by doing so she was outwitting me, would you?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You wouldn't want her to marry you unless love were her principal motive? I mean, you'd realize that anything else would lead to her eventual unhappiness?"

"I think she loves me, Mrs. Brown; I know I love her."

"Very probably she does. I can't be sure because I tried very hard to influence her inclinations. To be sure that my infernal meddling isn't responsible for what she thinks she feels, I want you to be just plain, frankly engaged for a little time with my consent. Will you?"

"We were counting on getting married Saturday."

"I know."

"But if she's told you all about us, it proves that it wasn't just the game of fooling you that interested her."

"She didn't tell me. I haven't seen her since I learned. You'll have to know, sooner or later, who did. It was Miss Fay."

Gordon's jaw dropped. "I didn't know you knew her," he said.

"I don't. She called me up and asked if she could have a few words with me. The few words covered the ground pretty thoroughly. What I want to know is whether you'll be engaged, as a young man accepted by the family."

"I'm engaged already and I certainly will be glad of your consent."

"And you'll put off the wedding? I have a dinner party on Saturday that the wedding would inconvenience frightfully."

"That depends on Jinny."

"Oh, Jinny will be against it. Jinny doesn't like wise measures. I'm asking you, as a gentleman, to protect her against herself. I don't see how you can very well refuse."

"I don't see how I can," he admitted.

"Thank you," she said; "and now, having been thoroughly disagreeable, I have something rather pleasant to propose. Why shouldn't you come and visit us?"

"Why, that's awfully nice of you ——" Gordon began.

"As a matter of fact, I don't dare face Jinny empty-handed after this conversation of ours. Having you move up is certainly an earnest of good faith on my part and should placate her. For the time being, we'll say that you're there on a visit, but as a matter of fact, I expect you to stay indefinitely."

"I'm perfectly comfortable here," Gordon declared

(Continued on Page 116

NEW! an Inner Tube from natural Rubber Latex—

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Note these unusual facts about the Royal Ustex tube and you will realize the full force of the foregoing statement.

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The statements in this advertisement regarding Royal Ustex tubes have been kept purposely conservative. They are sufficient to indicate why fifteen million motorists who ride on balloon tires should know and use Royal Ustex Tubes.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

(Continued from Page 113)

"Perhaps," Mrs. Brown said, and under her comprehensive look the place did seem pretty sordid, "but you're so far away. Besides, I understand that Jinny has been here to see you."

"She was once," Gordon admitted, cursing himself for having consulted Dawn Fay on the matter.

"I don't like that. Really I don't," Mrs. Brown remarked. "And there's nobody living on our entire third floor. You must install yourself there and enjoy it. Can you pack up and come over this afternoon? I'll send over Bennett, my butler, to help you, if you'd like."

"I can do it myself easily," he said.

"You're very nice. I shan't mind you as a son-in-law really."

Gordon had a strange sense of having been picked up and put into a world of which all the proportions depended on Mrs. Brown's opinions—a common-sense world.

He was surprised at the reluctance he felt about moving from his actual room. It was a hideous old place, and one foot was broken from his electric percolator, so that it had always to be propped up with a magazine, and the ventilator in the bathroom couldn't be closed, and let in a permanent gale. Nevertheless, he'd lived there for three years. He knew it as he knew his own body.

He wondered how Jinny would greet him. He rang the bell, and Bennett opened the door and took his bags. Then he saw Jinny standing on the stairs. Bennett's presence and the sense of her mother's nearness probably determined her tone.

"Ya-hah!" she said, scraping one forefinger against the other. "Who couldn't keep a secret?"

"Wasn't I a fool, though?" he said shamefacedly.

"I always knew that Fay woman was a cat."

"I was a fool," he said again.

Bennett had disappeared into the lift with his bags.

"Anyway, this is pretty convenient," Jinny remarked, and to demonstrate its advantages she kissed him.

He folded his arms about her and the arms she had flung about his neck tightened.

"We won't let Ann beat us, will we?" she whispered intensely.

"Of course not, darling."

Mrs. Brown was in the library, where she had been the first day.

"I'll have to know about your schedule," she told Gordon. "We dine at eight, and it just occurred to me that you can't. It doesn't much matter because usually we both dine out. I'll order sort of a nursery tea for you at half-past six. Is that right? And there will be sandwiches and things on the dining table for you whenever you get home."

"That's great," he said, "but it makes so much trouble."

"Don't be silly. You have your career to think of and it will give Bennett something to do. He's been getting out of hand."

Somehow, as Mrs. Brown spoke, his acting and the occupation of Bennett seemed of about equal importance.

"I think it's awfully exciting," Jinny remarked, "not to eat when everybody else does. It's like living in a little world of your own."

"Bohemia" Mrs. Brown reminded her daughter that the realm was not unchristened "I'm too old for Bohemia myself. I suppose you'll sit with Gordon this evening, but you mustn't forget that you're going to Mrs. Brandon's dinner dance Or do you think you won't go? I don't see any reason why you shouldn't, since Gordon will be in the theater, but if you plan on sitting at home waiting for him in romantic devotion ——"

"Of course I don't," Virginia said quickly; for as Mrs. Brown put it, it sounded very silly.

"Are you going to ask Gordon to join you at the dance? I'm sure Mrs. Brandon wouldn't mind."

"Of course."

"Then he won't want an after-theater supper here. Wait a minute. Have you a tail coat, Gordon, and a white tie and a silk hat?"

"I haven't," Gordon told her—"just dinner clothes."

Virginia turned on her mother, infuriated.

"Why did you have to bring that up? Lots of boys will be wearing dinner clothes."

"Because I knew Gordon would be uncomfortable if he weren't correctly dressed. Wasn't it kinder of me, Gordon?"

"It certainly was."

"It's only a matter of a few days that he won't be able to go to very formal parties anyway. I want to give him a full-dress kit for an engagement present. Will you go to the best tailor you know of and order one tomorrow, Gordon?"

"That's wonderful of you, Mrs. Brown, but ——" Gordon began, wondering how he could refuse gracefully.

There was no grace in the rage with which Jinny burst forth: "You just do that to be hateful, Ann. I won't stand for it."

"Stand for what?" Mrs. Brown inquired.

"For your treating Gordon as though he were a fresh-air-fund child on a treat. It's just—impertinent."

"I'm afraid your nerves are a little unstrung, Jinny," her mother told her, rising. "Calm her down if you can, Gordon. I didn't realize that she felt your position was so equivocal. You'll pardon me for deserting you now, won't you? Getting my face together for the evening is quite a task."

For some time after she had left, Jinny cried—tears of rage which Gordon could find no way to quiet.

"You're right. I'm a fool," she said at last. "But Ann's managing to spoil everything"

"I don't see how she can spoil things between you and me."

"She can't, of course, really."

The nursery tea which Mrs. Brown provided was delicious. The table was frostily beautiful with crystal and silver and freesias, and Jinny sat opposite Gordon, her little tiptilted face like an impudent flower.

It was a perfect setting, but Gordon felt that Jinny, who had chattered so fast always when they had been together, was at a loss for something to say. He found himself making conversation. Was he or was he not imagining things when he thought there was relief in her voice when she said, in farewell: "Give a g-r-r-rand performance, darling."

Dawn Fay didn't play that night, which meant a disgruntled audience to work for and an uncertain understudy to play opposite. Gordon wondered if Miss Fay were really ill, as was announced, or just ashamed to face him. He watched Jinny's seats, but for the first time in weeks Jinny didn't appear. She shouldn't have stayed away when things were in such a queer mess between them.

After the play he went straight to the Browns', and, thinking he'd wait for Jinny before he ate supper, sat reading magazines in the library until he fell asleep over them. Jinny found him there.

"You're a pretty sight," she said, waking him by a tug at his forelock.

He was always dopey when he first awoke and he had very little impression of what took place in the interview. It ended with Jinny's saying, "I guess I may as well go to bed. So far as you know, you're there already."

By the time he got to his room, however, Gordon was wide awake. It was a vast gray-and-blue room, furnished with fine eighteenth-century pieces, all exquisitely pure in line. Gordon lay in the Sheraton bed, conscious for a long time of the austere perfection all about him.

Bennett brought him breakfast on a tray at half-past nine.

"I'm sorry to make you so much trouble, Bennett," Gordon told him.

"It's no trouble at all, Mr. Roland," Bennett said. "I'm the only man on the staff, you see. I dare say Mrs. Brown will be getting another man to look after your things, but until she does I'm glad to accommodate. No trouble at all, sir." But having said that, Bennett didn't withdraw. Gordon looked up at him questioningly. "Only about the dinner," Bennett said, and the phrase was meant, apparently, to be added to his last words. "Will the dinner be at 6:30 every night, Mr. Roland?"

"Well, I have to have it at that time to get to the théater."

"I see."

Gordon saw too. Bennett was going to leave if those 6:30 dinners continued.

"I tell you," Gordon said: "never mind about it tonight. I'll eat out. I think I'll make some arrangements to eat dinner out anyway."

"At your club perhaps, sir."

Gordon had no club, so he didn't reply. Bennett left in high good humor.

Tact, Gordon reflected, would pull him through the situation in which he now found himself—tact and a little self-elimination.

The phrase "self-elimination" made him think of an almost invisible Mr. James he'd known in Cleveland—Mr. James and his dogs.

While Gordon was still eating, Jinny tapped on the door.

"Hello!" she called. "Let's go for a ride in the park. It's a slick day."

"Won't it be kind of cold for you in a motor?" he called back.

"I mean a horseback ride, idiot."

"I haven't got any riding clothes," Gordon had to answer.

"Oh, Lord!" Jinny groaned. "Get some, will you? I'll be back before noon. So long!"

Mrs. Brown was out, too, when Gordon went downstairs. He lolled about. If he went for a walk he'd miss Jinny's return. There wasn't even any reason for him to go out and get a shine, as he usually did, for Bennett had taken his shoes and returned them resplendent.

Mr. James had spent so much time having his shoes shined. What in the world was he thinking so much about Mr. James for? It came over him like a cold sweat. Mr James had been married to a woman with money The dogs he'd taken walking had been her dogs. The neighborhood had called him the Master of the Hounds. Of course the cases were absolutely different. Mr. James hadn't had any work of his own, or any interests even.

Mrs. Brown returned before her daughter.

"I'm so glad to have a word with you," she said. "Will you believe me if I give you my oath, Gordon? I honestly didn't mean to be disagreeable about those evening clothes. I apologize if I hurt you."

"I didn't mind," Gordon said, "but it certainly upset Jinny."

"I'll try to do better today," Mrs. Brown promised.

Nevertheless, at luncheon Jinny quarreled with her mother about what was the pleasantest way to go abroad.

"Oh, you like the English boats because they're full of stodgy old countesses who can sit around with you and disapprove. Give me the Latin lines."

"Really, Jinny," her mother said, "you have a talent for making me feel as though I were about to celebrate my diamond jubilee. . . . Do I seem to you the exact replica of her late majesty Queen Victoria, Gordon?"

"Oh, don't ask Gordon for an honest opinion," Jinny said. "You know Gordon. He'll be polite."

Gordon was not altogether sorry to say, just before he left: "This is matinée day, you know; so I'll eat across from the theater and not come back between performances."

"I'd forgotten about the matinée," Jinny said, "and told Alice Maynard we'd come there to play bridge. We'll have to get somebody else."

"I'm sorry," he said ruefully.

"It isn't you who should be sorry," she said, suddenly penitent. "I should. I've been perfectly horrid all day. I'll be waiting here for you when you get back this evening. We'll be alone then."

Dawn Fay was back on the job. Gordon waited until their first exit together, then he addressed her: "Will you please tell me what the hell ——"

Her eyes were dangerous. "I will not be sworn at. Please don't speak to me again."

Through that unfortunate beginning he had lost his opportunity and put himself very much in the wrong. He could see that she was shaking with anger all during their next scene together.

"I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself," Miss Mandeville told him before the performance was over.

"For what?"

"Swearing at that sweet angel. When she was ill yesterday too!"

"Sweet skunk cabbage, you mean," Gordon returned, priding himself on his moderation.

Miss Mandeville shuddered away from him.

He wasn't surprised when Mr. Bauer dropped in at his dressing room after the last act that night.

"Hey, Roland," Mr. Bauer said, "things at the box office don't look so good."

"I hear we're only sold out for two months in advance," Gordon replied, making it as hard for him as possible.

"Well, we're thinking of kind of easing down on expenses. Would you be willing to accept a cut in salary?"

"How much of a cut?"

"We can pay you half of what you're getting now."

Ignoring some special circumstances in his own case, Gordon said: "Do you think it would look well to have the leading man of Needles and Pins die on the street of starvation?"

"I'm sorry. Well, do you want to stay on or not?"

"Nope," Gordon grunted.

"I'll leave a two weeks' notice in your box then."

It had all been neatly arranged so that Gordon could never truthfully say that Dawn Fay had had him fired. His thoughts, as he walked back to the Browns', were not pleasant.

Despite her words, Jinny wasn't there. He went into the dining room to eat a sandwich. She arrived very shortly.

"I got bored and Babbie called up, so I had him take me to a play."

"Really!" Gordon said, hardly hearing it in the absorption of his own news. "I got fired tonight."

"What for?"

"Swearing at dear Miss Fay."

"Well, anyway, thank the Lord!" Jinny said.

"Is that the way you feel about it?"

"Well, I certainly don't think it's anything to get very glum about. Now you'll be able to go to all the parties with me as soon as you get this suit Ann's giving you."

"Won't that be fun?" Gordon said.

"I think it will be as much fun as having to make love to Dawn Fay every night after what she did. Now don't be cross at me. You know you'll like it. The best parties of the season come between now and New Year's."

"I have to play for two weeks more."

"Why? If they've fired you, don't go back at all."

"And get dropped from Equity and never be able to act again."

"I suppose you wouldn't want to do that."

"No, I wouldn't."

"Well, I certainly don't see why you mind losing this one job. What does it matter?"

"I suppose you'll give me an allowance," Gordon said bitterly.

"Well, you're living here. That won't cost you anything. You must have saved some money."

"I'm not living here after tonight," Gordon told her.

"Why not?"

(Continued on Page 121)

1 7 7 6

The Favorite

Interwoven Socks

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When those you love must *let their tires sing* "S-S-S-SAFE"

THREE O'CLOCK . . . A shower . . . And you know as you sit in your office that the care-free girl who is the light of your household is returning from the country club over glass-smooth, grease-streaked roads dripping with rain . . . And probably at forty-five miles an hour . . . "I wonder" . . . you think . . . and then you try not to think.

Modern motoring for years has demanded a tire that has only now been perfected . . . Today's roads—polished asphalt, table-smooth concrete—offer less foothold for friction-grip tires than any roads of the past . . . only tires that grip these roads by vacuum can give maximum safety and traction . . .

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If you drove a car ten years ago you will remember the famous Vacuum Cup Cord . . . Its distinctive hiss as it sped by you brought its own nickname . . . "The song of safety."—"The safety tire," motorists called it . . . You heard it even on bicycle and motorcycle tires . . . Thousands of finer cars used it . . . Hundreds of tests were made which proved its efficiency in preventing skidding . . . Many were official tests made by traffic officers.

Then came balloon tires . . . wider treads . . . bigger tires . . . It was necessary to adapt the vacuum cup principle to this new type of tire, and it took time to perfect the new Vacuum Cup Balloon.

But at last it is here . . . A tire with all the old sure-footedness of the Vacuum Cup Cord Tire and with still longer life in its tough black tread, still greater vitality in its flexible carcass . . . A tire

Once men and only men drove heavy, slow cars over grit-surfaced roads. Today we have ten million women drivers flashing by in light, swift cars which must travel over mirror-like roads of tar and concrete. Grease-streaked roads which hardly need rain to make them difficult. No wonder so many motorists have written us asking for the safety of the Vacuum Cup tread!

Motorcycle policemen in the city of Chicago ride on Vacuum Cup Tires—have ridden them for years. They must ride fast, however slippery the road. They know the dangers of skidding, and how to avoid them. Should you deny your family the safety traffic officers demand for themselves?

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distinctive in its mileage as in its "song of safety" . . . a tire like no other in either principle or the care with which it is made . . . a whale of a tire in toughness. The carcass is of selected long staple cotton cord fabric, every tire with six plies, each ply cushioned. Double frictioned with the finest rubber, it is flexible to the point of being almost impervious to external shocks. The tread is of the densest rubber, providing slow, even wear and mileage heretofore believed impossible.

Of course, for those who find *friction* treads suited to their driving conditions we continue to make the sturdy, long-mileage Pennsylvania and Jeannette Balloons.

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As the tire rolls the Vacuum Cups press tight against the pavement and hold by suction. Then they release gently and swiftly as the car rolls on. But never is there an instant while the car is in motion that the vacuum grip is not maintained. Yet it does not retard speed nor lessen engine power.

CUP BALLOONS

GRAND RAPIDS STORE PLANNING AND EQUIPMENT INCREASES PROFITS

Interior of store of R. S. Goldstein, Brownsville, Pa.—shown above.

To the left, exterior view of the same store

How Grand Rapids Store Equipment keeps Business *"at home"* in *Brownsville, Pa.*

A POPULATION of less than 5,000—a twisting "Main Street" of three short blocks—with Pittsburgh only 55 miles away—that pictures Brownsville, Pa.

Nearby trade used to go straight through Brownsville—by train, interurban and motor car—to buy in the "Big Town." To make matters worse—the townspeople themselves were joining the procession of out-of-town traders.

But finally Brownsville awoke to the realization that, to keep business "at home," stores must compete in appearance, as well as in merchandise and price.

One merchant came to us for counsel, others followed suit. Picked men from our staff of store planners were assigned to Brownsville's particular problem. Plans were prepared considering Brownsville's needs and those of each individual merchant.

Shortly after, a transformation took place. Newly planned and equipped stores opened their doors and opened the eyes of those in Brownsville and its environs.

—And people paused to wonder and stayed to *buy*. That's how Grand Rapids Store Equipment "keeps business at home" in Brownsville and brings outside business in.

That Brownsville merchants give full credit to the fixtures for the improvement, is shown by the statement from one of the leading merchants, R. S. Goldstein, whose store is shown above:—

"You will no doubt be pleased to learn that in the face of a depression in business in this locality, and also with new competition, we have increased our business almost 40% since installing your fixtures, and we know of no other cause to which to attribute this increase."

This is only one instance typical of the kind of service we offer to small stores and large, new and old, through our store planners who are located in every territory and easily available.

Never mind the size of your store—no problem is too small to have our entire interest, none too large for our capacity.

Without any obligation, send for literature on "New Way Methods in Merchandising." Find out what a direct connection there is between proper store planning, modern equipment and increased profits.

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STORE PLANNERS · DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS
. . . OF FINE STORE EQUIPMENT . . .

Factories · Grand Rapids, Portland, Ore
· · · Baltimore, New York City · · ·

(Continued from Page 116)

"Because for me it's not living at all. It's like being painted on a plate and pushed around on a tea wagon."

Jinny made a little, desperate, half-angry sound.

"Oh, Ann's done it!" she cried. "Ann's done it!"

"Not altogether."

"Does that mean you don't love me any more?"

"It means I haven't been blind enough not to see that you don't care a darn about me when I'm not forbidden to you."

"That's not true. You talk just like Ann. Oh, I do love you, darling."

She put her arms around his neck. He tried not to let her, but she was so little and so dear to him.

"You're right to go away from here, darling!" she told him fiercely; "only don't let Ann beat us. Take me too. Let's be married Saturday, as we planned."

He wanted horribly to say yes, and he would have done so had it not been for the specter of Mr. James of Cleveland which had been walking at his side all day and which became more real to him at that moment than Mr. James had ever been in life.

"And after we're married, what?" he said.

"We'll have an apartment of our own."

"Where I'll be a nuisance because I eat at odd hours, and an irritation to you because I'm not on call at every moment? No, thanks. When I move into an apartment I'm going to be the one who pays for it. I'll be able to get another job after the notices I've had, and in a year or two I'll be earning real money and be able to provide you with things. Until then nothing on earth would make me get married."

"Then you don't love me," Jinny said, backing away from him.

"I love you too much to come to hate you, as I would. Will you wait for me, Jinny?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "You've just let Ann do exactly what she set out to do."

"I'm sorry," Gordon remarked icily, "but I don't feel that I care to give up my entire life to an attempt to thwart your mother."

"I hate you!" Jinny told him. "I absolutely hate you!"

It was a miserable scene and Gordon left it feeling shaken to bits, but there climbed the stair with him the specter of little Mr. James, and over his pillow, as he lay down, the spirit of little Mr. James breathed a benediction. Gordon didn't go in for being happy for some time, but he couldn't deny, even to himself, the pleasantness of getting back to his own room.

Coaching a chap named Joe Bradley, who was to follow him in the rôle of Ned, kept him reasonably busy for the next week, and he had one stroke of luck.

A telegram arrived from Henry Parker: "Have had an offer from the Guild. Would you like to take my place here? Could wangle it, I think."

Gordon forgot his romantic sufferings long enough to send back a wire:

"Is there anybody sweet in the company?"

"Not very," Henry Parker returned.

"Get me the job," Gordon telegraphed back. "I can join you the second."

Dawn Fay continued her offended silence toward him. He was decent enough to say that he couldn't come to the Christmas party the cast was getting up, because he had a sore throat, but at the Christmas-evening performance, having given the matter a good deal of idle thought, he made an overture to Miss Fay.

He did it while, of necessity, they were standing in the wings together.

"Will you give me a Christmas present, Miss Fay?"

Instantly her eyelids started and she became all charm.

"Of course I will, Gordon. I've felt so awfully having to be cross at you this lovely season. It almost spoiled my stocking this morning. What can I give you?"

"Just some information. It doesn't make any difference now, and I'm simply curious, but why did you repeat that plan I told you in confidence?"

"Because I didn't approve of it," Dawn Fay spluttered.

"Didn't approve of it? It wasn't any of your business."

She turned on him, eyes blazing. "It wasn't any of my business that my leading man was going to be married just before Christmas week? What kind of publicity do you think that would have been?"

"Do you mean to say," he gasped, "that it was for that reason that you destroyed the most beautiful thing that ever happened to me or will happen to me?"

"Oh, don't be romantic!" she snarled, the most complete loathing for that quality in her voice.

"And don't let's talk to each other again," he ended the conversation.

After that it seemed to Gordon that his detestation for Dawn Fay increased every time he saw her trip onto the stage.

New Year's morning the Browns' chauffeur brought him a note from Mrs. Brown asking if he would drop in and see her between the matinée and dinner. He returned word that he would, and wondered excitedly all day what could be the reason for the invitation.

Could Jinny want him back? Any attempt at readjustment would be hopeless. The bloom was all gone from the feelings they'd had for each other; and yet, just at the possibility he felt ever so much alive again.

Mrs. Brown was in the library.

"I'm rather ashamed at what I have to tell you, Gordon," she said, "but I didn't want you to learn it from the papers. Jinny's engaged to Colonel Brooks."

"Is she?"

Gordon sat looking at the pattern in the rug—small pointed leaves on a thick branch.

"I'm pleased, of course," Mrs. Brown went on. "I think she's apt to be as happy with him as with anyone. Jinny's having a bad attack of nineteen, but she's really a nicer child than you saw her here."

"Don't I know it?" was all Gordon said.

"She's greedily romantic and it's hard for her not to have any obstacles to overcome. She'd have feasted on them. Colonel Brooks will provide her imagination with something more substantial, however. He has great richness of mind and experience. She won't be able to digest him for a long time, if ever."

"And he's got money."

"That's a good thing too. You saw how impossible the other would be. Everything was really over for Jinny when your position became prosaic."

"You counted on that."

"Yes. I think Jinny and I both acted very shoddily toward you and you've been —— Well, you've been a thorough gentleman. I don't know many thorough gentlemen."

"I guess we both wanted her to be happy."

"Will you believe me if I tell you that I've grown honestly fond of you and that it would mean a lot to me if you'd forgive me?"

"I have," Gordon told her. "The only person I hold a grudge against still is Dawn Fay. To have done what she did for no reason except to preserve the silly legend of her youth and her charm!"

"I can't say that I blame you."

"I'd like to wring her neck."

"Don't try it," Mrs. Brown advised. "She'd enjoy the publicity too much. I can see the papers: LEADING MAN, FRENZIED BY HER UNATTAINABLE SWEETNESS, TRIES TO STRANGLE DAWN FAY. It's one of those emotions you can't do anything about. You'll have to suppress it, even if it comes out in a lump somewhere."

"I suppose so," Gordon agreed.

"It isn't a very fair exchange for a lovely bride to offer you a rather timeworn friend"—Mrs. Brown ended the interview—"but I hope you'll think of me as a devoted friend."

So of the three women who had occupied most of his thoughts for the past two months, it was Mrs. Brown who came to mean the most to Gordon.

When he got back to New York he fell into the habit of dining with her once or twice a week, and it was she who pulled the wires which got him the part of Don in the Rum Runners which, in turn, made him a star.

True, after that New Year's night he assumed a permanent place in the Dawn Fay legend, but it was not one which kept them in close contact.

He really wondered, during the first act, whether, in spite of Mrs. Brown's advice, he wasn't going to fetch the dainty star a clout. She darted on in fluttery costumes and batted her eyes and wrinkled her nose and wooed the bumper New Year's audience with an eagerness for its worship that struck him as absolutely obscene.

During the second act the difficulty of giving a good performance, feeling as he did, helped him out, and he gave a superlative one. He was only on in the third for the few minutes of the reconciliation scene. He waited for his cue in the wings, drawing comfort from the fact that in half an hour Dawn Fay would be out of his life forever. At last it came time for his enthusiastic entrance armed with the big package.

"Ned, darling!" Dawn Fay squealed, flinging herself about his neck.

"Honeybun! Honeybun!"

Business of dropping the package, and his overcoat on it, so that he could clasp her.

"My birthday!" she babbled. "You came home for it! I knew you would."

"I couldn't keep away."

"And you were right about what you said."

"What I said?"

"That I should let the baby have a doll. I was wrong. I don't want her to grow up into a horrid modern woman."

"You're always right, sweetheart."

"But I was wrong then. I bought baby a dolly myself the very day you left. You should see her play with it. I guess we women need our dollies. But do you know what I love?"

"What do you love, honey?"

"I love your coming to think I was right anyway. Most men would have been stubborn. My Ned isn't stubborn."

He was supposed to register an agony of embarrassment. He was supposed to try to kick the coat with the package under it beneath the couch. But a great clarity of mind had come to Gordon Roland. "We live but once," he'd thought to himself, "and I'll never have this chance again."

He omitted the agony and the kick, and only spoke the line:

"Isn't he?"

"No," Dawn Fay prattled. "My Ned's an angel—never a cross word—but he's left his coat on the dirty floor. Pick up that coat, naughty boy."

With a very businesslike gesture, Gordon bent and picked up the coat.

"Oh, what's that great big package?" Dawn Fay peeped, ever so cutely. "Something for my birthday?"

Gordon was supposed to drop his head and say "I'm afraid it's a doll."

Instead he straightened himself and looked at her with chilly eyes.

"Yep," he said, drawing it out for her agony, "I stopped at the grocer's. I thought for once we'd have enough candles on your cake."

It was a petty revenge and he tried to regret it later, but he never could very much. At least that New Year's audience had the unique experience of seeing what Dawn Fay was like when she wasn't being perfectly charming.

THE LITTLE HOME IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 17)

their object was to have fun or to get a free ride to another less populous willow hedge, I do not know. Probably it was one or the other; for if their aim was bad and they hit nothing but the ground, they ambled stolidly and confidently up into the hedge again and waited for another chance.

Nobody had ever mentioned these small black bugs when recommending the laurel-leaf willow as a nice screen for unsightly objects; so a call for help was sent to the entomological department of the University of Maine. In the course of time a young man from the University of Maine arrived and examined the small black bugs with some care, and took away in a specimen box two willow branches covered with bugs, together with a large number that had inconspicuously dropped onto his head and the back of his neck while he was conducting his examination.

Later the entomological department officially notified me that the black bugs were snout beetles, and that they could be eradicated by spraying the willows once before the leaves had emerged and twice afterward with a disagreeable emulsion containing large quantities of arsenate of lead and soap.

This information was doubtless true, and somewhere there may be snout beetles that succumb to a triple bath of arsenate of lead and soap. Apparently, however, my snout beetles are a tough and hardy breed, and a few good drinks of arsenate of lead merely spur them on to chew more vigorously on the willow leaves. It may be, of course, that I feed them an inferior quality of arsenate of lead, but I am sure that they get enough of it; for whenever a spraying takes place there is always enough spray to cover not only the hedge but also the roof, sides and windows of my little home in the country.

No matter how often the spraying takes place, however, the snout beetles continue to multiply with inconceivable rapidity, and by the first of September each year, all the willow leaves from the hedge are scattered in unsightly windrows on the lawn. And whenever, during the summer, my wire-haired terrier returns from a tour of the estate and absent-mindedly casts himself on the best chair in the living room, upwards of thirty snout beetles disengage themselves from his coat and crawl restlessly in and out of the chair's interstices, impatiently awaiting the arrival of a human occupant so that they can join him and stroll deliberately around the back of his neck and in and out of his ears.

The snout beetles fortunately restrict themselves to the willows, but the other growths that surround my little home in the country have developed other troubles that nobody, including the garden annuals, ever told me about.

The literature, as the saying goes, of dwarf fruit trees has always touched a tender chord in my breast, so that my acquisition of a little home in the country was almost immediately followed by the installation of dwarf apples, pears and plums. The apple trees, in particular, were supposed to provide the home with large numbers of richly flavored apples in three years' time; while in four years, theoretically, they were supposed to supply the entire neighborhood with the choicest fruit.

The florists' annual, in referring to these particular dwarf apple trees, I remember, spoke of them as being particularly suited to the little home in the country, and intimated that they would bear genuine apples

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the year after they were planted. It definitely promised that they would bear apples in two years, but it further added that sometimes in one year they would begin bearing full-size, full-flavored apples.

One of these dwarf apple trees was a very fine, healthy-looking tree; so I trained it against the wall of the little home in the most approved manner and left it there for four years, during which time it bore three blossoms, but no apples. Fearing that something was troubling it, I dug it up and moved it to another location. It has been in the new location four years and has borne neither blossoms nor apples.

Each year, however, at the tip of each branch, it bears enormous families of small green insects known as aphids, or Aphidæ. I have conferred with a number of persons in an attempt to find out why aphids should exist, and in each case I have been told that they act as ants' cows and that ants milk them.

This explanation, to my way of thinking, explains nothing. It fails to explain, for example, why ants should have cows. And if anybody supposes that I know of any reason why ants should be permitted to exist, he is making a grievous error.

The Hop Vine Comes to Stay

Having no sympathy whatever for the cow-herding aspirations of the local ants, I have repeatedly attempted to exterminate the aphids by spraying the appleless apple trees with an offensive-looking brown spray containing nicotine or some similar drug. This spray, according to people who ought to know, is very bad stuff for aphids and exterminates them in the twinkling of an eye. Possibly this is so; I would not like to come out flat-footed and say that it doesn't. My own observations, made over a period of several years, tend to show that this spray has a slightly soporific effect on the aphids and makes them drowsy for an hour or so after the spraying, as might a shot of an opiate. I have observed them repeatedly after these sprayings, and it seems to me that for a short time they kick petulantly at the ants that hurry up to milk them, as if to say: "Listen, leave me lay for a couple of hours, will you?" Aside from that the spray seems to have no effect on them; and after their doze or siesta they carry on as usual.

Though the spray is not harmful to the aphids, it is not without strength; for it is able to make rich brown splotches on the walls of my little home. In spite of this, I am unable to discontinue its use; for all genuine experts on little homes in the country say that it absolutely ruins aphids and that nothing else does the trick. I find, however, that a much more effective method of dealing with them is to take the aphid-covered branch tip between the thumb and forefinger and roll it gently back and forth. There is a great deal of monotony connected with this method, and it is only valuable when dealing with dwarf apple trees on a very small estate. It requires patience and a very delicate touch, and it is a little hard on the thumb and forefinger, which soon become a brilliant green, but it is certainly harder on the aphids.

And while I am speaking of aphids, I should like to digress from the subject of dwarf fruit trees for the moment in order to touch on the subject of vines. A long and careful study of literature dealing with little homes in the country had convinced me that vines are as much of an essential feature of such a home as is a chimney. In the beginning, therefore, I planted a number of hop vines to fill certain blank spaces that were to be filled later with slower-growing vines such as grapes, trumpet vine and bittersweet.

The hop vine, from its advance notices in the gardeners' annuals, seemed almost perfect for my purposes. According to the annuals it was "very useful for covering bowers, or any place where the covering is not necessary for winter; can be planted to run along shrubbery; exceedingly fast grower, covering a large trellis in a short time; heat, drought or insects do not trouble it; leaves are large and rough."

All these things were true, but the annuals neglected several important facts about the hop—facts that I was obliged to learn from painful personal contact. They neglected to state, for example, that the hop was passionately addicted to going where it was neither wanted nor needed, so that it had to be picked up and shoved into the trellis by main force; that it grew so rapidly that one had to devote one's entire life to making it stay where it belonged; that its leaves and stalks are so excessively rough that after spending an hour among the hop vines, one has little or no skin left on his hands; and that the dead vine clings to a trellis with such enthusiasm that frequently one cannot tear down the old growth in the late fall or early spring without tearing down the trellis as well.

After two or three years of wrestling with hop vines, I realized that although heat, drought and insects could not trouble them, they could and did trouble me greatly. I therefore decided to rid myself of them so that I might have time for something else; and I then discovered another little thing about the hop that nobody had told me. The root of the hop is twice as energetic and twice as malevolent as the foliage; so that while the exposed portion of the vine is unobtrusively twisting itself around trees, shrubs and flowers and choking them to death, the roots are running under roads, in and out of walls, into water pipes, through flower beds, between brick walks and into the bottom of fence and telephone poles. Nothing can have any privacy if there is a hop root in the vicinity, and every little while the wandering hop root sends up another hop vine to choke a shrub to death or run up a telephone pole and interfere with telephone messages or pry shingles off a roof. If one attempts to pull up or dig up the root, and overlooks a small fragment of it, that small fragment will grow into another hop root and send up more shoots and spread itself all over the place.

In the beginning I planted fifty hop vines. Since I started to pull them up, I have pulled up something like sixty-eight miles of hop roots and more than eleven hundred hop vines, all of which are offshoots of the original fifty. I have eradicated them fairly well from my own estate, but I observe that they are coming up all over the near-by golf links, and I frequently come across descendants of my original vines half a mile and more from their original homes.

A Self-Conscious Bignonia

I experimented for a time with Concord grapevines and Catawba grapevines, but for some reason that still remains a mystery to me, these vines bore a very small variety of grape of such excessive acidity that the person who ate more than two of them was in some danger of losing all the enamel from his teeth. After a few years they died, probably from acidosis.

I also struggled patiently with Bignonia radicans, or trumpet vine, which was supposed to climb twenty feet, spread all over the side of the house and produce showy orange-scarlet flowers. Spring after spring I planted sturdy specimens of Bignonia radicans and examined them carefully from day to day in search of showy orange-scarlet blossoms, but no blossoms ever appeared and the vines expired each winter with whole-hearted vigor. The incessant staring to which they were subjected may have made them self-conscious or otherwise had something to do with their poor health. Certainly it was not lack of care on my part; for I dosed them at two-week intervals with large white pills, pushing the pills into the dirt around their roots. These pills, if one wished to believe the suggestions and intimations in the florists' annuals, would make grass grow on an egg: but they were of no benefit to Bignonia radicans.

Unfortunate as were my experiences with other vines, there was one vine—Celastrus scandens, or bittersweet—that never failed. At the beginning of my vine planting I had

leaned toward the grape and the trumpet vine because they were useful and beautiful, and had viewed my bittersweet vines without enthusiasm—probably because the florists' annuals recommended bittersweet "for covering old walls or stone heaps." Yet it was only by means of bittersweet that I was able to achieve the vine-clad effect that is mentioned in all poetry and fiction dealing with little homes in the country. The vine-clad effect, however, was accompanied by one or two other little matters that had never been mentioned in any of the poems or books, and that nobody had ever told me about.

The bittersweet, for example, never knew when to stop. It stuck its tendrils under shingles, between boards, inside blinds and through partitions. When it had finished covering the walls, it covered the windows, the roof and the entire inside of the porch, prying off bits of wood here and there as it progressed. When pruning shears were ruthlessly applied to it on a Saturday afternoon, it would have sent out so many new tendrils by the following Friday that twice as much clipping was necessary. The new tendrils, moreover, pressed affectionately and tightly against the painted surfaces under the eaves and then tied themselves into true lovers' knots.

For some reason unmentioned in any work of reference on little homes in the country, there seems to be a strong affinity between the young tips of bittersweet vines and the aphid family. In the case of my vines, at any rate, the tip of each bittersweet tendril acts as a summer resort and watering place for upward of one thousand aphids; and when these tips rest against a painted surface, the aphids join in scratching their backs against the paint in such fashion as to leave unsightly black smudges on it—smudges that can only be obliterated with two more coats of paint.

The tendrils are long and springy, and when they are pruned they uncoil and whip around and slap the pruner across the hair or mouth or neck with tips that are as heavily populated with aphids as is a camel with hairs. As a result, for every five minutes that the pruner spends on his bittersweet vines, he spends five hours in picking aphids off himself—an occupation that is viewed with more or less suspicion in society as at present organized.

A Victim of Friendly Advice

If, disgusted with the aphids, he decides to let the vines remain unpruned, his little home in the country becomes so thoroughly be-vined that it looks like a very small mid-Victorian poet peering querulously over the top of a very large and very tangled beard—a beard about three sizes too large for him, as were most of the beards affected by the best-known poets of the nineteenth century.

Returning again to the subject of the dwarf fruit trees that theoretically embellish my little home in the country, I am somewhat at a loss to understand how it is that the little country home of fiction and magazine articles is so surrounded by successful fruit trees that the owners and their guests are in constant danger of being bruised and stunned by the frequent impact of magnificent ripe apples, pears and plums.

My apple trees and my pear trees receive the best of care, but persistently refuse to bear fruit. One of my pear trees, after six years of praiseworthy effort, has advanced sufficiently to bear two crops of blossoms—one crop in June and another crop in August, and late in 1927 it was thought to be producing one pear. Unfortunately this was a false alarm; for the supposed pear turned out to be a species of small wen or carbuncle.

Two other pear trees have been peculiarly successful in the production of unsightly red eruptions on their leaves—eruptions that usually cause the leaves to curl up and fall off, so that the trees look like partly finished walking sticks.

I suspect that helpful friends are partly responsible for the persistent refusal of the trees to bear fruit. Whenever a friend appears, I ask him why it is that the trees don't bear fruit, and the friend usually looks vacantly at them and scratches their bark in several places with his thumb nail and digs his heel into the dirt at their roots, and then suggests pruning a few branches here and there, or spraying with this or that, or fertilizing with something else. These suggestions I am usually glad to follow, and I am beginning to think that the trees don't bear because they are overexcited by too much attention. If this is so, it should be mentioned in the florists' annuals or in the whimsical magazine articles dealing with little country homes that are invariably successful. Beginners should be told not to permit friends to scratch fruit trees with their thumb nails and should be warned against adopting more than one new suggestion each week.

Perennial Difficulties

Now that I have progressed beyond the first ineffable thrill that comes with acquiring dwarf fruit trees, I am less interested in the seed-catalogue tales of how thousands of persons are making fortunes in apples and pears and what not, and am more eager for a little literature on fruit trees that don't produce anything at all.

Before me, as I write, lies the catalogue of a fruit-tree nursery which announces, in startling type, "There's money in fruit!" I do not need to be told about this. I know it is true, because I have put some of mine there. Doubtless there are a lot of people who can get it out, but I am not one of them.

There are three other matters connected with the little home in the country concerning which, so far as I know, there has always been a conspiracy of silence, and concerning which I am lamentably in the dark.

First, the seed catalogues and the whimsical articles about flower beds intimate that all seeds sprout with equal ease. Secondly, the whimsical essays that tell how to plant shrubs and vines on a little estate in the country intimate that when a shrub or a vine is planted, it stays there forever.

Thirdly, the whimsical pieces about Sally and Peter—or Milady and the Duke, or Best Beloved and the Humble Servant, or whatever names the whimsical writers may choose—telling how they remodel their little home in the country, always intimate that the first changes, planned and executed without the assistance of an architect, are perfectly satisfactory and remain so indefinitely.

As to the first of these three matters, each year, on perusing the various seed catalogues that arrive as regularly as the hop vines, I am captivated, not to say enraptured, by the suggestions contained in them as to raising perennials from seed. Most of them offer collections of flower seeds which, if purchased and planted, are eventually supposed to grow into plants that will provide the garden with harmony of color and continuity of bloom, to say nothing of rare and unusual flowers of astounding size and penetrating fragrance.

In the collections are a few old favorites like sweet William and lupin and foxglove and Canterbury bells, and a great many strange and tricky blooms such as, let us say, Centaurea macrocephala, which has large yellow flower heads; or Cimicifuga racemosa, which has stately white flowers eight feet high, or Eryngium amethystinum, which has handsome amethyst-blue flowers, or Geum Lady Stratheden, which produces large, dazzling, intense yellow flowers, or Heuchera sanguinea, which has delicate spikes of coral-red bells, and many others too difficult to mention.

Year after year I have invested in large and expensive assortments of perennial seeds with the intention of raising my own perennials, prepared a beautiful perennial bed out of the richest soil and the most potent and penetrating fertilizers, and planted the seeds with the utmost care.

(Continued on Page 126)

Summer is a rollicking time for real boys and girls—of all ages. Blue skies, soft sand, the cool touch of clear water on strong muscles—enjoy them to the utmost

Treacherous SUNBURN
. . thief of joy

yields instantly to the dressing
the physician prescribes

"Jane . . . Jim . . . all the family—what do you prefer? Is it sea-sand today—lakeside—or the grassy bank of a purling river?"

When you are happiest, most unaware, cruel sunburn comes.

Take no chances. Keep a tube of Unguentine close at hand.

Soothe the smart of sunburn at once, heal the scorched skin. At the first sign of redness, apply Unguentine liberally. The ugly redness goes, you will not blister painfully now. Sickening sunburn poisons cannot develop with Unguentine. You are protected on the hottest day.

Many apply Unguentine before exposure. You are assured of a healthy tan without serious burning. Be especially careful with children; sunburn can make them ill for days. Be sure today a tube of Unguentine is in your outing kit as well as at home. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Be ready for July 4th burns

—A trusted name

Unguentine

FREE—A trial tube

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. 5-3
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name

Street

City and State

CROSLEY

New 6 Tube AC Electric **GEMBOX** $65
New 8 Tube AC Electric **SHOWBOX** $80
Improved 8 Tube AC Electric **JEWELBOX** $95

AC Electric JEWELBOX

The 8 tube Jewelbox employs Neutrodyne receiver in a compact, attractive cabinet. AC set, built to operate on 40 or 25 cycles. Full advantage of the 8 vacuum tubes and another 171 tube added push pull to drive the undistorted volume. With its entirely new audio system better than has been before heard. Also enabling it with the new Type E Dynacone to produce quality of tone unsurpassed even by receivers of the highest price. It incorporates the Accumulators a feature designed for sharpness of tuning in weak distant stations. Modern illuminated dial. The set uses three stages of radio frequency amplification employing the 226 AC tubes. The detector is a 227 tube the first stage of audio a 226 tube and the two output tubes are 171 a making in combination with the rectifier tube 280 4 tubes. The rich brown cabinet, highly orbited with gold, makes it undoubtedly the most attractive radio set

$95

AC Electric GEMBOX

This is the first completely self-contained AC set, in fact, the first AC set of any type to be offered at such an astonishing price. It utilizes three 226 tubes, two stages of radio and the first stage of audio with the non-radiating, regenerative 227 detector tube. The output tube is the famous 171 power tube with approximately 135 volts on the plate. It utilizes a 280 rectifier tube, making a total of six vacuum tubes housed inside its beautiful, gold highlighted case. This set has a modern illuminated dial; its coils are shielded. It utilizes the famous, genuine Neutrodyne circuit in combination with the non-radiating, regenerative detector tube, which in itself is equivalent to one additional stage of radio amplification.

The Gembox is highly sensitive because of its non-radiating regeneration. Distant stations can be built up to tremendous volume. It is highly selective. It operates from 100 to 125 volts AC line current and is made in two types for either 60 cycles or 25 to 40 cycles.

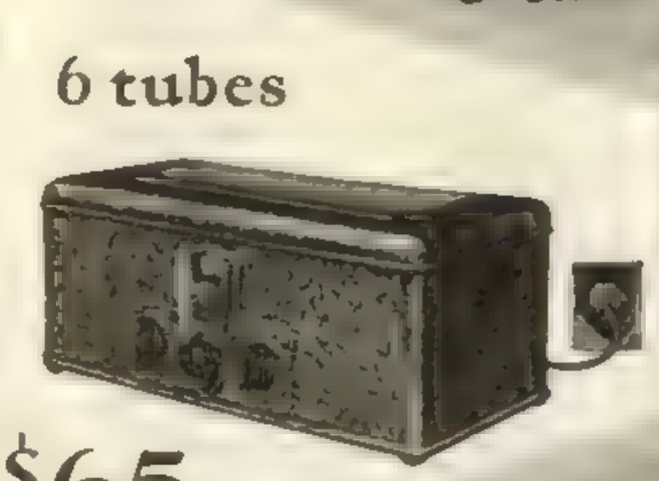
The output circuit of this set supplies the necessary DC current to take care of the field of the type E Dynacone in addition to the AC output which actuates the armature in the Dynacone. Or it can be used in connection with the type D Musicone, giving very satisfactory results.

Crosley present their crowning achievement in their history of successes . . . an engineering triumph in QUALITY . . . a production miracle in PRICE. Radio has never seen such value. Crosley radio maintains its leadership by always giving the public MORE for its money than it expects.

THE CROSLEY RADIO
Powel Crosley, Jr.

8 tubes

6 tubes



$65

The Improved BANDBOX

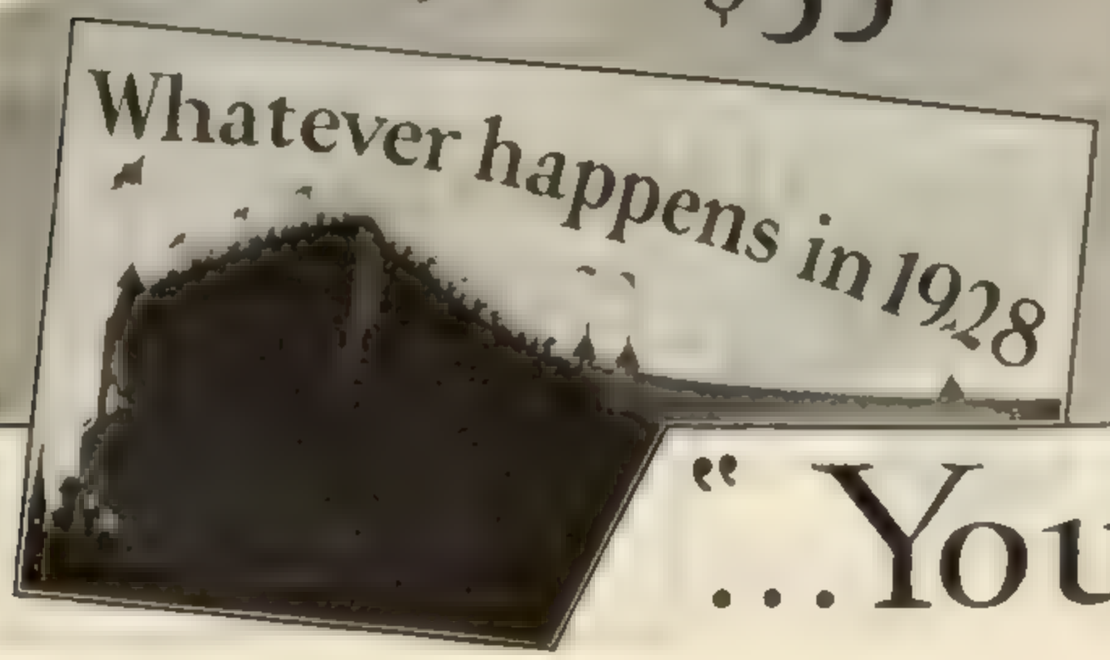
6 tubes

$55

The Bandbox has already proven itself a bright star in radio history. Genuine Neutrodyne, completely shielded; Acuminator equipped for sharp tuning on distant stations; modern illuminated dial . . . such are the amazing features that have made this storage battery type receiver the finest of its kind. Improvements and refinements place it in an incontestable position in its field regardless of price.

FIVE FREE IN YOUR BAND

This 6 tube receiver operates entirely from dry batteries. It is for use where electric light current is not available and where it is inconvenient to remove and recharge storage batteries frequently. It now uses four 199 tubes with a 120 power output tube. Filaments are supplied with current from No. 6 dry cells and the economical plate supply is from dry B batteries. The circuit consists of two stages of radio amplification, a non-radiating, regenerative detector and



"...You're *there* with

1928-29 RADIO

New **DYNACONE** *Dynamic Speaker* $25
Improved Battery Operated **BANDBOX** $55
Improved **BANDBOX JR.** $35

Today, determined by laboratory and actual home installation comparisons, Crosley Radio on a dollar for dollar basis is superior in performance to any radio on the market. Now, Crosley makes it possible for any purchaser to know how a Crosley Radio will perform in his home before he buys.

CORPORATION, *Cincinnati*
President

AC Electric SHOWBOX

$80

A new completely shielded genuine Neutrodyne set—equipped to operate on operating a new console type cabinet of unusual beauty. Modern Lustrous finish in two tones. Beautifully grained walnut highlighted by ornate three-mode ers. This wonder set contains three stages of radio amplification with eight tubes, detector 2-7 one 2-7 for the first stage of audio and two 12 power tubes, push pull, for the output audio. The set at does the Jewelbox with exception of 140 volts on the plates of the output tubes. With the 280 rectifying tube the set contains 8 tubes. Think of it an 8 tube set at $80. This amazing set also uses the new Type F Dynacone Cone

bined with the incomparable audio frequency system of the receiver that has performance unsurpassed. The set operates on 60 cycles or 25 and 40 cycles. It must be seen and heard to be appreciated. And you wherever you are may PROVE these statements yourself before you buy

8 tubes

The new DYNACONE

A new dynamic speaker having field coil magnets. These fields energize by direct current, giving the improved performance that is expected from dynamic speakers. The Dynacone actually reproduces the fundamental tones down to 50 cycles with a superior curve of response over the entire range up to 7,000 cycles. The Dynacone is made in two types; Type E for sets having NO output transformer and Type F for sets utilizing an output transformer. Dealers will see that you get the RIGHT type for your set. The Type F is particularly recommended for the Jewelbox and Showbox described in this ad.

As both of these sets, being push-pull, utilize an output transformer, two of the leads from the speaker go inside of the set to pin jacks, which supply the DC field current from the power unit, and the other two leads plug in on the regular manner and conduct the AC voltage, which actuates the armature and gives forth the sound. Price of the two models is identical.

DAYS TRIAL OWN HOME

$25

New Dynamic Speaker

BOX JR.

6 tube Dry Cell receiver

two stages of audio. The additional stage of radio with its extra tube has been added, making the set more sensitive, bringing in distant stations with more volume and making the set easy to tune. It is recommended that the type D Musicone be used.

$35

The MUSICONE

$15

Crosley Musicones became the world's fastest selling loud speaker several years ago when first introduced and have maintained that leadership ever since. Today this new model holds NO equal for value. Constantly improved, the Musicones have consistently given the world the full joy and pleasure of radio at low prices. The Musicone stands alone now, as ever, since its inception in the field of magnetic speakers—clear, resonant, powerful and pure of tone!

Montana Wyoming Colorado

5 days free trial coupon

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION,
Cincinnati, Ohio, Dept. 31

I want to know more about Crosley Radio. I want to take advantage of your offer to allow me a 5-day FREE trial in my own home. I cannot locate the nearest Crosley dealer, so please arrange the home demonstration for me.

Send Set ☐ Check here — Write name of set in which interested here — Send Literature ☐ Check here

Name .....

Address .....

a Crosley"

(Continued from Page 123)

Day after day, in the morning and the evening, I have watered the sleeping seeds with patient thoroughness, regardless of the water that drips on me and of the mosquitoes that dine bountifully from my neck, wrists and ankles during the operation. And each year, with unfailing regularity, the sweet-William seeds and the lupine seeds and the foxglove seeds and the Canterbury-bell seeds burst fluently from the ground, but never has there been any sign of life whatever—barring a magnificent crop of scraggy weeds—in the drills in which the seeds of the rare and unusual flowers were planted.

In my time I have raised enough sweet William—a flower that leaves me almost as cold as Australian spinach or witch grass—to carpet the Duchy of Luxemburg. Lupine flourishes so vigorously for me that aphids come from all over the state of Maine to feed on the superlative blooms that fight for position with my foxgloves. But if it weren't for the clear and exciting pictures of the strange and tricky flowers—of the Heuchera sanguinea and the Geum Lady Stratheden, and so on—that are thoughtfully placed in the seed catalogues by the enterprising florists, I should be doomed to end my days without knowing what they look like.

The Changes Time Brings

Why this should be is a mystery to me. I am making no complaint about it and am merely stating it as a fact to show that there are some things connected with a little home in the country that are not satisfactorily explained in the whimsical essays.

As to the second of these three matters, I originally planted shrubs and vines around my little home in the country with a calm and peaceful mind. Nowhere, in any of the whimsical essays on such things that had come to my notice, was there any intimation that any further attention would have to be paid to them. Within a year of the original planting, however, I began to discover that I had made a number of mistakes in placing the shrubs and vines. When I am not changing the location of my front gate I am shifting the front walk or the back walk; and when I am not inserting a new flower bed I am adding some small excrescence to the house; and when I am not digging up a water pipe I am removing or putting in another tree or indulging in some other activity that seems, at the time, excessively necessary and important. In each case a few shrubs or vines must be dug up and removed to other locations, as is also the case when the shrubs become too crowded or grow up over the windows or intrude on a view.

It has become almost impossible for me to think of my shrubs or vines with any pleasure, because of the knowledge that all of them, sooner or later, will have to be dug up or moved. If ever there comes a year when I am sighing with relief because there seems to be no immediate need to move any more shrubs or trees or vines, the town in which I live elects a new road commissioner who, for lack of something better to do, comes around and makes me move trees that prevent automobilists from seeing around the corner on which my home is located. Consequently it seems to me that the newspapers and magazines that publish whimsical essays about tree, shrub and vine planting would fill a long-felt want if they would publish a few whimsical essays telling how to plant shrubs and trees around a little home in the country so that none of them would ever have to be moved.

As to the third and last—but most important—of these three matters, when I converted my ex-stable into a little home I trusted implicitly in the whimsical essays on farmhouse repairing and the evolution of little homes in general. In these essays, when an old stable or farmhouse is converted it is converted for keeps. Peter and Sally, or whoever it is that has done the converting, are thoroughly contented with what they have done, even down to the antique whisky bottles used as candlesticks on the mantel. Any change that is made in what they have done, one easily sees, will be made only over their dead bodies. Consequently I fondly imagined that my initial stable-converting labors were to be my last. I even went so far as to heave a sigh of relief and observe that next year there would be nothing to do, so that I could devote all my time to what are sometimes humorously spoken of as literary pursuits.

On the following year, however, it became necessary to add a brick-floored front porch, replace the walls of the dining room with a more attractive wood and repair the kitchen; and when the mess from this was cleared away there was a deep groan of pleasure because no further repairs or changes would be necessary. On the third year, however, it was discovered that the roof needed to be reshingled, and it was consequently decided to enlarge a bedroom and add another bathroom at the same time. On the fourth year the carpenters returned to the scene of the crime, so to speak, to install an ancient wrought-iron balcony injudiciously purchased from a firm of house wreckers during a hurried trip through New Orleans. Since the carpenters were at work, it seemed a desirable time to build a larger closet in the guest room and renovate the sheathing on the walls, to say nothing of installing antique hinges and latches on the doors. It was after these repairs were made that a solemn oath was taken that no other changes or alterations would be desired or countenanced.

On the fifth year, however, a dressing room with various other closets was built to go with the balcony installed on the preceding year. On the sixth year the bookcases and window seats of the living room were entirely wrenched out and transmogrified because they failed to harmonize with certain pieces of antique furniture that had been introduced into the home. On the seventh and eighth years, in order to escape from the constant repairs that were taking place, an offensive stable across the street was purchased, torn down and built up into the workshop known as the House With the Blue Roof, whose painful history has already been set forth in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. On the ninth year the kitchen of Stall Hall proved unsatisfactory and was consequently entirely rebuilt with various electrical appliances, antique hinges and what not. Groans of relief followed the departure of the carpenters after the débris had been cleared away and solemn vows were taken that no carpenter should ever again set foot in the house in the line of business.

On the tenth year, however, the floor of the living room began to sag in a peculiar and disturbing manner, and offensive fungoid growths began to emerge from joints in the floor boards and cracks in the walls. The carpenters, accordingly, returned and tore up the floor of the living room, to say nothing of ripping out the entire front of the house. It then developed that when the brick porch had been added on the second year the bricks had been laid on sea sand, and the sand had been allowed to rest against the heavy wooden sills of the house. Out of the sand had come sheets and fingers and claws of fungus, supported by pulpy roots that extended two and three feet into the sand; and the sheets and claws and fingers had fastened on the sills and floor beams and floor boards and spread up the walls and rotted them so that the walls crumbled beneath the impact of a fist, and beams measuring eight by ten inches could be ripped to pieces with the bare hands. Consequently new floor beams and a new floor and a new front wall, all carefully protected from the contaminating touch of the sand, were installed; and at the same time it seemed a good idea to build a new cement cellar and repair the cellar walls where they had been weakened by willow roots—the roots, of course, of the nice screen for unsightly objects.

A Fascinating Sucker Game

It should furthermore be remarked, in passing, that between all these distressing carpentering jobs were sandwiched other messy ventures in painting, plumbing, electrifying, glazing, masonry and what not. I cannot tell, of course, what alterations will be necessary next year, and the year after that, and the year after that, and so on, *ad infinitum;* but something will be necessary, and it will be excessively noisy and unpleasant.

As a result of all this, it seems to me that whenever a newspaper or a magazine prints a whimsical and thrilling piece about how somebody rebuilt a little home in the country for the price of a couple of tickets to a moderately successful Broadway play, it ought also to print an editorial note informing gullible tyros that the little-home-in-the-country game is one of the greatest sucker games in the world.

I have definitely made up my mind that, so far as I am concerned, a little home in the country is too great a care and too great an expense. In fact, I have just about decided to sell it and rent when the call of country life becomes too strong to be denied. I haven't definitely decided on the price, however, and I have a strong suspicion that I'd refuse anything under a million dollars.

RADIO COMES OF AGE

(Continued from Page 11)

numerals in the telegraphic code, or, say, three dots, four dots. The airplane is equipped with a direction-finding loop. Its receiver is sharply tuned to the wave length of this particular French transmitter. So long, then, as the plane flies in the direction of the beam sent out from this French station near Brest, the navigator hears in his ear phone a constant repetition of this signal—three, four.

If the plane veers to the right or left, the intensity of the signal immediately diminishes, but by slightly altering the direction of his receiving loop the aviator can tell in which direction he must steer his plane in order to get back into his radio-beam channel. If, on the other hand, he keeps his plane pointed in the right direction—that is, parallel to this beam—but wind drift takes him slowly out of the zone to right or left, his wind indicator tells him, of course, whether the wind is driving him to right or left, and he at once knows in which direction he must head his plane to get back into the zone. Once back in the zone of the radio beam, the rotation of his direction finder will then tell him the exact direction from which the beam signals are coming

In this connection John Hays Hammond, Jr., well known for his many inventions in radio, made the really brilliant suggestion last summer, following upon Commander Byrd's flight when he was lost in the fogs over France, that a series of straight power lines, radiating from such a center as Paris and stretching overland in various directions toward the sea, would have made it possible for a plane like Byrd's, if equipped with a radio direction finder, to follow accurately over one of these power wires from the sea coast to Paris, so that Byrd would have known when he was flying over his desired port. Under such a system, it is highly probable Commander Byrd could have proceeded to Le Bourget without delay and would have spiraled down to a safe landing without regard to fog, night or other conditions affecting visibility

Hammond's idea was that each such power line would carry over its entire length and radiate for a short vertical distance above it a continuous radio code signal which could be instantly identified by the radio observer in the plane, who would thus be enabled to follow the direction of the wire with great accuracy. Radio trails or channels are, briefly, lines that would resemble standard telegraph lines, but with the important difference that they would be straight as the arrow flies between important terminals for air travel. They would comprise a system of wires capable of radiating through their extent electromagnetic waves, according to the methods evolved for standard radio broadcasting. At the French terminus, for example, there would be, say, three of these trails established, radiating to Dieppe, Havre and Cherbourg, with the apex at Le Bourget. Each of these trails would carry a high-frequency alternating current, broken up into Morse code by automatic means, so that each trail would have its continuous distinctive signal which would radiate into the ether above the line and for a limited distance on either side, thus establishing a definitely marked pathway. It was Mr. Hammond's idea that planes flying in opposite directions along the radio trails should proceed at different specified altitudes, to avoid chance of collision.

Aviation, as a means of travel, is established. It is my opinion that nothing more can be accomplished by these high adventures of the past year. Major Fitzmaurice admitted that had he been able to take with him on the Bremen a light sending and receiving set he would not have been lost in the fog off Labrador

The problem that now faces us is one of scientific concentration; installation of radio channels ought to be the very next step in aviation.

A vast amount of research will be required to learn how to overcome the fading and shifting of short-wave radio signals. It may prove necessary to radiate continuously several wave lengths from one of these beam transmitters, so that when the fading or shifting takes place for one wave length it probably will not occur simultaneously for all the others. The signal must be received by the airplane from any one of several such wave lengths The transmitters for sending out these radio-direction beams will be very similar to the present beam-telegraph transmission stations, such as the Marconi Company has developed for telegraphing from England to the antipodes.

Either every plane will carry its own radio-transmitting equipment, which will automatically send out a very short-wave-length signal, or the neon beacon lights will prove effective to prevent collision in fog or night. The larger planes will all carry their own radio transmitters and be able to signal to any airport if forced to make an unexpected landing. Barring a crash, it will then be possible for the signalman on board to put up a jury antennæ to call for help. In any event the plane will be completely equipped, for nothing, it seems to me, could be more foolhardy and excuseless than for an airplane pilot to attempt a transoceanic trip without complete radio equipment.

Certain experiments have been made along the lines of controlling by radio planes without passengers—chiefly, I believe, for the dropping of bombs in war. The theory here is all right: A light plane, designed simply and without the comfort of planes designed for traveler service, with automatic releasing devices, is filled with bombs or ammunition sufficient, if necessary, to destroy a whole city. The plane is operated by an ordinary motor and propeller, all the controls to be operated by radio from the ground. It is sent up unpiloted to a certain

Continued on Page 129

SHOWERS

Approved Radio FURNITURE

for CROSLEY RADIO Receiving Sets

Powel Crosley, Jr., Approves!

"I am delighted with the new Showers radio cabinets and find they conform ideally, both acoustically and mechanically, to the requirements of Crosley Radio." Powel Crosley, Jr.

This endorsement is made only after extremely critical consideration. Powel Crosley, Jr., is determined that the console and cabinets designed to house

Two leaders collaborate to create radio's greatest value

Crosley Radio and containing the new Crosley Dynacone match the super-value of the receivers and the remarkable new dynamic speaker as well.

Logically Crosley looked to the world's largest furniture manufacturer to produce such values. For in Showers Brothers Co's plant he finds production comparable to his own—modern "straight line" manufacturing, organized along gigantic lines to produce individual units on the most economical basis

Showers designers turned to this task with free hands. From Showers perfected kiln dried lumber solid, permanent construction by the famous Showers laminated process is introduced. Lovely veneers were selected to form the delightful modern patterns which make fine furniture so attractive today. Inspired wood carvers added decorative motifs, and rare woods are combined to make these consoles exquisite gems.

Then mighty organization—skilled in mass production—applied its long experience to producing such beauty at prices the world will pronounce its greatest furniture values.

Now they are ready. . . . . sturdy—beautiful—exquisite—at unmatchable prices attained without skimping even one nail.

STUDY THE VALUE PICTURED IN THE CENTER OF THE PAGE

Standing 38 inches high, this console presents a lovely walnut surface so cut as to offer the exquisite grain of the wood to its fullest advantage. Decorated with genuine wood carvings and containing the new wonder toned Crosley Dynacone speaker Price $50. Behind it hangs a matching console mirror which Dealers show at $11.00, and before it you catch a glimpse of a specially designed tuning bench which adds much to any room and can be bought for $16.75.

Description of Model C-1

Exquisite walnut veneers cut to show the full beauty of the grain, matched and combined with rare zebra wood and moire walnut, are decorated with genuine wood carvings. Fluted legs impart a delicacy to unusually sturdy construction. The hardware is solid brass. Full swinging doors open upon the radio control panel and the new amazing Crosley dynamic speaker—the Dynacone, with which the cabinet is equipped.

Model C-1

$84

Description of Model C-2

Fine walnut veneer has been matched to create a most beautiful combination of wood graining. Delicate carving has been added to complete a true work of art. The door falls down to form an arm rest when operating the radio controls, and the speaker—the new Crosley Dynacone—is mounted gracefully underneath. Height of this console—42 inches

Description of Model C-4

Matched walnut veneer creates charming doors with over-laid decorations of curly maple veneer. Genuine wood carvings are high lighted and beautifully finished. Top opens and doors are full swinging type Finished with solid brass hardware. New Crosley dynamic speaker built-in

Model C-4

$70

Model C-2

$70

Crosley dealers now show this carved walnut console *equipped with the new* Crosley dynamic DYNACONE *and containing the new* Crosley AC Electric GEMBOX *receiver*

$115.

SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

Five Day FREE TRIAL Offer
of Crosley Radio in Showers Cabinets

Showers Brothers Co.,
Bloomington, Ind. Dept. 31.

I should like to see this featured console Model C 3 in my home and try the Crosley radio in it 5 DAYS FREE Will you please arrange it. Also send me literature I have checked.

Showers Brothers Fine Furniture for ☐
Living, Dining, Bedroom, Kitchen
Showers Radio Cabinets ☐
Celebrated Nurre Mirrors ☐

Name

Address

MISS LAURA DEEN stops to set her watch. Lovely teeth like hers should only be entrusted to a scientific dentifrice like Pepsodent.

THE LADY WINS or the gentleman lags. Both, however, possess those gleaming smiles that make you think of Pepsodent. Their names are Betty Frye and Donald Royce.

DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles Keep dull film off your teeth," they say That's why Pepsodent is recommended.

NEVER BEFORE—SUCH SMILES!

Gain them by removing dingy film from teeth

Keeping teeth white this new way curbs tooth and gum disorders. Now remove "off-color" film on teeth as urged by the foremost dental opinion of the day. See how quickly teeth brighten and grow whiter

GLISTENING, white teeth simply mean film-free teeth. If your teeth are "off color," dull, lustreless, they are film coated.

Properly protected teeth and gums mean the same thing—film-free teeth. According to present-day dental findings, if your teeth are film coated, both your teeth and gums are left unguarded against bacterial attack.

Ordinary brushing does not successfully combat film. And that is why, largely on dental advice, thousands are adopting Pepsodent. For Pepsodent is a *Scientifically Developed Film-Removing Agent*, different in formula, preparation and effect from any other dentifrice.

Film is a grave and dangerous enemy of both teeth and gums. Run your tongue across your teeth now and you can feel it, a slippery, slimy coating.

Germs by the millions breed in that film. And germs, with tartar, are a proved cause of pyorrhea. Film, too, fosters the bacteria which invite the acids of decay. Discolorations from food and smoking lodge in it; teeth look dingy and "off color." You must remove film TWICE daily, say dentists.

TEA FOR THREE at one of Chicago's smart hotels, the Edgewater Beach. The smiles of Clark Stevenson and Miss Margaret Miller illustrate how important an adjunct Pepsodent is to social charm

Pepsodent has largely changed the tooth cleansing habits of the world. It removes that film completely—*thoroughly*, and in safety to enamel. It acts to firm tender gums. It alkalizes the mouth's saliva to combat the acids of decay. It cleanses the teeth as ordinary brushing cannot do.

It meets—your dentist will tell you—the dominant dental exactments of today, for whiter, healthier teeth and healthier gums—in nine important ways. In big tubes, for a few cents, wherever dentifrices are sold. Or write to nearest address below for free 10-days' supply.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Can; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N.S.W.

Pepsodent

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

(Continued from Page 126)

altitude, from which it proceeds across land or sea to a given point over the enemy's town or fortification, whereupon the load of bombs is automatically released and the fate of the plane becomes a matter of indifference.

But I am extremely skeptical of the whole proceeding. Even if proved practicable, an unpiloted and electrically operated plane is the easiest possible mark for an enemy's gun. Its destruction would be inevitable. As far as I can see, the automatic steering of planes will always be usefully limited to the following of radio channels, and a pilot will always be necessary. Human intelligence is indispensable in the operation of planes.

Public interest has been greatly aroused by recent experiments attempting the employment of radio for flashing moving pictures into the home. Here again we have a perfect basis for experiment. Moving pictures can be transmitted, like any other photographs, over the wire, with a very satisfactory degree of resemblance. But why should they? Only occasionally an event of sufficient importance might occur to render it worthwhile to go to the expense of transmitting a motion-picture film in this way.

For instance, quite recently a three-foot length of motion-picture film taken in Chicago was reproduced in New York. The film was cut into several short lengths. These were reproduced like any telephotograph and the short pieces patched together again to make up the original length. With our present methods, consider the amount of time it would require to transmit in this manner 1000 feet of film—almost as long, in fact, as an airplane would require to bring the original film from Chicago.

After a long and careful study of this subject, I do not believe that moving pictures will ever be transmitted over radio into the home. The experiment may be extremely useful as a freak accomplishment of science, but practically the results obtained will be so expensive, so uncertain, and so wholly unsatisfactory as to render the practical realization out of the question.

Static and Television

On the other hand, television, although a much more complicated proposition, is more rationally accomplished and hence of far greater practical value than the transmission of moving pictures. Television is actually "seeing over a wire." At the present time, a fairly simple and not too expensive television receiver has been constructed which reproduces on a small screen in a darkened pocket a neon-light-colored image of a scene at a distant transmitter. This tiny television is a rare novelty and is highly fascinating, but considerable skill is required in synchronizing the receiver to keep the television picture properly unscrambled. When the revolving perforated disks at the transmitter and the revolving perforated disks at the receiver are in operation, they must rotate in perfect step with each other. Unless their rotation occurs with perfect synchronization, the image reconstructed at the receiving end will be so distorted as not to be recognizable as a duplicate of the object or scene, placed before the transmitter. In other words, unless perfect synchronism is maintained between the transmitting and receiving television disks, the image may drift. Then to transmit even such a small picture by radio requires fairly perfect radio conditions, which, unfortunately, do not always exist.

The form of television apparatus demonstrated recently by Doctor Alexanderson and his associate engineers of the General Electric Research Laboratories—very similar to the apparatus used in the Bell system—solves the synchronising problem by using an ordinary 60-cycle A. C. motor, and wherever any change occurs in the frequency of the alternating current the speed of the motor and its attached disk is corrected by simply pushing a button which accelerates or retards the motor.

This device may assist the problem of synchronization, but I believe that there will be no very large demand for the television radio receiver until it has been made foolproof and until it has been so perfected that the television picture can be seen on a very large screen by a reasonably large audience. Further, until that *bête noire* of radio, static, has been entirely eliminated, television must be largely limited to wire transmission. The problem of properly illuminating the original scene at the television transmitter, so that a scene which would draw large audiences could be transmitted over radio by any of our present known electrical principles of light-controlled current, is indeed a difficult problem, only the rudiments of which have today been solved. Hundreds of thousands of dollars and a vast amount of patient scientific research and experimentation extending over a long period of time, constitute the price which must be paid before our audiences will be amazed and delighted by television.

The New Speaking Drama

Commercially practical television must await a time when there can be thrown on the screen of a large theater a properly illuminated picture of some distant scene to an audience which has paid well for the expense involved. Such a scene will have to be a prearranged event staged at some distant point, and will appear on the screen in much the same manner as does the present motion picture. The difference between television and motion pictures of news events will be chiefly in the added attraction of witnessing an event far distant while it is actually happening.

Television in the home will come eventually, but I foresee a long and difficult path ahead. Contrary to the general belief, when television does finally reach the home, it will probably be by wire and not by radio, for it will be much cheaper and altogether more satisfactory over wire. In my opinion, our present-day knowledge of physics is not sufficient successfully to solve the problem of television by radio. I apprehend that television in the home, as popularly conceived, must await some new and radical advances, some today almost unheard-of discovery, perhaps as startling as that of Röntgen's X ray.

The most immediate change in our present moving-picture entertainment lies in the field of the talking film. This process is simply one of photographing sound waves on a moving-picture film. There are two methods: One is by varying the amount of light which a certain type of lamp emits, in accordance with the intensity of the electric current supplied in the lamp; the other is to employ a constant source of light, the beam of which is more or less cut off, either by a small vibrating mirror or a vibrating string, which is made to vibrate by the telephonic currents which represent the sound waves. The photograph of the sound waves lies in a narrow strip that runs along the edge of the picture film.

The thousands of moving-picture lovers who have seen and heard the latest news weeklies and symphonic musical accompaniments to feature films, have seen only a suggestion of the radical changes bound to occur in the moving picture of the future. Just as advances in photography and pictorial effects which were not conceived of a few years ago are now commonplace in the minds of producer and public alike, so undoubtedly the film of the future will be a masterpiece of the speaking voice, subtly adapted to the development of the character portrayed on the screen, with color and music that will make our most modern moving picture seem infinitely commonplace. Color experts have already found that their attempt to reproduce the colors of Nature—though it may have its place—may develop into an entirely new realm of color effects, not like those which Nature gives us but far more startling and effective.

Returning now to radio, it is my opinion that the public has been led astray as to the actual great unsolved problems of the airways, and to believe, in fact, that wireless, or radio, may one day supplant wire communication. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The airways present great problems. Greater directivity in radio transmissions, which also involves higher efficiency of transmission, and the problem of fading or shifting of direction of radio waves are only a part of the difficulties that engineers and men of science must face and combat. A systematic study of weather conditions and their relation to radio transmission; the effects of daylight and darkness; a thorough investigation of the nature and location of the upper reflecting layers of the atmosphere, the so-called heavy-side layer—all these natural phenomena must be thoroughly studied and an immense amount of data procured and coördinated. In other words, a radio research magnificent is needed before we finally learn how best to overcome the natural obstacles and interruptions to our wireless signals.

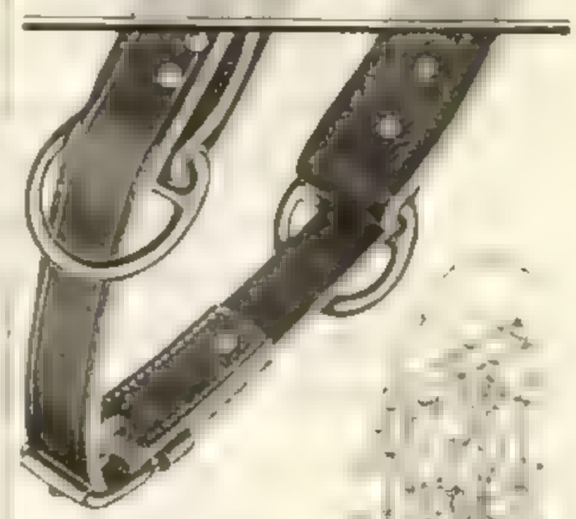
A certain number of radio transmission channels can be operated simultaneously. This number has been greatly increased during the past few years, and during the succeeding five or ten years I anticipate that the field of short wave lengths which research men are just now beginning carefully to investigate, will render available a tremendous number of additional radio communication channels. Perhaps by means of double or compound tuning, it may be possible to operate as many as 100,000 channels. But even with this optimistic forecast we know positively that the number of ether channels thus rendered available will fall hopelessly short of the number required in our daily communication. Therefore to imagine for a moment that radio will ever supplant wire communication would be ridiculous. Today, in our large cities alone, hundreds of thousands of telephone lines are required and the demand for more is increasing as fast as our population.

Guideposts for Ether Waves

Ether waves in general must be guided by copper conductors. Indeed, ether in general will never supplant the atom as the messenger of man. Aggregates of atoms, in the form of wires, must serve as multifarious guides for the ether—or, more strictly speaking, for the waves in the ether—where millions of individual channels of point-to-point communication are required. In radio, ether waves alone are independent of the atom and travel in all directions until stopped or deflected by masses of atoms in the form of conducting bodies; but wherever the ether wave strikes a suitable conductor such as a wire, whether the wave be placed upon the wire purposely at the transmitting end or comes across it accidentally as the wave traverses the open country, the energy of the wave, or at least a portion thereof, prefers to follow along the wire, letting this wire conduct it hither and thither, wherever the wire may lead. In other words, ether waves are always looking for guideposts. Thus any wire leading into your home—electric light, power or telephone wire—is most certainly bringing, in addition to the current which it was installed to carry, a host of tramp ether waves which were wandering somewhat aimlessly over the countryside. Just attach a radio receiver through a small insulating condenser to any such wire as I have described and observe what a lot of radio waves it will disclose as traveling along the wire.

A steel windmill frame, standing isolated on the countryside, draws to itself from a comparatively large surrounding distance energy from all the other ether waves which may be traversing that section. Engineers have actually plotted the distortion in the lines of force representing the ether waves which the presence of such a steel tower introduces. Their diagrams of this interesting phenomenon very much resemble the little surface lines and ripples which you

KLEIN *Equipped*



Look at the man on the dangerous job—if you see one the pliers are Kleins—the standard of public utilities since 1857

BACK he swings on the strap, working over his head—safety—even life itself depends on leather and steel. No quality here but the best—no choice except Klein equipment.

Ask the man who risks his life out on the lines. Climbers, belts, safety straps, tools—they're all Kleins.

Distributed through jobbers

On dangerous jobs, it's safety that counts. This little book, "Safety First for the Lineman", will be sent anyone interested upon request. It contains valuable information for linemen and public utility companies.

Mathias KLEIN & Sons

3200 BELMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO

What is a Sales Book— Merchandise or System?

(an advertisement to retailers)

Most merchants would answer "System," immediately. Many, especially the biggest and most successful, would add, "The very heart of our business operations." Ask Marshall Field's in Chicago, for example, or Bamberger's in Newark.

We have, however, found that many other merchants buy sales books or autographic register forms simply as merchandise at so much per thousand. We wonder if they realize that some of these are sold as merchandise only, and others as *systems* built around *merchandise designed for the purpose.*

Retailing is done on a small enough margin at best—why not protect that margin by every means available? Rediforms and Rediform Systems Service will help get you (as well as wholesalers, manufacturers, and other types of businesses) the protection you want.

Mail the coupon for evidence.

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED
ELMIRA, NEW YORK
Factories: Elmira, N. Y., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Sales and Service Offices in Principal Cities

In nearly a half century of experience, American Sales Book has contributed 95 per cent of all worthwhile improvements in the design of sales books. Through Rediform service any type can be tailor-made to fit the exact requirements of your business.

Rediform
CARBON COPY RECORDS
For Key Operations of Business

Send your book, "The Key Operations of Business," and samples of Rediforms for ☐ handwritten ☐ typewritten records.

Name.....

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City and State

Kind of Business

S E P 6-30-28

Check Key Operation presenting chief problem.

☐ Purchasing
☐ Receiving
☐ Production
☐ Sales ☐ Billing
☐ Stock ☐ Shipping

observe in the surface of a pool of water if you thrust a stick or a fishing pole below the surface when a gentle breeze is blowing.

The inner regions of the earth are crammed full of an inexhaustible supply of heat energy, sufficient for all man's future requirements while the human race exists. The next feat of science is to discover some means of tapping such mines of energy at almost any point in the earth's surface, wherever such power may be required. What we need is to obtain such power from Nature without the present complicated and highly uneconomical methods of burning coal or oil or gas.

It is also conceivable that we may find some way of sustaining at lofty heights metal-coated collectors of the high-voltage electric charges which we know exist in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and bringing this energy down by wires to the earth's surface, thus establishing a drainage channel down which the exhaustless energy of the upper air will flow through properly designed motors, or converters, which will serve to transform this exceedingly high voltage energy into electric currents which man can utilize for his daily needs.

We know positively that there is not enough energy in white coal, or water power, over the earth's surface to take care of all man's future power requirements, even if transmission engineering becomes so perfected that we can transmit the energy of waterfalls electrically over any distance to which it may be required. We also know that within a comparatively short time—a century or two at most—man will have consumed all the available supplies of coal and oil which the upper strata of the earth contain. Moreover, the priceless chemical products which can be made from coal and coal tar only should induce us even now to cease wasting this utterly irreplaceable material in fire under our factory boilers and locomotives.

A New Age and New Climate

As soon as we succeed in tapping these sources of power, by whatever means science may discover, we shall have power so cheap, and at any point where it is required, that it will be supplied in unlimited quantities to all our cities, towns and villages in the form of electrical energy sufficient for all man's needs for power, heat and lighting. Then we shall use electricity in a thousand ways that are today impractical because of the expense involved. There will be no more chimneys, no more smoke, for our heating and cooking will be all electrical. Food will be grown in electric hothouses under artificial light, stimulated and filled with vitamins by ultra-violet rays; and will be cooked electrically by high-frequency currents in a few moments. Dishes will be washed in an electrically operated machine by water electrically heated. Housewives' tasks will be practically eliminated. The house will be warm in every portion merely by the turning on of switches. Carpets and rugs themselves will emanate heat, if desired. And in hot weather our houses will be cooled by electric refrigeration.

Since the conquest of space and the harnessing of power are still really in their infancy, and though the cost of this electrical power I have just described will be negligible, it is easy to imagine what vast and unpredictable worlds lie just ahead for the pioneers of science. Electrical power will eventually be so abundant that man will actually be able to alter climates and control weather conditions. The heat of the tropics will be tempered and the rigors of northern climates subdued. Man will know, too, how to make rain at will. He may learn, eventually, how to prevent rain. He will certainly learn how to dispel fog. Farming will be a highly developed science under conditions utterly unlike those that now exist. With electrical power available in unlimited quantities at almost negligible cost, an acre of soil will produce in one year what fifty acres cannot now produce, and with absolute independence of the vagaries of weather. Until man learns how definitely to regulate weather conditions, such farming as I here allude to will be largely carried on under glass.

Even assuming that science does not discover a method for harnessing the unlimited energies of the upper atmosphere and does not succeed in tapping the exhaustless mines of heat below—an assumption that I do not believe—within a few short years we shall learn how to harness the sun's energy through the medium of fuel crops from which, for example, a perennial flow of alcohol or other vegetable fuel can be distilled sufficient for all man's future requirements to the end of time.

An International Era

This era of limitless power will certainly arrive within the next two or three hundred years. We are on the threshold of an industrial revolution of the first magnitude. Philosophers and men of thought the world over want to know: What will be its contribution to mankind? When television in the home has become a practical reality and merely by the pressing of a tiny button we can look at events happening and people gathering together in far corners of the world; when we can listen to music or words of wisdom upon any subject that happens to interest us from Egypt, China or Russia; when we can travel at safe high speed at rates available to almost everyone; when the details of our workaday lives require no thought; when there are in every home comforts with which the most modern hotel is not yet equipped; when this era of unlimited power arrives—how will it affect man?

The first and most obvious effect that unlimited power will have upon the human being will be to release him from the shackles of time—that is, man's earning capacity, his capacity for creative accomplishment in every line of endeavor, will be multiplied beyond belief. Every man will have a large amount of his time available for pursuits of his own choice. From this it is easy to see how the whole point of view and training of the human race will be entirely different from anything that has yet been known.

The international exchange of ideas will demand one common and universal language. Education will be universal, for once people have tasted cultural entertainment in unlimited quantities, knowledge will appear as a new form of entertainment. And with ignorance removed, mankind will develop tolerance. The international point of view which today is understood and appreciated by only a few of the most advanced and liberal minds will become the common property of every man. National boundaries will be largely nebulous, but local governments will still be necessary. I doubt an actual world state, but some form of international committee will undoubtedly exist. War will be a product of the past. Navies will be scrapped and armies reduced to small policing forces only. And the expenses of government will be small indeed by comparison with the burdens under which the peoples of the earth stagger today. Disease will be largely conquered: old age and accident will be the chief causes of death, and the span of human life will be greatly lengthened. The political phenomena of today will be as incredible to our descendants as the Crusades now appear to us.

This electrical Utopia will undoubtedly work to the final dissolution of the present big-city method of living, since it will no longer be a matter of necessity for people to hover in droves about power centers. Architects of the coming generation will excel in the design of big, spacious, accommodating homes, separated one from the other by wide lawns. The present mania for vast aggregates of people crowding into small spaces, whether it be the moving-picture theater to seek entertainment, the subway for travel, or the apartment house for refuge, is at worst a transient phenomenon, doomed to pass in the scientifically managed cities of the future.

SEIT GENERATIONEN WURDE EIN EINZIG
DASTEHENDER KASE HERGESTELLT—DER SWITZERLAND CHEESE
—DESSEN GESCHMACK NICHT NACHGEMACHT WERDEN KANN

For generations they have made one finer cheese—Switzerland Cheese—with the flavor that can't be copied

We marvel at the gourmet's patience as he spends hours of loving care in the creation of a favorite dish. Yet hours have been matched by centuries in Switzerland in the perfection of a wonderful cheese—the true Swiss—Switzerland Cheese.

Rightly is this cheese known as the pride of Switzerland. And it is natural that other peoples should try to make it in their countries. But they have all fallen short. The rare flavor of Switzerland Cheese can come from Switzerland only—from fragrant herbs and juicy grasses. No other country in the world has the same Alpine pastures or water or climate that give this superior flavor.

Taste Switzerland Cheese. Serve it as the Swiss do in thick portions instead of sliced wafer-thin. As you bite into the tender goodness you will get all of the nut-sweet, zestful flavor that Switzerland Cheese possesses. Eat Switzerland Cheese with crackers; in a rye-bread sandwich; with fresh fruit; with a cut of juicy apple pie; with the demi-tasse. Every food or beverage brings out a new shade of the distinctive goodness of Switzerland Cheese.

In great hotels such as the Roosevelt in New York City, the Bowman Biltmore Hotels, the Willard in Washington, the Palace in San Francisco, Switzerland Cheese is served. Clever women are constantly discovering new ways to serve and use Switzerland Cheese. Its possibilities seem to have no limit. Every picnic lunch demands it.

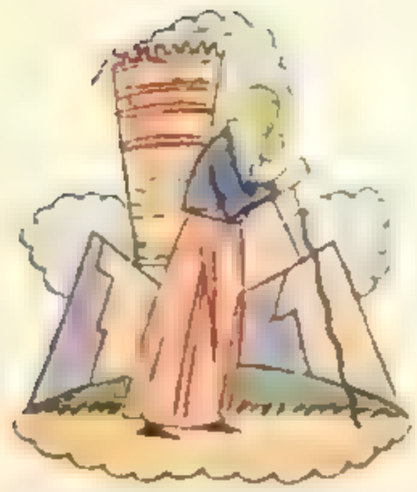
Grocers and delicatessen stores everywhere sell Switzerland Cheese. Ask for it by name and look for the many imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. This exclusive identification mark protects you from getting so-called "Swiss Cheese" or that which is "imported" from countries other than Switzerland. The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from cream to butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. But the flavor that can't be copied never varies. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland. New York Office, 105 Hudson Street.

The motor trip calls for a luncheon. What will we have? Salad of course . . . fruit . . . savory sandwiches . . . pickles . . . hot coffee and always *a generous cut of Switzerland Cheese.*

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.



Collecting wood to "keep the home fires burning"

Two Swiss maids "all dressed up in Sunday clothes"

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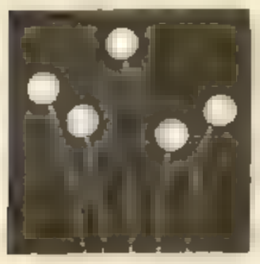

Ordinary tennis balls aren't *uniform*. In the official drop test, one will have too much bound, another too little. Stroke them in the same manner and they will fly and act differently. One will feel light off the racket, another heavy. You will have to change the speed and timing of your stroke to counteract this variance. Obviously you cannot play uniformly good tennis with them.

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HIGH-CLASS SECURITY

(Continued from Page 19)

in this shop at all. What do you think about that?"

"Big boy," said the inspector, rather riled, "this is your shop. If you want me out of it, just say the word!"

The chief inspector got sore. "Listen, fellah," he said angrily; "it'll be one tough time for your truck shop if this man goes out. You pull any monkey work like that and you can build your cars, but you don't build 'em for us. You've said just about enough."

The super pulled in his ears. He didn't want any hard feelings, he said. It looked to him as though the inspector was being too technical, too unreasonable; he didn't wish to offend the young man, but it appeared to him as though the condemnation of better than a thousand axles was due to inexperience and lack of practical knowledge.

"I'll show you how technical I am," answered the inspector. "So far as the specifications are concerned, those axles are killed. You couldn't get us to take 'em in a thousand years; you couldn't make us take 'em. But here's what I'll do. You run those axles through the lathes again an' take a skim off 'em—just enough to true 'em up. If they run a little under the new axle limit I'll take 'em. It'll be all right with me. I'm givin' you a chance to crawl out of your hole; if I wanted to be technical I wouldn't take 'em at all."

"You've got a gall," sneered the super. "You're the only one that thinks we're in a hole. You've just got more than you can carry and you think you can unload on me. What do you know about axles, young fellah? You ever been in an axle shop before?"

"I served my time," retorted the inspector angrily, "in a better place than an axle shop! The less I see of axle shops the better I like 'em. You can do what you please about this. They're your axles, mister. I've told you where I stand; I won't take 'em the way they are. I'm going over and start marking them out of the rack, and if you put any of 'em under trucks, I'll follow 'em clean out to the shipping track and watch you take 'em out. I'll see that they come out before the cars are accepted. That's where I stand. I'm not interested in hearing you talk. If you think this is a bluff now, maybe you won't think so three weeks from now."

The inspector walked over to the rack—the runway that the axles came down to the press on—and in the space of a very few minutes he had marked out fourteen axles. He kept working away from the press and every third or fourth axle he came to he chalked out. It was a painful sight for the superintendent.

"You'd better tell him to lay off this foolishness," said the super to the chief. "You know, and I know, that he can't make it stick. That young squirt will get you into trouble."

"I like trouble," said the chief. "I don't know what I'd do if there wasn't some around. If I were you I'd go over there and tell him that you'll do what he says to do. I'd do that if I were you, because if you don't, I'm going to help him mark out axles, and I'm a lot harder to get along with than he is. I'm going over to the wood shop now and I'll be back in about an hour. I sure hope you settle with him by that time."

The super watched the overalled figure of the inspector working the axle runway. Every time the chalk marked out an axle it cost him good round dollars. He couldn't stand it very long. He approached the inspector.

"Hey, brother," he said, "what were the numbers of those bad lathes?"

The inspector in the steel shop—the fabricating shop—caught it next. The first week everything was rosy. The second week everything was smooth. But the events of the third week made up in all details for the peace that had gone before.

The inspector planted himself at the finishing position with a flash light and several pounds of chalk. He marked out two-thirds of the rivets on the drawbar reënforcement and he marked out practically all the rivets on the top sheet of the fishbelly underframe on four cars. He studied awhile and then marked out the top sheet itself on these four cars. Then he went farther down the line and marked out the same details on two more cars. He then sat down and waited for what he knew was coming. He didn't have to wait long. Every position on the track quit work. Up came the superintendent of the fabricating shop.

"What's the matter with these cars?" demanded the super.

"Go look at 'em," suggested the inspector.

"I've looked at 'em."

"Have you?" asked the inspector sweetly.

"I have!" shouted the super. "There's nothing wrong with 'em! How'd you like to go rub out all those marks?"

There were more than a hundred men crowded around—every chalk mark meant money out of their pockets. The inspector didn't feel any too comfortable, but he couldn't afford to back up. The inspector was in the right even if he didn't rate a majority vote; the men were getting sloppy and careless, and somebody had pulled an awful bonehead in the layout of the top sheet. All the holes were out of line. When reamed, a rivet could be put through the hole, but when driven, it would not fill it.

The inspector stood up.

"I'm not going to argue about this," he said. "I don't know how many sheets you've got punched wrong. All I know is that I don't want 'em. Whoever drove and bucked those rivets in the drawbar assembly did a rotten job. I won't take work like that."

Off walked the inspector. He went up to the rooms the car builders had set aside for the inspectors; he found the chief inspector there wrangling with a paint peddler.

"I've shut down the erecting track," said the inspector.

"You have?" asked the chief. "What for?"

"Top plates to fish belly punched wrong," said the inspector. "Rivets won't fit the hole, won't fill it. I figure they got a stack of bad sheets and are trying to run them past us five or six at a time. Got a lot of bad rivets in the drawbar assembly. They've been gettin' careless; yesterday a car went past me and it was short a king-pin. I was lucky to catch it. You'd better come down there with me; I'm going to need some help."

The chief started to pull on his coat. Somebody knocked at the door. It was the superintendent of the fabricating shop.

"Say, chief," said the super, "I'd like to have you come down and look at some stuff one of your men turned down—this man here. He's got to where he's pretty hard to ride with."

"He told me about it," said the chief.

They went down to the shop. The chief looked at the top plates; he looked at the rivets through the fish belly behind the draft gear. He turned to the super.

"You know as well as I do that we can't accept work like that," he said.

"I wanta get along with you people," declared the super, "but you're gettin' pretty close. You don't want to judge things by how they look. Every one of those rivets are tight; they may not be pretty, but they sure are tight."

"I can't pass 'em," said the inspector.

"You lemme run these six cars outside an' we'll talk it over later," urged the super. "We'll trade some way when we got more time to talk it over. If you'll let me get those cars out of the way I can bring some more in, an' I'll make my twenty-five for the day."

(Continued on Page 134)

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(Continued from Page 132)

"I won't trade any different a year from now," declared the inspector. "You can put the cars out on storage tracks. That's no business of mine. But the only way I'll take 'em is for you to cut the rivets out of those top plates and rivet plates on that line up, and cut the rivets out of those stiffeners and drive some good ones. That's the only way I'll trade."

"Lemme show you something," soothed the super. The three men got under the nearest car and the super went through a detailed explanation of the trouble it would be to rerivet the draft-gear stiffeners. "You see," he explained, "it wouldn't be worth all that trouble. Now you let me heat these rivets up with a torch and we'll drive hell out of them. They won't look pretty, but they sure will be tight. I'll put a couple of good men on 'em. They won't have a good head, but they never will come out or work loose. That suit you?"

"No," answered the inspector. "I'm sick of this carelessness. Put a rivet buster up against 'em and knock 'em out. I don't want no such a lousy job as that."

They came out from under the car. "I'll cut out those rivets," agreed the super. "Now," he continued, "let's get these plates settled."

"I won't have those plates the way they are," declared the inspector.

"Now, listen, buddy," said the super. "You haven't been in this game as long as I have. We all make mistakes, and those plates were a bonehead all right, but they won't hurt the car; the car will be just as strong. You'll get just as good a car."

"You know, and I know," retorted the inspector, "that with the holes the way they are and the rivets the way they are, that the plate will work. Because somebody pulled a bonehead is no reason for me to hold the bag."

"See here," said the super. "I'm going to shoot square with you. I've got about three hundred plates that are punched out like you see. New steel, just punched a little wrong. It'd be a dirty shame to throw them away. Now, if you'll let me use 'em, I'll promise that all the rest will be up to snuff, and any little thing you want extra I'll be glad to try to get for you. We'll put rivets through that top plate that can't work. How about it?"

The inspector thought it over. "You let me talk to the chief here for a few minutes," he said. The super moved off; the two inspectors talked for a while.

Finally the chief said, "All right, you do the talkin'."

They rejoined the super. "Here's what we'll do," said the inspector: "We'll take those sheets provided you'll do this: Run all of them through one after another, so we'll know what to expect. If any of them are too bad we'll have to throw them out. Ream the holes for a seven-eighths instead of a three-quarters rivet. And these six sheets we've just caught up with, you cut the rivets out of them and put in the seven-eighths rivet."

"Brother," said the super, "we won't miss. We'll do you a job. Much obliged."

The inspector in the wood shop caught it next. Twenty-five to thirty cars went by him every day. They pulled the cars every twenty minutes; every twenty minutes a car went by him at the finishing position, ready for the paint shop.

At seven o'clock one morning the inspector sought out the superintendent of the wood shop.

"I've got some bad news," he said. "We ran a sixty-hour test on that new stuff from the dry kiln. I just took it off and worked it up. Decking ran 17 per cent board moisture, sheathing averaged 15. That's too high; I can't take it."

"You guys make me sick," said the super. "What do you think we're building—a piano?"

"Nope," was the answer, "we're building some double-sheathed automobile cars, and when you birds remember we're doing that and not making cigar boxes, maybe I can go home. I'm sorry, but 10 per cent is our limit. Don't put none of those boards up, because you'll have to take 'em down."

"I can't stop building," protested the car builder.

"I can't take those boards," answered the railroader.

"You realize what this means to us?" demanded the super. "It'll be four days before we get new stock from the kiln. I can't redry this stuff, because it'll warp. And I can't afford to shut down for almost a week. I've helped you before; now you help me. We've all gotta live."

The inspector thought it over. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said finally: "I'll take the heart decking and forget about the moisture. I won't take a single stick that shows over a third sap, unless it's dry as a bone, so you better put someone with your decking gang that knows how to grade lumber. I'll do the same with the sheathing: I'll take all the heart, but no sap. If you don't want to tear the cars down after you get them built, you better keep the sap boards out. I don't want any bad season cracks, either."

"That's a big waste," said the super. "I'll do it because I have to, but we ought to be able to figure out some way to use good sap boards."

"We can use some of it," agreed the inspector, "but not in either decking or siding. I can't afford to risk wet boards where they'll ruin a shipment if they open up when they dry. But for end lining I'll be glad to let you put in all the sap sheathing we turn down."

"Well, well," said the wood-shop boss, "I never heard of such generosity. Never in my life. B and Better boards for end lining when the specifications call for Number 1 Common! What kind of a horse trade is this, I'd like to know? How would a nice knurled mahogany running board appeal to you?"

"I'm trying to avoid waste," grinned the inspector. "You seemed so worried over losing your boards that I thought I'd help you out a little. If this proposition don't appeal, we can shut down and wait on some new stuff from the dry kiln. Maybe they'll get all the water out of it next time."

"Oh, well," said the super, "I might as well try to get along with you. These'll be the first cars I've ever built with end lining like a ballroom floor, but I'll go along with you. I'll put a couple of good men to grading the stuff. You better go down there and line them up so there won't be no argument later. I'll make the end lining B and Better as long as the sap sheathing lasts, but I won't put it up with no gold nails! You can persuade the railroad to take just common nails, can't you?"

The inspector said he thought wire nails would do. "You wanta be careful to drive them all the way in, though," he cautioned. "After this, if you don't get our stuff dry, I won't take any of it. You shouldn't mill it until you know it's dry. Nix on this high moisture content," said the troublesome inspector.

"I'm going over to the kiln now and raise plenty of hell," promised the super. "I'll put the men on to grade your stuff as soon as I get back. Much obliged for the lift."

It was Christmas morning on the shipping track. Eighty-seven tall automobile cars stretched in a line on the pick-up track. The snow was two feet deep on the level and six feet deep in the drifts. Three inspectors waded around in the snow, and froze and cursed and wondered what kind of a Christmas the home folks were having. There was a delightful breeze that started at the North Pole and ended up at the eighty-seven automobile cars and the three inspectors. All the cold it had accumulated on its long journey it deposited on arrival.

"Ed," said the chief, "you take the roofs. Yeah, the roofs. You can see better up there, and if you work hard enough you can stay warm. Watch the running boards and see if all the hand brakes set up good. When you get done with that, you look up their air man and check up the piston travel.

(Continued on Page 137)

RESTORE the lustre of your car with the factory method—McAleer's Polishing Paste—the identical product used by the body makers to give the beautiful high finish to 92 per cent of all the automobile bodies made

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THE NEW

REALSILK

HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 134)

While you're up on top you better watch the saddles; I found some bad ones; we don't want no roofs leakin'. Jim and I will take the siding and decking and check up the stenciling, and when you get through you come and help us."

"Pardon me," said Ed, bowing elaborately, "but I'd like to call your attention to the fact that this is Christmas. Today is December the twenty-fifth. I gotta date to eat dinner with that black-haired steno from the steel shop. I'll be leavin' it with you in about one hour."

"Well, well," said the chief, "so today is Christmas. I'm so glad you told me. Maybe you can reach that dame by telephone—unless maybe you'd like to feed her up on a box-car roof. I gotta wire here from the traffic department to release fifty cars for Detroit; I guess we better release 'em. Jim and I, we brought our lunch. If you behave you can have some of it. Climb high, brother, an' don't forget to look for them saddles."

The inspector, who had a turkey coming to him that he would never eat, climbed high.

The gale carried no snow; it was forty degrees past the temperature of snow. For Christmas dinner the inspector would get a ham sandwich and some lukewarm coffee—provided he didn't freeze to death before lunchtime.

Two hours later he climbed down off the last car. He was as stiff as a length of structural steel, his fingers were as brittle as the chalk he used.

He sought out the chief.

"I've got saddles marked out on better than forty cars," he reported. "You'll never get those cars out of here today. Most of the ones I've marked out are split from the screws all the way across, and they'll have to be renewed."

"Go tell the shipping-track foreman," said the chief. "Take him up on top and show him what he'll have to do. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

The inspector chased around after the foreman, finally found him.

"Couldn't you pick out some day besides Christmas to mess things up?" demanded the foreman indignantly. The two climbed high. The chief joined them.

"Make it snappy," said the foreman. "It's cold as a banker's heart up here."

The inspector made it snappy. They stopped at the first bad saddle.

"I could pour water on that all day," declared the foreman, "and it wouldn't leak. Haven't you ever seen a season crack before?"

"Sure it wouldn't leak," answered the inspector. "The water'd freeze before you could pour it. That's no season crack, my friend; the screws have split the wood."

"How many of 'em you got?" demanded the foreman wearily.

"They run about three to the car," said the inspector pleasantly, "and there are forty-two cars marked out."

"I won't do it today," declared the foreman after a pause. "I doubt if I'll do it at all. This is one swell sample of Christmas spirit. You guys run a good thing to death around here. What do you think we're building—Pullmans?"

"Don't ship these cars till you put new saddles in," warned the chief.

"I thought you wanted to bill fifty today," retorted the foreman.

"Fifty good ones," said the chief gently.

"Would you know a good one if you saw it?" demanded the foreman.

"I might not," replied the railroad man. "I've been hanging around this madhouse for three months; it's been a long time since I saw anything good."

"Now don't get sore," said the foreman. "You guys put me up against it. I can't go ahead and do a big job like this without someone telling me to do it. The boss is going to turn handsprings if this string of cars don't go this afternoon. This is Christmas; why don't you guys make me a little present?"

"I'm freezing," replied the chief. "When you put new saddles in I'll sign for the cars—providing something else don't show up. You can set out the bad cars and ship the good ones; we'll have about forty good ones. I'll give you the numbers. Let's get off of here."

"I think," said the foreman to himself as he climbed down, "that I'll ship what he signs for just as fast as he signs for it. This outfit is poison."

"It's costing us a pile of money to get those cars," said the general manager to the mechanical superintendent. "They worked on Christmas Day, they worked most of the Sundays so far. And the traffic department is kicking because they didn't release some cars destined for Detroit for loading—claim that we lost some good revenue on account of it. I hope all this extra expense and trouble is justified."

"It'll pay big in the long run," declared the mechanical man. "I get a report every day on what they're doing. I believe they're getting a first-class job. We paid extra money for a double-sheathed car. We'd be foolish not to make sure we don't get what we pay for. Five years from now you'll see that the wisest thing we ever did was to send our own men up there to see that we got everything the specifications called for."

A car derailed on a long drag freight train. Twenty-three box and flat cars went into the ditch.

The nearest claim agent got there as fast as wheels would carry him. Immediately behind the first car to derail were three double-sheathed automobile cars, loaded to capacity with high-priced sedans and coupes. Behind these three cars were two box cars loaded with flour.

The claim agent opened the three automobile cars and inspected them for damage. He inspected the two cars loaded with flour for damage. It was raining—a steady, consistent downpour; it took thirty hours to clean up the wreck. The claim agent went over the entire train, estimating the damage to shipments as closely as possible.

A few days later the general manager and the mechanical superintendent sat facing each other across a desk.

"You recall our conversation of a year or so ago as to whether we spent too much money on our new cars?" asked the boss.

The mechanical chief said he remembered something about it—wasn't the question raised as to whether they had spent too much for inspection? That they could have had the work done for less money had they let a contract for the job instead of using their own craftsmen?

"I don't think we spent too much," said the boss. He handed the mechanical superintendent a report from the claim department.

The report showed, in more detail, the following figures and made the following statement:

System Car 93,642. Contents, automobiles. Value, $14,000. Claim settled for $27.85. Cause of claim, wreck.

System Car 90,233. Contents, automobiles. Value, $12,800. Claim settled for $68.92. Cause of claim, wreck.

System Car 94,658. Contents, automobiles. Value, $12,800. Claim settled for $204. Cause of claim, wreck.

Foreign Car 36,439. Contents, flour. Value, $3600. Claim settled for $3600. Cause of claim, wreck.

Foreign Car 118,464. Contents, flour. Value, $3800. Claim settled for $3800. Cause of claim, wreck.

REMARKS: In a wreck it is, as a rule, impossible to declare how much damage is caused by defective equipment. In this instance, however, the report of our agent shows conclusively that the valuable shipments contained in the first three cars were saved because of the strength and superior construction of these cars. Our agent further says that had the flour contained in two foreign cars been in the first three cars there would have been no loss entailed whatever. As it was, a total loss resulted. First because the sheathing opened up and permitted the weather to ruin the flour, and second, because both these cars broke open at the ends on account of inferior construction. The three system cars, the first three cars to derail, were weather-tight and did not break open . . . this despite the fact that these cars received the heavier impact.

Defective equipment, such as leaky roofs, openings in sheathing, broken decking, nails, defects traceable to poor construction, and so on, account for better than 10 per cent of the total annual claims of shippers. Wrecks account for some 20 per cent of total claims. Despite a careful check of our records, at your request, we can find no claims against the Series 90,000 automobile car under either of these headings. The claims against shipments contained in these cars, under all columns, including "rough handling," are such as to be negligible.

"What do you think of it?" said the general manager.

"I'd say," answered the mechanical superintendent, "that our men turned out to be pretty good security for the equipment-trust bonds."

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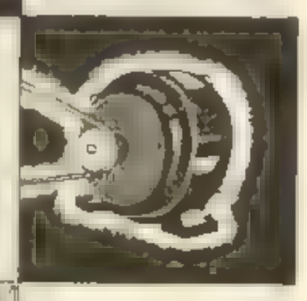

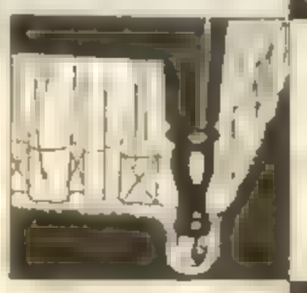

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THE NOBLE NATURE OF PRIVATE WALDO GRANT

(Continued from Page 9)

in Boston. This is Leon Springs, Texas! Behave yourself! Be human!" the handsome corporal implored. "Swear once! . . . The kid doesn't mean a thing wrong," he told me wildly; "it's how he's been raised. . . . Dodo, I've been four years in this Army. Listen to me, fella! You can't go on thisaway!"

"In what way, Georgie?"

"An' for the love of Mike," said his brother, "don't call me Georgie! Call me K, like everybody else does. Just don't talk like that, kid! You'll be ruined! This is the Army!"

Private Grant looked at his taller brother, flushing somewhat, and said timidly: "Well, I don't exactly understand, Geor—K. I was talking to a very pleasant sergeant down at the shower baths this morning. His name was Robinson, and he said I was going to raise the moral level of the outfit a good deal. And I showed him Mr. Grant's system for developing leg muscles, and he was deeply interested and said he'd try it, because his legs are rather thin, and ——"

"You been talkin' to Robbie!" said Corporal Kaelred, gazing at heaven. I won't never hear the end of it!" He dashed his hat on the soil and ran his hands madly over his shorn head. "That's the regimental supply sergeant, kid! You'll be famous—that's what you'll be! An' did you tell him that cigarette smokin' is an inhibitive habit an' tends to produce moral laxity, an' recite the Pharaohs of Egypt backward an' tell him how the Roman Empire did its flop?"

"Oh, no," Private Grant exclaimed. "I just gave him some advice about smoking before breakfast. Nicotine tends to ——"

Here Gwendolyn got tired of listening and went away from there. My total inefficiency as a horseman or muleman did not allow me to stop her. I was deeply interested, and kept looking back. The brothers sat down against the oak while I could still see them, and Corporal Kaelred put his arm around Private Grant. His other hand shook up and out and down in frantic gesticulations. I was sorry for him.

But Corporal Kaelred had an ally. He was not wholly aware of it. Like many charming people, he did not understand that he was charming. In 1913, having led a calf into the morning religious service of a small Ohio college where he was a freshman, he was expelled, and enlisted in the Army. Education had never interested him much. There had been too much education in the Grant apartment at Chicago. George Kaelred preferentially spent a lot of time with an uncle in Ohio, a tough and amiable dairyman near Columbus. His uncle signed a statement to a recruiting officer, and the little Army of 1913 was improved by so much hard flesh. The tall recruit was sent at once to San Francisco to join an artillery regiment bound for Manila, and in the regiment was Corporal Clifford Robinson. Robinson took charge of the novice.

"Handsome guys," he told me, "are gen'rally apes. K's all right. He ain't smart, but he's a good kid. This Waldo has him scared. Dodo's been pretty quiet a couple of days now. It's time he broke loose some more."

"If that Grant," said G. D. Brown, out of a corner of the supply office, "was my kid bruvver I'd kill him. Yeh, I'd wrastle his ——"

"Wart," Robinson said, "a little less outa you. You talk too much. We saw this fella blow you over with his finger."

"Yes, sir, sergeant," said G. D. "But I wouldn't let none of my kid bruvvers tell me how to do, like 'at Grant tells K. Not even Henry. Where I come from, a kid bruvver is a kid bruvver an' holds his mouf shut."

"How many older brothers have you, G. D.?"

"Just four," said the child. He had brought a banjo and a young armadillo with him to call on us. Neither article was his own. They had attracted him somewhere in the cantonments and he brought them along, and would leave them anywhere when he got tired of them. He put the armadillo on the banjo and concluded: "I treat my big bruvvers respectful an' it's how a kid bruvver oughta. I been in 'is Army one year an' two days an' I never heard of nuffin' like 'at Grant. 'N' if I was K, I'd kill him."

"You can go anywheres you wanta, useless," said Robinson. "We're tryin' to carry on a serious conversation in here. G'on back to your battery."

"Yes, sir, sergeant. . . . You ain't got four bits that you don't need right now?"

Robinson threw him a silver dollar and G. D. gratefully beamed at him. Then he borrowed a cigarette and a match from me, left the banjo and the armadillo to take care of themselves and went hopping out into the worst heat of late morning. He hopped on one foot and then on the other, and his personality vibrated up the empty regimental street. There was no drill, in honor of the thermometer. The cantonments seemed long bricks of tawny ice cream that ought to melt and run downhill to the plains. G. D. hopped in the middle of a silent, concealed misery. Hundreds of men were sweating and baking inside the quarters. G. D. considered calling on A Battery or B Battery, being at home anywhere, and then paused to salute an officer on a black pony, riding slowly down the slope.

"Did I see you hopping, son?"

"Yes, sir, colonel, sir," said G. D.

"What for?"

"Oh, dunno, colonel, sir," G. D. said. "You don't feel so hot when you're doin' somethin'. 'N' ain't she a hot day? Man! I bet it's a hundred!"

The colonel, I think, was rather scared of G. D. They had met several times. This awful child was just as cordial to colonels and generals as a special correspondent. People never did anything to him, no matter what he did, and the world was full of silver dollars and cigarettes. He beamed at the gaunt gentleman on the black pony and thought of asking how he got his breeches bleached as white as that and how he kept the eyeglass in his face.

"Tell me, son," said the colonel, "who's that handsome hero in C Battery who does gymnasium tricks all over the shower baths?"

"Aw," G. D. said, "that's just Private Grant, sir."

"Who's he?" the colonel asked, knowing all about the Perfect Child.

"I don't think so much of him, colonel, sir. He's a recruit from up Norf. He's Katie's kid bruvver. 'N' his head's swelled on him."

"Who's Katie?"

"Corporal Kaelred, colonel, sir. He was mixed up with a lady name of Katie in M'nila an' had Katie tattooed on his chest, where's the rattlesnake now, an' she threw him for a lousy doughboy. He hates to be called Katie so."

"I'll remember that, because I aim to give no offense," said the colonel. "How long have you been in the service, son?"

"A year an' a couple of days, colonel, sir."

"And how old are you, if you know?"

"Sixteen, colonel, sir."

"That's fine," said the colonel, preening his white mustache. "Well, you go tell this Private Grant to report to me at headquarters at three o'clock. Wait! I assume that this is the boy who was walking on his hands on the wall of the shower baths yesterday evening. I noticed you in the audience."

"Yes, sir, colonel, sir. He does lotsa tricks. He'd be a good guy," said G. D., "if he wasn't so kinda noble about stuff. He don't smoke nor cuss nor play cards—nor nuffin'."

"Terrible what the Army's coming to, isn't it? . . . Go and tell him to report to me, and keep in out of this sun, you puppy, or I'll have the regimental blacksmith spank you. And there's two bits. Spend it wisely."

He rode on. G. D. winked at the mounted orderlies who made the rest of this procession, and then hopped on to the main bedroom of C Battery. He hopped up three steps and bounced through the screened door into the personality of Private Louis Ancedra, who, radiantly dressed in green silk pajamas, was rolling dice on the floor against Sergeant Lonesome Manierre.

"Look where you're goin'," said Ancedra.

"I didn't see you, sir," G. D. nervously assured him, backing away.

"Yeh? Am I a piece of smoke, cheese?"

"No, sir, Mr. Ancedra. I just didn't see you, sir."

"You better," said Kid Bullet, "nex' time!"

I never talked to Private Ancedra, and I know, of course, that he must have had excellent traits of character, because we all have; but he seemed to be an appalling kind of brute to me. He had not the dumb good nature that makes some humble athletes pleasant. He remained, after three years of being Kid Bullet, a sulky Hoboken wharf rat. He now sat on his bare heels looking after G. D. and he was still scowling when Robinson and I got into the place. His Portuguese or Spanish or Levantine face was screwed up in a knot and his chin stuck out. We went past him and found G. D. addressing Corporal George Kaelred. Kaelred was punishing an ear with a thumb and looking scared.

"Hey, Robbie, the kid goes up to the old man at three!"

"Yeh, we heard so. Take it easy, bud. But what's Dodo been doin'?"

"How would I know?"

Sergeant Skewgee Kelleher rolled over on a cot and said, with satire: "The old devil wants to kinda consult with Grant about puttin' us all on a vegetable diet to increase our mil'tary efficiency. Or the chaplain's took a vacation and we gotta have a subst'ute. Or the settin'-up drill mornings ain't satisfactory to him. . . . I dunno if this outfit can stand much more of your kid brother, K."

"It's not his fault, Skewgee. Mr. Grant pumped it inta the kid. I've been bawlin' Sam outa him ever since he got here, but he"—Kaelred blinked his blue eyes and shrugged—"he ain't never been a kid. That's the truth. I'd come home to Chicago and he'd kiss me an' say, 'I have been reading a most interestin' life of Plato, the philosopher, Georgie.' When he was ten or nine. He wasn't ever let be a kid. They raised him by hand, kind of. Never sent him to school. Only thing like a school he went to was this gymnasium, sort of, Mr. Grant had an interest in. It was stiff' I will say for my stepfather he b'lieved in treatin' the boys rough. He had this old pug give 'em boxin' lessons with no gloves on. Dodo ain't ever boxed with gloves on in his life."

Private Ancedra asked across three cots, "Who ain't ever?"

"My kid brother," said Kaelred.

The fighter grinned. He was standing up to shake his green jacket from his brown shoulders. A purple scar heaved over his breast in a curving weal.

"Yeh?"

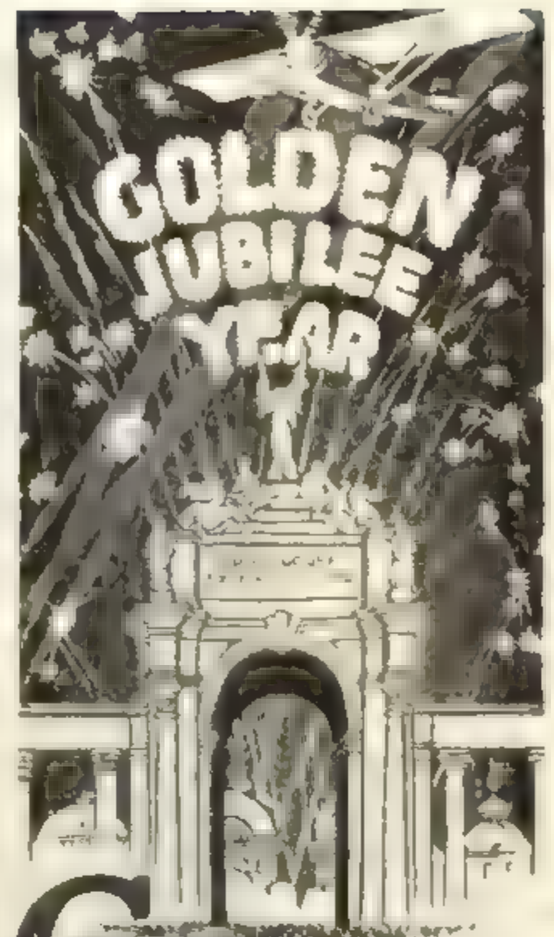
"I said so, Ancedra," Kaelred said.

"Like hell!" Kid Bullet grunted, and sank on his heels again to go on with his game of dice.

"That's a sweet friendly fella," Robinson murmured.

"Any time," Sergeant Kelleher proposed, "you got a mule needs some exercise, Robbie, get Ancedra down to the corral and stand him back of the mule. I'll be there to cheer."

"Bad news, is he?"



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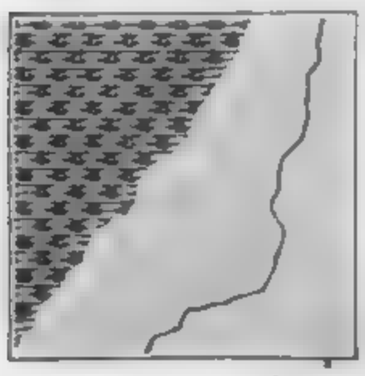

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"He's harsh words from your best girl. Ugly, kinda. No way of gettin' him thrashed, though. Little Dodo ain't big enough. An' K's too slow on his toes. . . . If I was ten years younger, I'd try it myself."

Robinson expertly stared over the cots at Private Ancedra's naked back. It was formidable.

"He could be thrashed, Skewgee."

"By whom, friend, by whom?"

"Dodo," said Robinson, licking a cigarette shut. "Get the kid sore and he could trim that yap."

Corporal Kaelred drearily said: "Yeh! Get him sore first! I been bawlin' him for a fool two weeks. You can't make Dodo sore. Mamma an' Mr. Grant made an angel outa the kid, an' he is. He never gets sore. I wish he would! A couple o' weeks in the guardhouse for beatin' a sergeant up would do him good. He's so noble he'd let you spit in his eye."

"Didn't let me," said G. D. Brown.

"Yeh, an' it kinda surprised me he didn't, G. D. Oh, he ain't yella! Got a medal for fetchin' a couple of men in off a sailboat upset in Lake Michigan."

"I could make him sore," said Robinson.

"How?"

"That's my business, K. I wouldn't want to do it, though."

Sergeant Kelleher got off his cot and pulled on his shoes.

"Well, K, you better wire your folks to come and take Dodo home. The Army's kinda coarse for him."

"They got killed in a railroad smash last fall, Skewgee. I'm his folks."

"He ain't so bad off," the gray sergeant yawned. "I'd sell you my whole fam'ly, exceptin' Micky, for three drinks of *tequila* and a pair of bones."

He strolled off. Robinson said lightly, "I dunno that I wouldn't throw in little Micky for an extry drink. Spoiled the best pants I ever had tailored. . . . Go easy on Dodo, K. It'll wear off. He's a good kid."

The good kid just then opened the screen and came down past Private Ancedra's green trousers and brown back. He beamed at the soldiery sprawled moistly on cots. He had been having a shower bath. Rectitude, fresh white underclothes and a smell of some most hygienic soap advanced with him. If he had been a little taller and more conspicuous, outraged people would have thrown shoes at him. But he was only five feet and nine inches in his slippers. Every ounce and inch of Dodo simply reeked of good health and honest worth. He was atrocious.

"Well, perfection," said Robinson, "how's things? The colonel wants you to report to him at three. What you been doin' to him?"

"Oh, at three, sergeant?"

"Three," Robinson murmured.

"They've just dis'fected the guardhouse," G. D. Brown said evilly, "and she's nice an' clean for you, mister."

Private Grant smiled at this merry quip and shed his raincoat—the enlisted man's bath robe.

He sat down beside his brother and remarked, "I rather like taking showers in a room with no roof. It's a kind of combination sun bath and swim."

"You can have my sun," said Robinson.

"The human being," the Perfect Child observed, "can stand any temperature with a few precautions. If you'd eliminate starchy foods, sergeant, and ——"

"Dodo," said Kaelred, taking his arm, "the colonel's sent for you. What have you been doin', boy?"

"Nothing," Private Grant stated.

"Yeh, but—you're only in this outfit two weeks. He never saw you!"

"Yes, he did too," said G. D. Brown, hoping for the worst. "He tol' me. He says, 'Who's that handsome hero in C Battery which was walkin' on his hands on top of the shower-bath wall?' An' I said it was you. . . . An' it's against the regulations to be outside of the shower baths bare nekkid, an' you was. I bet you get ten days in ——"

"The old snake wouldn't notice," Kaelred said. "He's a dog on keepin' clean. He told the sergeant major he was glad to see that this regiment washed. . . . Babe, don't you say nothin' fresh to him. He can give you a growl that'll loosen your teeth. Don't you tell him how a vegetable diet would improve his complexion or none of that drip. . . . I'm scared about this. It's not natural. You've been drillin' fine, an'—an'—I don't understand it at all."

"An' you look him over, perfection," Robinson drawled, "'cause he's some of an extinct species—like that saber-toothed tiger you was so kind as to tell me about the other night. He's old issue. They don't come like him no more. Lost some his liver in Manila, havin' enteric, an' bawled out a general in Cuba for sittin' down when they were playin' taps at a guy's funeral. He can swear worse'n a Mex laundress an' his friends call him Brandy Jack. He's sick half the time, but he'll inspect this regiment twice a day an' I bet he knows the name of every noncom in it. He's old army goods. Look him over, handsome. . . . I see where a c'mittee of ladies has gone to France to create the right eth'cal atmosphere for our troops. Atmosphere! What you need for a war is some men! Look him over, perfection. He's worth seein'," said Robinson, and wandered down the floor, rolling his next cigarette.

There was quite a silence. G. D. grinned at me, which was rude, and I saw Kaelred keeping his mouth in order. Private Grant stared at his perfect feet on the floor. And it occurred to me that Robinson had kindly been cruel. Every drawled word had hit the boy in the face with unseen fists. His mother and Mr. Waldo Grant had given him numbers of recipes for admiration that were not useful down here, away from the neat gymnasium in a nice street of Chicago and the flutter of educational conferences.

"Do you suppose the colonel does know all the noncommissioned officers' names, Georgie—K?"

"Pretty near, babe. Called me Kaelred first day he got here. I was in his battery on the border a couple of weeks last year, just before he got promoted out."

"Well, he'd remember you, of course," said Private Grant simply.

"Turn it off, Dodo."

"Of course he would!"

"Aw," said Kaelred, in the voice of one who has ripped his trousers on a nail, "can it!" He threw his shoulder against the Perfect Child and spilled him from the cot. Several youths sat up on the other side of the room, hoping to see Private Grant break his neck or at least soil his white coating. They were disappointed and lay down again.

G. D. and I walked away and found Robinson standing on the steps. The dreadful infant said admiringly, "You certainly did give it to him, sergeant, sir! Worse'n mamma when daddy comes home wiv a lotta red licker in him. . . . Guess he ain't a bad kinda guy. He's proud of K, h'm?"

"Yeh. Noticed it last week. He c'municated to me that K oughta be a top sergeant an' rec'mended for a commission. He was goin' to speak to his captain about it, but I advised him to wait a minute. . . . I got an idea."

"Yeh?" said G. D.

"Not for you, chicken feed. You'd tell the world. I'll see if I'm right first."

We halted in the street to let a rubbish wagon conducted by two prisoners in blue denim and two mules go past us in a slither of dust. Wind raced now among the hills. Away out on the drill ground, I saw the colonel raise a glove to his pale hat. Then I turned to glance back at C Battery's length, because Private Ancedra yelled something loudly inside the brown wall. He had won a big bet, perhaps. His voice came through the screens. Then I looked off at the plain and wondered if it was gray or yellow. And then something was happening in C Battery. It was a shuffle of moving cots and a thudding of feet, some shod, and a ripple of short cries.

"Fight!" said G. D., and was not near me.

"What sergeants was in there, bud?"

"Just Manierre, Robbie."

"Let him stop it," said the regimental supply sergeant, picking a stick of gum from his packet. The noise slacked. "Guess he did."

"I guess so. . . . Well, no!"

The noise spun up in a whirling roar, contained in the building, but echoing furiously from windows and the door. When we got up the steps a man in an olive shirt and a person in no clothes but his left sock had their backs jammed to the screen. We stood there a full minute before they vanished from the doorway and a view was swept clear for us. A rim of bodies held in this battle and vibrated with its motion up and down the floor, over a smashed cot and scattered clothes. When Private Ancedra crashed against the door, the watchers had skipped aside. As he paced off with his green silk trousers fluttering, the rim of soldiers shut on him and we saw nothing. I had not even seen who had cut his ear open.

"Dodo," said Robinson.

"No!"

"Yeh—look!"

I did see a pair of legs in white cotton for a flicker, but the mob was stirring. The fight and the audience swept down the room with a screaming of wood on wood as cots were shoved aside. Robinson opened the door and walked ahead of me, not after the brawl, but across to Sergeant Manierre, who was kneeling above Corporal Kaelred.

"How you tell a fractured skull, Robbie?"

"His ears ain't bleedin', Lonesome. . . . Better stop it."

"You go stop it!"

"Who started it?"

"'At kid! . . . Hey," Manierre howled at the twisting rim of bodies, "youse! Quit! It's a murder! Quit!"

Kaelred stirred on the floor, rolling his head. He had been struck with all of Private Ancedra's force on the point of the jaw and thrown clear across a cot. That was what had happened to him, but he was now at peace for the moment.

"We gotta stop it, Lonesome," Robinson said. "The Old Man's ridin' up."

So was the fight. It rode up the room. It was like a panic of cattle I saw once in the yards at Omaha—a confused advance of bodies and stupefied eyes and wet hair. Robinson touched Manierre on the shoulder, crouching, and they went together at the herd, a forlorn hope in the name of discipline. They were carried into the surge, and then I was trying to drag Kaelred's inert remains away from feet that menaced him on the floor.

"Quit," Manierre howled, "y' fools! Colonel's comin'! Kelly, grab the kid! Grab him! . . . Aw, yella! Tackle him!"

I had, somehow, a swirling view of Private Ancedra's wrecked left ear and the point of his shoulder. But that is all I saw of the fight between Dodo and Kid Bullet. It was the fight's last minute, anyhow. There was that dull, rather appalling shout you hear sometimes near the prize ring, the echo of a blow, and just as it died down Private George Dewey Brown wailed "Tenshun!" in the scream of a martyred hen. Then everything ebbed and scattered and stilled into one of the nastiest silences I have ever been concerned with anywhere. Doom had walked into the place in mahogany boots, with a silver eagle shimmering on its faded shirt's collar and a riding crop in its gloved hand. The Old Man had come. The floor, smeared with lost cigarettes, whitened and scented by mashed tubes of cheap soothing powders and shaving creams, now supported a forest of rigid, scared men with hands fixed to the seams of their trousers, if they had on trousers, and all their faces aimed at doom in the brilliant doorway. This was ruin. It meant heaven knew what—reduction to ranks for sergeants who had not stopped a fight in quarters and probably worse for Dodo and Private Ancedra. The silence was a misery, with just one noise in its middle; someone panted tremendously, in a fierce labor that made one's throat crawl. Then Private Ancedra toppled over and rolled on the floor.

"Ha!" The colonel made this sound prolong itself as a purr, and his riding crop was a tiger's tail beating slowly on his boot. "And who thrashed this soldier?"

"I did, sir."

It was impossible for me to see Private Waldo Grant without turning my head. I had to stare straight before me, which meant that I stared at the colonel. The military machine had us all clutched in its hypnotic rigor.

"You're smaller than he is, Grant."

"Yes, sir. But the use of cigarettes tends to decrease lung power, and ——"

"I merely," said the colonel, "made an observation, Grant. It did not require an answer."

He took his glass from his eye and examined Dodo without it, and then put it back under the gray eyebrow carefully.

"Who thrashed Corporal Kaelred, Grant?"

"Private Ancedra, sir. He ——"

"Oh, please," said the tiger, lashing his tail, "do let's be a little military. This isn't a eugenic conference on body building, my dear sir! I was going to explain to you, at three o'clock, that you mustn't write your commanding officers advice, even about promoting your brother. It's not regular, you know. It really is not." He fixed the loop of his riding crop on the toe of his right boot and looked down at it. "I know that this may sound crude to one who is used to addressing congresses of mothers on dietary reforms, but you must not talk back to your officers. All I asked you was who thrashed Corporal Kaelred. And you should have just said 'Private Ancedra, sir.' Nothing else was required. . . . How old are you?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"That's better. And why did Private Ancedra assault Corporal Kaelred?"

"Why, sir, I was telling Private Ancedra that cigarettes were not beneficial and he told me to go to hell, and Georgie—Corporal Kaelred told him to shut it off, because I didn't mean any harm; and Private Ancedra said—said something profane about me, and Georgie told him to shut up. And he hit Corporal Kaelred. And then," said the Perfect Child, "I hit him."

Corporal Kaelred pulled himself up on his hands and said in a thick, wavering voice, "The kid's just a recruit, sir," and flopped down again.

There was the shock of a noiseless earthquake. Some heads had to turn. Private Waldo Grant came trotting through the forest of bodies and sat down on his heels beside his brother. A scarlet pearl trembled and dissolved on his lower lip.

"How do you feel, Georgie?"

"Kid, get up! You're at attention!"

"Oh, bosh!" said Dodo, running a thumb along his brother's jaw. "I suppose I have to go to the guardhouse or something. . . . It's not broken, anyhow. . . . When you get hit on the jaw like that, it produces a temporary paralysis of ——"

"Dodo," his brother yelled, "you're in the Army! Stand at attention!"

Private Grant stood at attention and looked patiently at the colonel. His white cotton coating had come through seven minutes with Kid Bullet untorn and not much stained. Some blood spangled his chest, and once he had slipped down on a knee on a piece of mashed sweet chocolate.

"And now," said the colonel, "I suppose you're very sorry, Grant."

"No, sir."

"No?"

"No, sir. A man ought to cultivate his noble nature and all that, and I do. But I don't feel remorseful or ashamed of losing my temper. I liked it. I'm not sorry at all, sir."

"Oh, you cultivate your noble nature, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I try to."

"Let me tell you," the tiger purred, "a way of doing it. Don't undertake to criticize other people's habits so freely. You're

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INDIA TEA

Issued by the Growers of India Tea

a little prig who's been educated into a state of appalling self-satisfaction. That's how you've got a whole mob of people into trouble this morning. I hope you realize that I could manufacture a court-martial out of this business?"

"Yes, sir," said Private Grant; "but it wouldn't be fair, sir."

"Thanks!"

Dodo flushed and one of his soiled feet shifted.

Then he said, "I beg your pardon, sir. I'm very sorry."

"That's better. And you're sorry you wrote me that—ah—rather stiff note about having Georgie made a sergeant as soon as possible?"

"No, sir."

"Ha!" said the colonel, putting back his head. "You're not?"

"No, sir."

"Upon my soul," the officer purred, "there is some good in you. . . . Sergeant Manierre!"

"Sir?"

"My compliments to your battery commander. Private Ancedra to be confined to quarters for one week for insolence to a noncommissioned officer. Private Grant to be assigned for duty to the battery kitchen for two weeks, with orders not to tell the cook his business—under pain of death. You're a lot of shiftless, unmilitary fools. . . . That'll do!"

He went down the steps and nobody moved. Nobody moved until the black pony carried off his glittering boots. Then Regimental Supply Sergeant Robinson wandered through the mob, rolling a cigarette, and stood before Private Grant.

"How do you like the Old Man, perfection?"

"Oh, don't ride the kid, Robbie!"

"I'm just askin' him somethin', Georgie. . . . Huh, perfection?"

Dodo put up a hand and wiped his bleeding lip. He said, "I guess my opinion—isn't—very important, sergeant."

"All right, kid. You may amount to something yet. I ain't sure," said Robinson, "but what you do right now. . . . Hey, lonesome, get the place cleaned up. It looks like hell, if your lieutenant dropped in."

UNEMPLOYMENT

(Continued from Page 25)

state of the poor in a rural section of England during 1794 says:

"There seems to be here a great want of employment; most laborers are on the Rounds—that is, they go to work from one house to another round the parish. In winter sometimes forty persons are on the Rounds. They are wholly paid by the parish, unless the householders choose to employ them, and from these circumstances laborers often become very lazy and imperious."

The revulsion against slavery was emotional. Our forefathers, in spite of the classical tenet that slaves were a necessary part of society, held that it was wrong for one human being to own another. But this did not prevent them from believing that low wages were the only right wages. Arthur Young said in 1771: "Everyone but an idiot knows that the lower classes must be kept poor or they will never be industrious; they must be in poverty or they will not work." No one in America would make so flat an assertion today, but in 1923 a fairly prominent man, in discussing the effects of the Immigration Act of 1921 and in opposition to further restrictive legislation, said that the law already "has resulted in higher costs to the consumer by making labor scarce and wages higher." That was not then and has not since been true. But a firm of bankers, some months ago, assuming that there was unemployment, saw great good in it and gave out a formal statement saying:

"The shadow of unemployment will reduce rent, restore labor to sanity, cut the cost of living, rectify the evils of installment selling, encourage thrift, and rudely awaken us to the forgotten knowledge that the skies are not always clear and the weather is not always fair. . . . There is nothing strange about it; it is a perfectly logical economic sequence. The only strange thing about it is that so many profess surprise."

News for Congress

That goes right back to Plato's philosophy of slavery. We know that negro slavery brought us both our negro and our poor-white problems. No one can develop any good at all from bringing slavery into this country. And yet the old notion hangs on that low wages—slave wages—are wrong only because they represent a refusal to share wealth. Very few employers, and almost no wage takers, have clearly seen that paying high wages for production is not a form of charity but an enlightenedly selfish way of making more money. In the back of most heads still rests the notion that slaves are cheap.

Every so often another allied notion pops out. It is a very old notion, but it is loose again. Quite a number of people have discovered all at once that machinery displaces men. Back in 1826, Francis Place, gloomily surveying the state of England, remarked: "A race has been run between the improvement of machinery and the increase of population, and population has beaten machinery."

That news lately reached Congress and, this being a presidential year, the Republicans hoped for the best and feared the worst, while the Democrats hoped for the worst and feared the best. One senator estimated that at least 8,000,000 men were out of work, while another, not venturing into figures, said that the situation was so bad that no words could exaggerate it. The Administration followers were forced to admit that 2,000,000 men might temporarily be out of work, and they tried to pass the buck to the too rapid improvement of machinery. A senator remarked, in the way of confession and avoidance, that "the time has come when an employer who plans to equip his plant with new mechanical devices must regard, as a natural accompaniment to this new step, the duty of finding new occupations for the men he is going to displace."

The Same Complaint

That, to the senator, seemed an open-and-shut way of settling the thing. Various authorities have found that machinery was displacing men much too rapidly. The chief of the division of employment for the New York Department of Labor allowed:

"Among many causes responsible for the increase in unemployment is the substitution of machinery for hand labor. Steam shovels now excavate in building construction, subway construction, state road construction, which formerly gave employment to thousands of unskilled workers. Conveyors take the place of wheelbarrows in transporting building material to the building mechanic. In modern shops, conveying machinery carries the product in the process of manufacturing from the place where it enters as raw material to the place where it is placed by machinery on the freight car or motor truck. Many of these indoor jobs are not available.

"Electrical appliances, including the vacuum cleaner, the washing machine, the electic iron, have curtailed the demand for casual women workers and the wet-wash laundry has lessened the demand for the casual laundry worker.

"Finally, the surplus of strong, able-bodied, unskilled workers has given the employer the opportunity to select more carefully, and as a result the applicant who does not look strong and healthy or who is no longer young finds it exceedingly difficult to obtain employment."

Another investigator found to the same effect: "Unfortunately, since the introduction of machinery which lately took place, hand spinning has fallen into disuse . . . the clothier no longer depends on the poor for the yarn which they formerly spun for him in their homes, as he finds that fifty persons, with the help of machines, will do as much work as five hundred without them." But this observer was writing in England during 1796.

Our welfare workers uniformly declared that conditions had rarely been so bad Only the Salvation Army observed little or no change—or at least not enough change to get excited about. A group of welfare societies held a conference and made a number of recommendations. One of them was: "That the private citizens be asked to increase by 10 per cent their donations to social-service organizations." That may or may not be significant.

A social worker conducting night classes in business made a tour of some large offices to discover why more of her students were not finding jobs. She duly reported in a hurt way that these offices were doing most of their clerical work by machinery and not one was using the neat double-entry bookkeeping that her school was teaching. A senator wanted to know what was going to become of the telephone girls being displaced by the dial systems. Secretary of Labor Davis, who usually keeps his feet on the ground, began to wonder:

"Now practically all forms of glassware are being made by machinery, some of the machines being extraordinarily efficient. Thus, in the case of one type of bottle, automatic machinery produces forty-one times as much per worker as the old hand processes, and the machine production requires no skilled glass blowers. In other words, one machine now does what forty-one men formerly did. What are we doing with the men displaced?"

Evolution in Labor

The secretary's wonder is very natural, and so is the senator's. If a machine displaces men, then those men are out of work. That is as plain as the nose on one's face. When power came into the British textile industry it did throw a lot of men out of work and caused great distress. That the introduction of machinery has been responsible for unemployment in this country is logical. Everyone personally knows at least one specific case where a man has lost his job because improved methods made his services unnecessary. It is almost impossible for any of us to free ourselves of the feeling that machinery permanently displaces men. We simply cannot visualize the immensity of the operations which are going on in this country. One church organization has actually invented the term "permanent unemployment" to describe a condition which its leaders believe to exist because of machinery. The British worker is so thoroughly convinced that he often insists that a labor-saving machine be attended by as many men as were needed in the process before the machine was introduced. He refuses to take the bread out of another man's mouth—and that leaves no argument. Some of our labor organizations go almost that far.

From all of which it would appear that a great and revolutionary change has suddenly taken place. In point of fact, no sudden change has taken place. It is just that a number of people in official positions have only now heard of the changes which have been going on steadily for many years, but which have hit a faster pace since 1920. The senator who thought it a great

(Continued on Page 145)

This ONE Critical Mistake..

costs Motorists Millions every year

"THAT'S YOUR OWN FAULT," says repair man. "If you don't keep tires properly inflated, you can't expect them to last very long."

It destroys the life of their tires . . . ruins them in a few short months. And yet thousands of motorists all over the country dismiss it as unimportant

THIS advertisement is part of a nation-wide effort to end the most destructive abuse to which tires have ever been exposed.

The facts it reveals are based on eminent scientific authority . . . the result of exhaustive research and countless tests.

It is now definitely known that 80 per cent of all tire failures are directly traceable to improper inflation.

According to qualified experts, premature tread wear . . . fabric ruptures . . . rim cuts . . . side-wall breaks . . . all may be traced to this one cause.

Thus, simply through failure to keep tires at correct pressures, motorists are actually throwing away millions of miles of service every year.

And yet, never before have manufacturers produced sturdier, more rugged tires. Never have they offered the American public tires capable of such outstanding mileage.

A nation-wide campaign

Now, to help combat this needless waste, Schrader has launched an extensive educational campaign endorsed by tire companies.

This advertisement is part of this campaign. It describes the causes and effects of improper inflation . . . suggests three simple precautions formulated for your protection.

So, if you would get full mileage from your tires, give particular attention to the facts that follow.

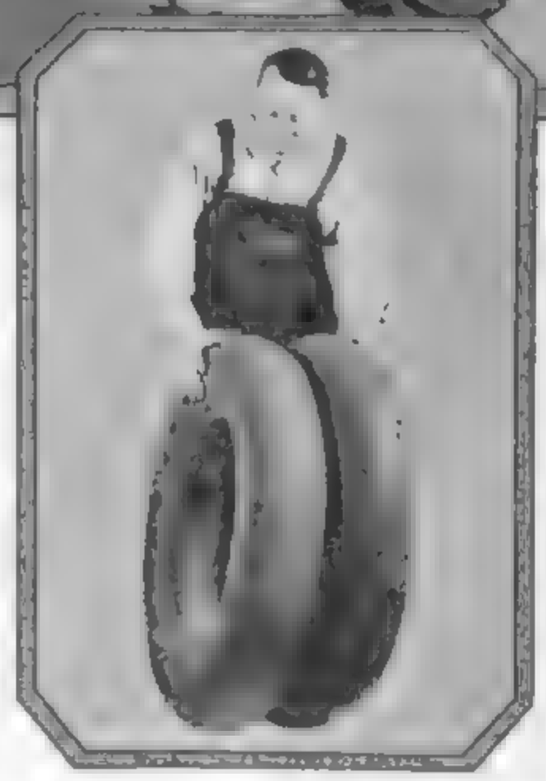
What improper inflation does

The menace of improper inflation cannot be exaggerated. Without question it reduces tire life tremendously.

When a balloon tire is run five pounds below its proper pressure its life is reduced by hundreds of miles.

According to actual tests a balloon tire in this condition loses just as much mileage as a high-pressure pneumatic tire under-inflated by twelve or fifteen pounds.

Premature tread wear . . . rim cuts . . flexing breaks . . . as well as ruined inner tubes and other injuries invisible from the outside, are among the costly results. And yet improper inflation can be easily avoided if three precautions are taken.



JUST LOOK AT THIS! Both tires have been run 4000 miles. One is ruined, the other almost as good as new. This advertisement tells why.

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple scientific principles. It is accurate and durable.

Easy to read. Easy to use. Most cars do their hardest work over the week end. So Friday has been widely selected as tire-resting day.

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be conveniently replaced.

And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

Follow these three rules of tire care

Thousands of motorists have adopted these scientific rules of tire care recommended by Schrader engineers.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Let us send you our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." Address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

1. This Schrader 880 Valve Cap is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Be sure you have one on every valve stem. Box of five . . 25c.

2. Change your valve insides once a year. Make sure you have the genuine Schrader. Box of five costs . . . 25c.

3. The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure tires are correctly inflated.

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WITHIN a day's haul by rail or water, Longview, Washington, manufacturers may obtain in vast quantities raw materials of wide diversity: Timber, wheat, wool, minerals, flax, livestock, dairy and poultry products, salmon and other fresh and salt water fish, fruit and agricultural products in great variety—nearly everything man needs.

Dependable, low-priced fuel or electric power at Longview can manufacture these into useful, easily salable merchandise. Thence they may go to the seacoast markets of the world over Longview's municipal docks on the deep, wide Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean, and to the inland markets of America by three great transcontinental railways and two internationally famous paved highways.

To manufacturers, Longview offers the added advantages of a mild and equable climate, unsurpassed for sustained daily effort; carefully planned industrial sites, waterfront and otherwise; high class skilled and unskilled labor; a modern city of unusual beauty, schools equal in equipment and teaching personnel to those in cities many times larger; complete public improvements—an independent American city offering opportunities for substantial development. *For complete information about Longview, write*

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY
81 Colonial Building Longview, Washington

(Continued from Page 142)

duty on the part of the employer to find places for the men whom machinery compelled him to discharge was following the old process of applying logic to a series of assumptions, instead of to a state of ascertained facts.

Important changes in equipment do not come all at once; they have to be planned and they have to be made. Also it takes power to run them, and this power has to be found. I asked the president of a large company making heating equipment what he would do if his engineers discovered a wholly new method by which his company could manufacture at a third of its present costs.

"We would start the work as soon as possible," he answered, "but it would take at least five or six years to make any great and sweeping change."

More Machines and More Men

The electric-power concerns are prospecting for power more avidly than ever the old miners hunted for gold, for it takes several years to put up a big power station. And they see a power shortage. It takes time and it takes men and money to make ready the equipment which will displace men. And there is still another factor. No company engages in a large program of mechanical equipment unless it sees ahead the business to justify the outlay. Which means that by the time the machinery is ready, the company usually needs more men than the machinery displaces. More often than not the machinery is designed because the employer cannot get enough men to attain the production he requires. And this does not take into consideration the effects of price reduction upon consumption. So the senator was very wide of the mark. On his theory, which takes production in terms of men instead of in terms of goods, machinery would have to be outlawed and we should have to go back to the handcraft days for both factory and farm, and we should probably starve to death.

Take two specific cases—the glass industry mentioned by Secretary Davis and the dial telephones mentioned by a senator.

The glass industry is a very old one and, as Secretary Davis noted, used to be entirely on a hand basis. The bottle-making machine was the first considerable improvement, but as machines go it is fairly old. Since the war the closed automobile and the extraordinary increase in building caused a demand for plate glass far beyond anything known. That brought improvements in plate-glass making which, had the output remained the same, would have displaced many thousands of men. These improvements, it may be mentioned, were brought about only through years of work and the spending of millions of dollars in experimenting. Here is what happened: In 1914 there were 348 glass factories, employing 74,000 men. By 1925 the establishments had decreased to 310 and the workers to 69,000, but these factories were using nearly double the horse power of the previous period; their product had more than doubled in quantity and is continuing to increase.

The ordinary glass bottle, as well as even a fair grade of plate glass, is no longer a luxury. But this also happened: In 1914 the industry paid $48,000,000 in wages. In 1925 it paid $86,000,000 in wages to 5000 less men. There may have been some displacements, but that is doubtful, for alongside the growth of the machine industry has grown an art-glass craftsmanship which has a good deal of trouble in finding expert glass blowers. These establishments are mostly small and probably their figures are not included in those of the industry; but even if they are, the benefit which machinery has brought to the workers can hardly be challenged.

The dial telephone looks like a plain case of displacing operators, but the facts are quite otherwise. Here is the actual situation as given to me by J. S. McCulloh, the president of the New York Telephone Company:

"Some years ago it seemed probable to us that in the not very distant future it would be impracticable to continue the so-called manual system and give the high-grade telephone service which the public demands, because, first, with the manual system, as the number of telephones increases, the complexities and difficulties of operating increase; secondly, and more important, the number of operators required under the manual system would increase at a faster rate than the population and year by year more and more fields are open to women workers.

"Though telephone operating is not arduous, it requires young women of intelligence, with good hearing, pleasant voices and clear enunciation. Our studies indicated very clearly that almost certainly within twenty years we should be unable to get enough young women of the proper caliber to make satisfactory telephone operators and that consequently we should be unable to continue to give high-grade service. You will see, therefore, that the introduction of the dial system in New York City was not with the object of reducing the number of operators then in service, but of keeping the number of operators required within such bounds that our needs could be filled with women of the proper caliber. As you of course know, with the dial system operators are not entirely eliminated, as they are required for handling calls on which there is a toll charge, for giving information to subscribers and for assisting them when they have trouble in completing their local calls.

"We are now planning the substitution of the dial system for the manual system in New York City at as rapid a rate as we believe practicable. In New York City we estimate there will be on the average about 20,600 operators in 1928 in the service of the New York Telephone Company and of the Long Distance Lines Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. With the introduction of the dial system in New York City as now scheduled, it is estimated that in 1932 the number of operators in the service of these two companies in New York City will be 20,900, so that the growth of the system more than overbalances the reduction in the number of local operators brought about by the introduction of the dial system."

An Opposite Trend

"Another point that must be borne in mind in connection with this matter is that a large proportion of our operators are young women who seek employment only for a few years, so that each year relatively large numbers leave our service to be married or to stay at home because of family duties. It is estimated that over the next five years, when we average substantially 20,000 operators in service the resignations will average about 9000 a year, so that we shall have to hire approximately that number of new operators every year. These, of course,, are estimates, but our actual experience over the last five years tends to confirm these estimates.

"In 1923, with less than 2 per cent of the telephones served from dial offices, there were about 18,300 operators in service in New York City. In 1928, with about 25 per cent of the telephones in New York City served from dial offices, there will be, as stated above, about 20,600 operators."

Another officer of the company pointed out that the dial-telephone systems require for their maintenance a force of very high-grade mechanics who must have some scientific knowledge. This is in line with the new development which machinery has brought about and which is exactly opposite in trend to the predictions concerning what machinery would do to the human race.

We cannot comprehend that the introduction of machinery does not render men idle because we cannot comprehend the size of this national enterprise in which we are engaged. So much is going on that no one can know more than a fraction of it. Our comparisons are likewise faulty. At the height of the agitation about the number of jobless and homeless men in New York, a social worker estimated their number on the Bowery at 5000. This is probably high, for there is no record of that many men having been fed and lodged on any one day. Inquiry showed that most of these men had drifted to New York from the outside, and their numbers rapidly increased when the newspapers began to carry stories about free food and lodging. But what are 5000 men in a city of 7,000,000?

New Work for Old

If an employer had 100 men and only five of them were dissatisfied, he would begin to pin medals on himself; but if the same percentage of people were dissatisfied in a factory employing 100,000 men and they organized a parade, then the public would believe that the conditions in that factory were very bad. It has been definitely said that "the construction industry has passed the peak of the postwar boom." That is throw-back thinking—the war has got to end sometime. More competent observers dealing with the facts are beginning to reckon the past three years only as establishing a new normal. It is hard to comprehend that since 1919 more than 20,000 new chain stores have been established or that we are selling more than 1,000,000 bathtubs a year now as against less than half that number in the boom. Or that the steel furniture business in the same period has risen from $16,000,000 to $31,000,000 in dollar volume, or that around 1,000,000 washing machines and vacuum cleaners go out each year. We are in the habit of sending out Christmas cards, and that has created a business of $45,000,000 a year as against only $3,000,000 some twenty years ago. A recent survey showed 317,000 gasoline filling stations equipped with 604,000 pumps. Some of these are connected with garages and others are run as side lines, but a few employ as many as twenty men. It is estimated that about 600,000 people are engaged in the entirely new business of filling stations.

Other new lines of employment are known to be increasing at a rapid rate, but no one surely knows how many people are employed in them. Doctor Klein, of the Department of Commerce, has estimated that more than 750,000 men are in the service and distribution end of automobiles and at least another 100,000 in the servicing of electrical appliances. At least that number have been added to the management and direction of buildings and engineering enterprises.

The motion-picture houses have added about 125,000 people to their pay rolls since the war, and there has been an increase of 170,000 barbers during the same time. The increase in schools and colleges has added 232,000 teachers and professors, and there are said to be about 100,000 more life-insurance agents than before the war. Everyone knows the growth of hotels, restaurants and cafeterias, but few know that they have required somewhere between 500,000 and 1,000,000 more workers since the war. Around 100,000 people are thought now to be engaged in the radio business. And so on.

Why, then, if there has been such an increase in the lines of employment, is there talk of unemployment? Simply because it was discovered by a few men who had the public ear that the number of factory employes per unit of output was decreasing and also that factory employment as reported was on the whole decreasing. And since none of the men who had just learned these facts—which everyone in industry knew—had any conception that other lines of employment had been steadily opening, they jumped to the conclusion that there must be unemployment. For was not such a conclusion logical?

That started the guessing. It was an open contest without rules, and therefore

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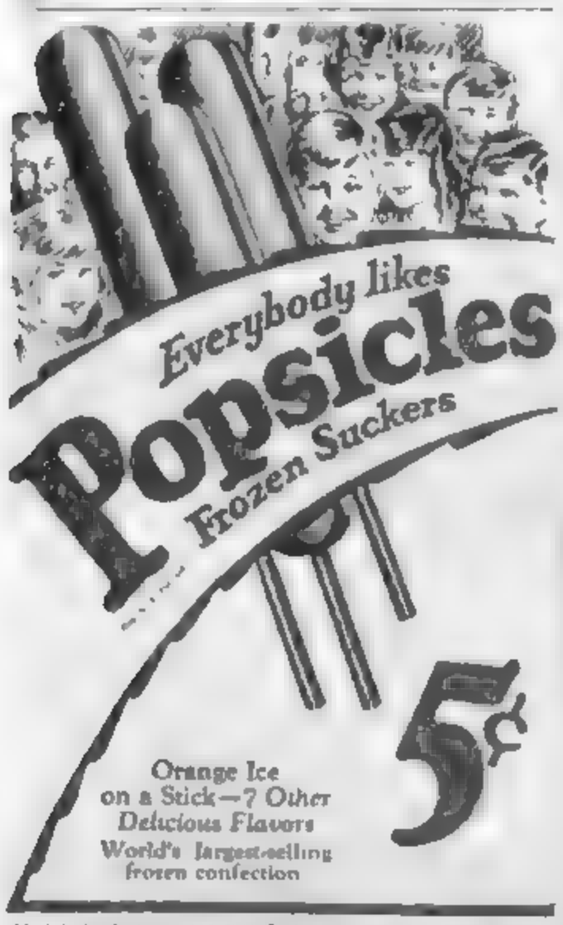

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everyone found what he wanted to find. No one had any facts. The Department of Labor took the shrinkage in the number of employes in the manufacturing and railroad groups between 1925 and January, 1928. This turned out to be 7.43 per cent. Taking that percentage of all the workers employed in 1925 gave 1,874,050 out of work. This was only a guess; it did not take into account, as the secretary pointed out, the 200,000 people who are supposed each year to leave the farms, the 250,000 immigrants who came in during 1917, or the 2,000,000 boys and girls who each year reach the working age. On the other hand, it did not try to estimate the number of workers who each year die or retire from ill health or old age, or because they have enough money to live on. There is also a general belief that normally about 1,000,000 men are out of work in part because they do not want to work and in part because they have not the mentality or physique for work. In addition, there is an unknown amount of casual labor that travels over the country taking a job only when broke. A new phase of this group is the gasoline tramp.

The All-Round Man

It would seem that during a part of the winter there was some unemployment, for the weather kept back building and several automobile plants were partially closed for inventory and the changing over of models. But the unemployment could not have been serious. Any widespread unemployment which wiped out savings would at once have begun to show in the records of the installment-finance companies. None of them reported any increase in repossessions. Another significant fact is the course of industrial insurance. These small policies, with their weekly payment of premiums, reflect the condition of the wage earners. The charts of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show a steady recession from 1925, but the low point of 1927 is only about $200,000,000 below the highest point in their history, and this is on a business exceeding $1,000,000,000. And incidentally, the low point came before people started to talk about unemployment; and for this year the curve has already risen above the high 1925 total.

The explanation of this seems to lie in the character of what unemployment did come in for actual observation. Some skilled workers may have been out of jobs, but evidently they had savings to fall back on. The mass of unemployed were unemployables or wholly unskilled men. There is now and has been for a long time a shortage of skilled mechanics to man the automobile service and repair shops and to service the great amount of household machinery which is in use. There has been an acute shortage of skilled machinists. We had thought that machine production would do away with the necessity for skilled men, but it is now beginning to appear that it greatly increases the demand, for the public is using so many kinds of appliances which demand expert service. There exists today a fear among the makers of automobiles, washing machines, electric refrigerators, radios, and so on, that their sales may be curtailed because of the lack of men to make repairs. For it is an open secret that what we have come to call service is nowhere on the plane of the skill which is needed

We are passing rapidly away from the crafts division of trade and the call now is for the educated man who can comprehend a complicated bit of machinery and find out what is the matter with it. And as manufacturing machinery has increased in efficiency it has also increased in delicacy and needs a higher-grade man than before to attend it. The skill required in the operation of a power shovel is very different from that required to handle an ordinary shovel. And it is being more and more expected that a man who can handle one piece of machinery can handle another kind. The very specialization of work is demanding the kind of man who can do almost anything in the management of machinery.

The theory used to be that working at a machine would only deaden and we should breed a race of robots. Instead, the machine is becoming so skilled that the robot jobs are becoming scarce. Lines which used to be special are becoming general; for instance, nearly everyone now knows how to drive an automobile or work a typewriter. A man, to be paid as a chauffeur, must be able to do more than drive; a typist must be able to do more than merely type. The inexpensive portable machine is also coming in for much of what was considered essentially handwork. There are electrical planes, saws and drills that can be taken to the job and do faster and better work than skilled carpenters. Their introduction is being resisted because it is thought that they will displace carpenters. But they will come in, and then one will find that a carpenter has to be a man who can do more than accurately plane, saw and fit. And there will then be more carpenters, because there will be more work. It is easily conceivable that quite shortly a house may be built by a single group of all-round men instead of, as now, by a collection of masons, carpenters, plumbers, and so on.

They Won't Stay Put

It is this shift from the old divisions of craftsmanship and common labor to a new kind of all-round skilled man that is important, for it is new. It is not touched by any of the employment schemes which are now afoot, because all those schemes are founded on European experience and the theories that have come down from the handwork days.

It has been noted that we have no figures on unemployment. The remedy urged is that we open a great number of public employment offices and that these offices will count the applicants for jobs and this will give us the figures at once. That plan works well enough abroad. There, if a plumber is out of work he registers at a public office and sits around waiting for his unemployment allowance or a job. It never occurs to him to go off hunting for work or to try for work other than plumbing. An American out of a job and really wanting one goes out and hunts for it instead of for a dole. If he cannot find a job in his own craft, he takes something else, which may turn out to be better. Counting the registrations at the employment offices may be no more useful than counting a stage army as it tramps across and through the wings and tramps across again. It is a sign of strength that our worthy unemployed will not stay put long enough to be counted.

The farm and not the factory is the place where the men are coming from looking for work, and it is on the farm that machinery is really displacing men, because the consumption of farm products cannot rise with the ability to produce them. The automobile and the tractor have released a large amount of land that formerly went to the feeding of horses. The farmer has to buy gasoline instead of raising feed. The efficiency of farm machinery in the last several years has been improved quite as fast as industrial machinery and it is being sold in large quantities. Some salesman statistician figured out that a hired man costs the proceeds of eighty acres. That may be right or it may be wrong, but it has stimulated the sale of machinery, and well-informed men say that the present farm production could be attained with about one-quarter of the present farm population.

Labor on the Farm

Since everyone is aiming at a higher standard of living, the shift from the farm will continue and is likely to quicken. With the general use of the cotton picker the need for casual labor in the South will diminish. Already, with the sledding of cotton in West Texas, it is possible to grow a crop at ten cents a pound. This means that the states which can grow only above fifty cents a pound are not going to grow cotton. The demand for farm labor is shifting around to a demand for skilled all-round men who know how to operate farm machinery. In this the trend exactly follows that of the factory. Only the sugar-beet growers can make out a case for cheap, casual labor. And it may well be that beet growing can be mechanized and does not need cheap labor; it has imported most of its methods from Europe, where no one thinks of other than cheap labor.

Factory labor, about which all the to-do has been made, does not present a problem. But farm labor already presents one and probably will for half a dozen or more years to come.

Thus it might be to the point to discover whether the plans to furnish employment look to the factory or the farm—that is, to the broadening of the area of work rather than the concentrating. And also it might be in order rather carefully to see whether the unrestricted immigration from Mexico and the West Indies is not operating to retard the movement for sound and effective readjustment. We might even try reasoning on the facts instead of just reasoning or talking.

Father: "Well, I Suppose You are Thinking About Getting a Job?"

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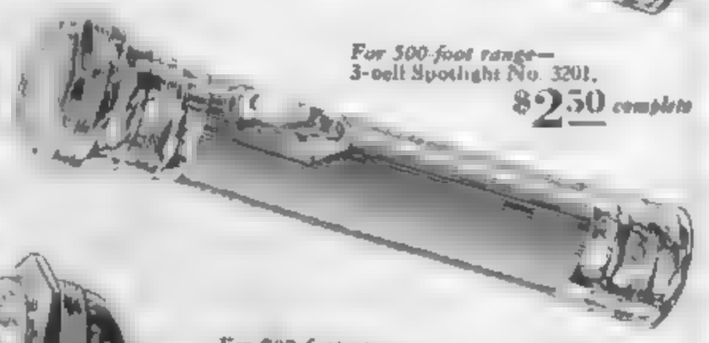

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OFT IN THE SILLY NIGHT

(Continued from Page 23)

it out with Mr. Heisenfrecker, but—he sat it out. And upon the latter of these occasions, as the abominable buggy wheels were squeaking out of the barnyard and Miss Celia was thriftily engaged in turning down the light in the coal oil chandelier within, he whispered hotly:

"Say, I just want you to know you're different to any girl I've ever knew. What I mean, you're different to—well, just anybody. I mean, I could just ——"

But he couldn't; so small a thing as his Adam's apple stopped him.

But from beneath the halo—oh, yes, by this time it was distinctly a halo—came a small agitated voice: "Well, I—I don't usually make so quick neither with my friendships that way." Easom's throbbing palm shot out, encountered the door knob, pressed it tenderly and fled. He never knew the difference.

All this the night before Mr. Heisenfrecker's paper came blackly off the printing press—the weekly paper of Heisenfrecker, Sr., that is; young Conrad was but the typesetter and general factotum of the enterprise. But, oh, the blackness of the type in which the following item was blazoned directly under the customary title:

SCRATCHES FROM SCRABBLE CREEK

For several months back a young man from the Scrabble Creek district has been seeing a certain young lady to church each Sunday night. Look out now, Easom! That can't mean but one thing!

Scratch, was it? A wound, rather—a wound which tore directly into Easom's heart and set the blood to flooding out of bounds. He was for setting off to the Criddlebaughs' at once. Reason prevailed; he would ignore the scurrilous thing rather—conceal his feelings under a crust of cold dignity.

But Mr. Criddlebaugh broke the crust the instant Easom set foot within the lighted circle of the living room that night—broke it with a crash of laughter. Mr. Criddlebaugh was laying down the paper as Easom halted upon the threshold. Everybody was laughing—no, not everybody; over there in the corner one little mouth was tightly and thinly closed.

"For several months, huh?" chuckled old Israel, and he eyed Easom with disconcerting significance. "Several months! Yes, and I give him right there."

It was a terrible evening. The Criddlebaughs had much to say, Easom little, the visiting lady nothing at all. Easom contrived to crush upon the small folded hands a tatter of paper with the hasty pleading in pencil: "Several months don't make."

But even as he had scribbled the words beneath the table leaf, he knew they did; it had of late been borne upon him that in that custom-bound community no youth may lightly escort a young lady to church without in time fetching up heavily with her before the altar thereof. Easom, tensely upright, his knees small and tight together, for the first time felt shattering terror of the Criddlebaughs, that fatal triangle which seemed to be closing more and more possessively about him. And how about the visiting lady? Did she share the views of these near relatives of hers? That -that was the question!

He bolted from his chair and made for the door. As he did so, he found himself in possession of the same tatter with a single word appended: "Maybe."

Maybe—the most enigmatic word in the language. But at least it was enigmatic. He lived upon that and upon her conduct, which was equally enigmatic, for the following week.

But he had nothing to live upon after Mr. Heisenfrecker's paper made its iniquitous rounds the succeeding Thursday. Easom's face went as white as the paper and his heart as black as the type as his eyes seared through the item:

Wedding bells will soon be ringing for a certain blond young lady in the Scrabble Creek district. Those in the know say that the honeymoon will take place onto a certain roadster with red wheels. Well, good luck, E—— and C——

Reason did not prevail this time. Easom arrowed at once to the Criddlebaughs'.

The visitor had departed the day before to the family circle in Heitville. But his business was not with her. His business was with Miss Celia Criddlebaugh—with any Criddlebaugh who happened first athwart his tumultuous passage.

Celia did not happen; she simply was. She was milking as Easom made short cut through the barn.

"I come to see you," said Easom abruptly, "about somepin particler."

"Me? Somepin particler?" Miss Celia holding the beast's fractious tail with one hand and stripping the milk with the other, stopped stripping and held onto the tail.

"About them wedding bells," went on Easom in furious excitement. "About them wedding bells is what I want to talk about."

Miss Celia, still clinging to the tail as though it were a bell rope, rose ponderously. The beast, possibly resenting the manipulation by another female of her personal fly swatter, kicked at Miss Celia, missed her, kicked the stool and the stool kicked the bucket. A foaming stream shot across the floor. Through this stream waded Miss Celia toward Easom, and when she reached him she did a devastating thing. She threw her arms about his neck.

Easom belched a gasp which left him hollow. A hollow thing was no match for Miss Celia. She crushed him firmly back against a stall.

"Hey! What's a matter of all the dum noise?" A scraggly voice was descending the steps from the loft. "What fur a waste is all this milk? Hey! Well, gosh-a-mighty!"

Celia removed her cheek from Easom's ear. Easom plucked a hairpin from his neck and struggled upward. Celia was gurgling ghoulishly. Mr. Criddlebaugh was wringing his hand painfully and saying something:

"Yes, and it was about time! If you wouldn't of put out your intentions soon, I'd of had to say somepin to you. Fur it's ten months since you first begun travelin' steady with her and we can't have nothing with the breath of immorals around our Celie."

"I told you he had bashful," snuffled Celia.

Well, what could Easom Scherr do, considering that he was the kind-hearted young man he was? Here was Celia gloating upon him and he still had the uncomfortable feeling that her tears had dripped down his neck—afterward he came to the belief that it was his own sudden perspiration—but, anyway, here was Celia and here was her father speaking in no uncertain terms of some outrage Easom had nearly committed—or had he?—or hadn't he? And here was Easom himself with his head rather badly bumped by his collision against the stall—with the vague obsession that he was audibly hissing steam from every pore —— Well, what could he do? What should he do?

The only clear course seemed to pick up the one unviolated bucket of milk and carry it to the spring house. Anything to get away from that fell barn and from Mr. Criddlebaugh, who was still trumpeting rapidly and loudly and whose scraggly fingers seemed always on the point of crushing once more his own. He made the spring house, escaped as by a hair the pythonic coils of two plump arms and sought the white roof of his home.

More specifically, he sought as soon as might be the red wheels of his roadster. Chores, supper and a wrestle into seasonable apparel were an agonizing deterrent of two hours, for he had to get to Heitville as soon as possible. What was he to say when he got there? Easom didn't know. Certainly he was not going to say that he was

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betrothed to Miss Celia; but could he say that he wasn't? Had he proposed? Had she proposed? Had old Israel settled the thing? Or was it all the odious Heisenfrecker's doings? Again Easom didn't know. All he knew as he sat tight-hunched in his car was that he had to get to Heitville; he had to lave his fever in the cool, kind gray of those eyes; they would help him.

The eyes which he beheld in the shadow of the Benfer doorway were cool enough in all conscience, and they were larger than he had ever seen them; but they did not look particularly helpful. That was the first startling thing. The second was that their owner looked as pallid as he felt. Indeed, her entire attitude during that first stricken silent moment in which they faced each other was that of a mute question mark rather than an answer to his troubles.

"I come," blurted Easom, "fur to talk ower somepin particler."

A little palm shot out as though to stem the words. "I know," said Miss Libbie. "Celia drove in—on horseback. It's—nice."

"No, it ain't!" cried Easom sharply, and backed; his spirit backed and his body backed. Wasn't Miss Celia the lady's first cousin? "I mean"—his fingers clutched at the familiar air and his tongue clutched at a familiar formula—"I guess you wouldn't have no objections of going on a ride fur to talk things ower maybe."

It was the lady's turn to back. She looked all eyes, horrified eyes, and she seemed to grow by inches.

"I should guess anyhow not," said Miss Benfer with dignity, and started to close the door. Easom stood still, watching the door slowly close; and she stood, also, gazing at him strangely and sadly through the narrowing aperture. The knob turned slowly and almost noiselessly. Easom was alone.

He had never known loneliness before. He climbed into the roadster and sat looking at the house. Something that belonged to him was in that house. He knew it now clearly, as he had known it all the time vaguely. But how to get it? What to do?

There was one thing that he could do. He suddenly jammed on the gas. He spurted to the premises of the editor, carefully laid aside his coat and called out the son of the establishment. He called him out, he called him down; he threw him out, he threw him down. Someone else set type that week.

Easom started home. His short visit in Heitville had yielded him one sorry satisfaction at least—he knew precisely where he stood now with reference to the three persons most intimately concerned with his tragic predicament; he knew he stood outside a slow but inexorable door knob; he knew he stood above a fallen foe with a wrist temporarily unfitted for typesetting; and he knew—alas!—that he stood holding the hand of Miss Celia Criddlebaugh. The hand—what to do with the hand? That was the question—the sole question for the moment.

Still hot with his triumphant exploit in the editor's yard, he had a dramatic impulse to tear to the Criddlebaughs', explain as best he could and renounce the hand forever. But he couldn't do that; for by this time another unwritten law of this inexorable community had been borne in upon him. Should an innocent maiden be renounced by a suitor, she was a creature marked for life; the brand of the rejected was thenceforth upon her; in more cases than not, she was doomed to lifelong celibacy. No, he could not so harm the plump and domestic Celia.

He reflected with horror in this connection that she had already made a slow and stately journey into the town, disseminating information as she went. He seemed to remember some vague remark in the spring house about precipitating a party. There was no time to be lost.

There was no time to be lost and he couldn't renounce Miss Celia. Was there any alternative? One—one only. That was if Miss Celia would renounce him. Easom Scherr vented a tortured chuckle. That, by all the omens, was as possible as that his hundred acres should renounce him and make off to another habitat.

But was it? It was his one spar upon a tumultuous sea which had already dragged him nine-tenths under, and he clung to it with the desperation of the doomed. Was there any way in which he might become decisively odious in the undecisive eyes of Miss Celia? Through the late twilight his distempered eyes strained toward the pious yews which guarded the Criddlebaugh gateposts, toward the house smugly huddled behind them. Its front blinds were, as always, closely drawn, to keep out the sight of the world—the world which Mr. Criddlebaugh so feared and detested. Wisps of conversation from behind those blinds frayed through his mind: "Loosed of the world." "If you were following the world—plenty quick take her off you ——" If! Yes, but he wasn't; that was just one thing he wouldn't do—go to the dogs because of Miss Celia Criddlebaugh. Yet there was something here—something.

He drove on slowly toward his bridge; he must mend that bridge; he had promised Mrs. Criddlebaugh. Why, even now they would be hearing him, would be wondering where he'd been! The loose planks fell behind him, one by one, tattle, tattle, tattle. It was at this point precisely that Easom killed his engine, though he never knew it until six minutes later.

Easom Scherr proceeded at once to do a strange thing. To himself it did not appear strange. An animal caught in a seemingly inescapable trap does not stop to meditate upon whether a sudden hole which opens before it be strange or not; it makes for the hole. Easom Scherr loaded into the roadster some blankets and an alarm clock.

He rolled once more across his bridge, this time more slowly, his ears acute to the slow, thunderous reverberation. He did not know just where he was bound; but, after all, there was but one logical destination. In that flat, closely farmed district there was but one spot of communal ownership—a spot, moreover, which afforded privacy. This was a small wooded area in the environs of the town through which Scrabble Creek looped joyously; a place much frequented upon warm summer evenings when the moon was large and jovial. Now there was no warmth, no summer and no moon, jovial or otherwise. Easom sought this covert with the swift cunning of the hunted, eased his car behind a copse of hazel bushes, wound his alarm and arranged his blankets upon the seat of the car. He laid his afflicted head upon a pillow and presently slept, as he did everything else in life, intensely.

At the roistering hour of eleven the alarm burst into frightful clangor. Easom leaped up, shot for the moment with needles of terror. In that serene tree-hung covert the metallic screech was like the shriek of the evil one himself. He bestowed his bedding and went home. Once more the planks of the bridge clattered in loud succession, like tattling tongues.

The night doubtless had its thousand eyes trained upon that bridge; but that there were ears listening in also was evidenced late upon the following afternoon when Mr. Criddlebaugh projected himself like a gnarled limb across Easom's fence.

"You was out somewheres till close behind midnight." Mr. Criddlebaugh sharpened carefully a quill. "On some such business, I guess."

"Well, no," admitted Easom, and rakishly eased a suspender strap. "But a body can't be young but the once."

Mr. Criddlebaugh picked each of his molars in succession. "I guess you'll be coming to set up tonight, not?"

Easom eased his other strap. "No, I got somepin else on hands tonight. Maybe till tomorrow night."

Mr. Criddlebaugh turned and went up the road. Once he spat vigorously, as though all his molars had offended him.

(Continued on Page 153)

PROCLAMATION

FOR

CELEBRATION OF THE 4TH OF JULY

(AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY)

Whereas, in the course of human events the one hundred and fifty-second anniversary of the birthday of our country has arrived—anniversary of that immortal day when a great document was signed, and a great purpose consecrated.

And Whereas, in these one hundred and fifty-two years America, the land for which our fathers died, has justified their faith, their promise and their sacrifice, and still aims, however blindly, to live up to their ideals.

Be It Therefore Resolved, that this shall be an anniversary of re-dedication to the principle for which our nation was founded, a celebration with joy and thanksgiving of the travail of her birth and the steps that led to freedom.

★ ★ ★

Put up your flags and join in the festival. Decorate your house, your porch, your doorway, the garden wall, the bushes and trellises around your house, with gay twinkling colorful strings of Noma Lights, those twinkling little MAZDA lamps you use for Christmas decorations. Get them out, the red, white and blue ones—yes, and the purple, green and yellow too, to help the display. Plug them in your porch light socket and flash again the gay good news of America's independence.

Your electrical dealer and lighting company are providing special displays of Independence Day *decorations.* Ask them for plans and suggestions for illuminating your house and grounds, or your community. Or write for suggestions to Noma Electric Corporation, 340 Hudson St., New York City.

To Leaders in Community Life

This is an opportunity to unite your community in a genuine patriotic celebration. Festoon your streets with graceful arches of these little twinkling Noma Lights. Decorate the parks, the town square. Make your locality famous for its decorations. Light up your Nomas on the eve and on the night of the Fourth.

At break of a day that was to become famous, 152 years ago, a young man who had all night long been scribbling by a flickering candle threw down his pen to greet the first rays of the dawn. Striding through the dewy morning, he carried to the house of an old man the precious document on which he had labored through the night.

The older man made eleven minor changes, then, tremulous but yet assured, the young Thomas Jefferson and the venerable Benjamin Franklin went together to the meeting place where soon the Declaration of Independence was signed.

NOMA LIGHTS

USE THEM FOR ALL CELEBRATIONS

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Join *1000 AAA Motor Clubs* for the price of one

BELONG TO ONE A.A.A. CLUB AND YOU BELONG TO ALL

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

OFFICIAL AAA HOTEL

The sign of the first-class hotel or garage recommended in each territory by our club

How would you like to set out in your car at any time for any destination and know—

—that every emergency has been provided for in advance, and full provision made for your comfort, protection and enjoyment?

—that you can always obtain accurate, up-to-the-minute information as to routes and road conditions . . . that you will be advised where to go, what to do, what to see and where to stay?

—that if you need emergency service on the road for any reason, help can be summoned by a telephone call, either free or for a nominal charge?

—that you can obtain, without cost, legal advice on all matters involving the ownership and use of an automobile from lawyers who have been retained for that purpose?

—that even if your destination is Europe, the shipping of your car and all arrangements for bonds, etc., will be taken care of for less than you could do it yourself?

Almost too good to be true, you say. But that is what you get when you join, for a few dollars a year, a local motor club affiliated with the American Automobile Association.

The A.A.A. consists of 1000 local motor clubs and state associations in America, Canada and Europe. Your paid-up membership card in any A.A.A. club entitles you to the services and courtesies that every other A.A.A. club gives its own members.

Because it is the only federation of motor vehicle owners which provides a service of national and international scope, the A.A.A. has become the largest and most influential organization of its kind in the world. The secretary of your local affiliated club can tell you how little it costs to join—how much it pays to belong.

If you do not know the location of the nearest affiliated club, write to the American Automobile Association, Pennsylvania Avenue at 17th St., Washington, D. C. A complete list of clubs and booklets containing full information, will be sent you without charge.

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

WORLD'S LARGEST FEDERATION OF MOTOR VEHICLE OWNERS—ESTABLISHED 1902

IT PAYS TO BELONG
thru your local automobile club

AAA

This emblem can be used only by motor clubs affiliated with the American Automobile Association

Reg. in U. S. Patent Office

[Continued from Page 150.

Easom did go to the Criddlebaughs' upon the following night. Moreover, he took the young lady a bag of roguish bonbons. Each of the Criddlebaughs eventually eyed the donor with glances of suspicion above a tooth-defying confection mounted upon a stick. Nay, more: they gave him full opportunity to impart any information he might have to offer. He offered none.

Easom took Miss Celia to church upon Sunday night. Mrs. Criddlebaugh followed her darling to the roadster and dubiously saw her ensconced thereupon.

"It wonders me," she remarked leanly, "if you kin keep yourself awake fur preacher, the four nights you been out this week a'ready."

"Oh, I am like such a owl or whatever!" blithely responded Easom.

"I wasn't ever much fur admairing owels," observed Mrs. Criddlebaugh bleakly. "But pack her safe home if youse otherwise kin." Sighing deeply, she turned within.

"I ain't along with any them four nights," stated Celia bluntly, and bluntly laid her fair young head upon his shoulder.

"No, that's right, too," assented Easom. After a moment he proceeded cautiously, though honestly: "It's just some places where I wouldn't near inwite a young lady to go into."

Celia abruptly removed her fair young head. After an interim she inquired: "How long was you keeping up this here loose running around? Pop and mom they don't anyways uphold to it, now that I might as well tell you."

"That I don't know," answered Easom, again honestly.

"They're taking it some hard," warned Celia. "It does now unplease them somepin wonderful. They talk it frequent or even oftener. And it spites me some too; fur I don't know if I could feel just so wifely toward a low-moraled person."

"To be sure," said Easom alertly, "if you don't feel fur running any more with me —— And now we're speaking, I bet I could name off six or eight or a dozen where would be more strict in their views than what I can ever ——"

"But I don't want no six or a dozen." Celia's head struck his shoulder with a thud. "No, you suit me plenty good," the pleasant creature reassured him. "You needn't have afraid that I'll be giving you up. Not never. No, I guess anyhow not."

If her head had been a sandbag Easom could not have felt more completely slugged. Was there anything—anything in the heavens above or in the earth beneath which could make him odious in the sight of the pleasant Celia?

There was. Fearful the interplay of the evil and the good in this present world! So innocent an affair as his clock precipitated Easom from the ranks of the questionably wicked to the grisly ranks of the irretrievably vile.

It was upon an evening of that same week that Easom forgot to wind his alarm. He went to sleep with an uneasy glance toward the murky heavens, and he awoke with the murk descending softly upon him. Moreover, it was broad daylight.

He gazed blankly at the face of his clock and the face of his clock gazed blankly at him; it did not even yield him the time. His mind engrossed with his belated chores, he sped homeward, not glancing even toward the heaven-pointing yews. But behind the yews eyes saw him, sodden and disheveled, as he dashed past at reckless speed.

Being a merciful man, he was merciful to his beasts; then he prepared warmth and food for himself. He had but tasted his excellent scrapple when Mr. Criddlebaugh, without ceremony, shoved open the door.

"You're early up," greeted Easom in surprise. "It ain't somepin wrong, was it?"

"Whether somepin was wrong?" crackled the ancient branch. "Say yourself the question if somepin is wrong or ain't it! When it comes to the pass of stopping off somewheres all night ——" Mr. Criddlebaugh stopped suddenly and eyed his prospective son-in-law dourly. "You was a stranger a'ready and we took you in," he intoned with solemnity. Easom took a meditative bite and agreed silently as to that. "And now we ain't anyways sure or certain that we ain't took you in too quick." Easom took another bite. "In other words to say, I'm Celie's pop, which I guess you can't otherwise deny, and it's come to the pass now where it's got to come some words among us plain on the surface. I am willing," said the patriarch, "fur to give you the benefit from doubts yet, but at the same time I'll ask you to answer me up straight and to the straight point. Was you now stopping off by any such relations last night?"

Easom shook his head. By such friends then? No. By one them hotels then? No. Mr. Criddlebaugh scratched his head; Easom scratched his plate.

"Now looky here! You was somewheres and you better not try to deny it."

Easom did not deny it. Wouldn't Mr. Criddlebaugh try a cup coffee? Mr. Criddlebaugh's eye darted a single scorching glance at the coffeepot; it vented steam. Easom was off for something and if he thought he was going to get around him —— Now look here! What was he off for? Gambling maybe? No. By wicked bootlegs then? No. Well, now then—here the inquisitor's voice sank to a sepulchral scraping—if it could have been—if it just could have been—because of females ——

Easom gazed into the cup he had just drained. He did not raise his guilty eyes to meet Mr. Criddlebaugh's.

"Well, yes," he admitted.

Mr. Criddlebaugh got out of his chair considerably faster than he had got into it. He backed into the uncontaminated hour of the early morning.

"And do you expect"—he intoned in solemn horror—"do you even hope to entice our righteous child into the bands of pure adulterationed wedlocks after such an admission as that there?"

"No," said Easom promptly, and screened his visage behind shaking palms.

"Our child," groaned the outraged father, "saved as from fires yet!"

Once more, as soon as might be, Easom made for Heitville. But what a difference! "I'm loose!" he had some ado from shouting as he sped. "I'm free!" He felt as though he had been imprisoned, both body and spirit, for a long, long time.

What Easom failed to remember, as has many another newly escaped from durance vile, was that though he was free from his prison, he was not free from his criminal record. That realization has given more than one hopeful spirit a sudden shock of surprise.

It was not a slowly turning door knob this time which gave Easom to know that he was beyond the pale, but a pencil mark of blue moving down the street. Easom swung blithely to its fore, halted, swept gay forefinger to hat brim.

Before he knew he had spoken his tongue vented the joyful tumult of his brain: "I'm loose!"

The lady in blue had stopped. The strangest expression Easom had ever seen wavered across her face. She looked at him questioningly, almost fearfully; she looked at him, even, as though he were making some sort of shameful admission.

"Yes, I—I know," she faltered, and averted her eyes.

"Well, but ——" Easom puzzled. She made as though to walk on. "Wait once!" he cried in sharp apprehension. "You ain't thinking —— Not loose in morals! You ain't thinking I meant ——"

"Uncle Israel told me," said the lady sadly. "About all those nights—and everything."

"But look here!" cried the agitated Easom. "I mean loose—free—I ain't promised no more."

"You ain't—with Celia, you mean?"

For an instant something glad spirited across her face, trembled in her lips. Easom could have sworn it. He threw back his head and laughed.

"So now I guess you wouldn't have no objections of going on a little ride maybe. I got a lot to ——"

But the lady was growing taller; and although she was so near that he could almost touch her, she seemed to be moving farther, farther ——

"I don't give my countenance neither to loose carryings-on." Her voice, too, was faint now as though it came from a distance. "And anyway, I couldn't be sure—changing off from one girl to another so quick—it ain't very nice."

The last word was but a breath, uttered as she turned from him. She was gone. Easom gazed at the corner around which she had vanished. She had gone.

He had no impulse to go after her, to explain. What could he explain? That he had purposely practiced deception upon her own cousin? That he had, in reality, been living a lie for the past two weeks? His own record rose up there and confronted him, hung blackly between him and the corner beyond which she had disappeared. Whether he explained or whether he didn't explain, all was over. He had put himself beyond hope of forgiveness. All was over.

No, not precisely all. Deception is of such sorry nature that it clings to the one who has stumbled into its morass; even as he attempts to pull loose, it holds him. No; low, loose-moraled pup that he was, he had perforce to go on deceiving the Criddlebaughs for yet a little while, else they would suspect his former deception. Such is the circling slime of ill-doing.

Now that the purpose, the lively hope of award of his nocturnal excursions, had been frustrated, it was a dead weight of mockery to load the clock, the bedding and set off across the clattering planks. He forbore for two nights, then wearily set forth.

It was a warm night; as she so often does in October, summer had come running unexpectedly back to the stage of her late triumphs and was tilting briefly, blowing her last farewell kiss toward all the little fields she had so thrilled a short time since; and the moon hung low to her warm sweet breath like a huge calcium light. But Easom was unaware of warmth and light; he himself was icy with despair and the entire world was in blackness of darkness. He throttled down behind the hazel bushes and set his alarm for ten—no, for nine. Once more and he'd cut it out entirely.

He fell asleep to the low hum of Scrabble Creek and he awoke to the loud hum of human voices—a feminine voice, a masculine voice.

"Aw, say now!" It was the life of the party who was speaking. "What's a use of having cross? I ain't ever seen a girl where wouldn't give a feller dare to hold onto their hand even. What's a harm of ——"

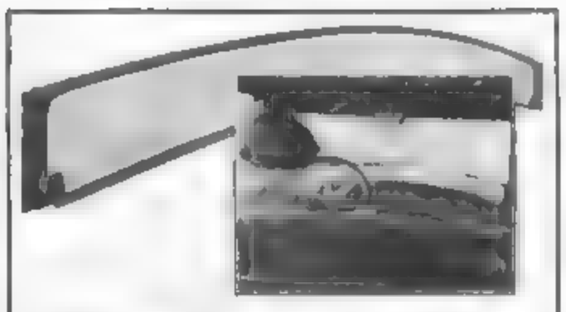
"Leave loose of me! Here when I leave you fetch me on a walk, you —— Leave loose now! You pack me home. It ain't nice. Somepin could git you fur actions like them!"

Easom sprang up with wide spatter of limb and bedclothes. The clock struck the floor like the spang of a brazen hoof. It burst into frightful clangor like the shriek of the evil one himself.

A hoarse bellow arose from behind the hazel bushes. There was the sound of snapping twigs spurned backward by flying heels, a frantic plunge through bushes. Easom, trailing an agitated blanket, made around the copse. From a huddle of white upon the ground were issuing sharp little yelps and moans of terror: "Ach, don't leave me! Don't leave me alone with—it! Ach! Come ahead back!"

"I'm here a'ready," said Easom, and spurned the blanket with wide Shaksperean effect. He lifted the lady. She clung to him. The rest was silence.

The rest was silence, save for the chatter of teeth. Easom's teeth were chattering from excitement, the lady's teeth from excitement and terror. He got her to the car. He sat her upon the car. He thudded in himself.



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"Breeze Filter" is made of 30-mesh copper screen cloth fitted into a specially designed steel frame, gusseted and welded at the corners. Wings at either end anchor the screen in the windshield posts. Heavy black felt in contact with the glass prevents the possibility of vibration, noise or rattle.

The windshield on a car equipped with Breeze Filter may be opened from a crack to a fully elevated position without the danger of bees, hornets, flies and other insects getting into the car. Breeze Filter does not interfere with the operation of the windshield or the windshield wiper. It allows perfect ventilation without direct draft. Once you have driven behind a Breeze Filter, you will never be without one.

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What a different story a Good *jack* would make!

ON his knees for twenty minutes and he hasn't raised the wheel an inch. Dirty, hot and tired—embarrassed by his helplessness. What a different story a good jack would make! You're bound to have a flat tire sooner or later—and how you handle the situation when it comes, depends on the jack you have.

What you should have is a Walker Jack (Series 500). Then you'll have a jack with the correct lifting range for your car—a double-extension-screw jack that goes down low and lifts the wheel high—ball-bearing action—long, turning type handle—and power to spare. No getting down in the dirt—almost no effort to use. . . . *You'd better throw your old jack away* before it brings you grief—and get one of these modern Walker Jacks now. Select the right jack for your car from the chart below. Then go to your garageman or accessory dealer and tell him you want Walker Jack protection now.

No. 525 Walker Jack for large cars $6.85. Nos. 520 and 515 for lighter cars $5.00 and $4.00.

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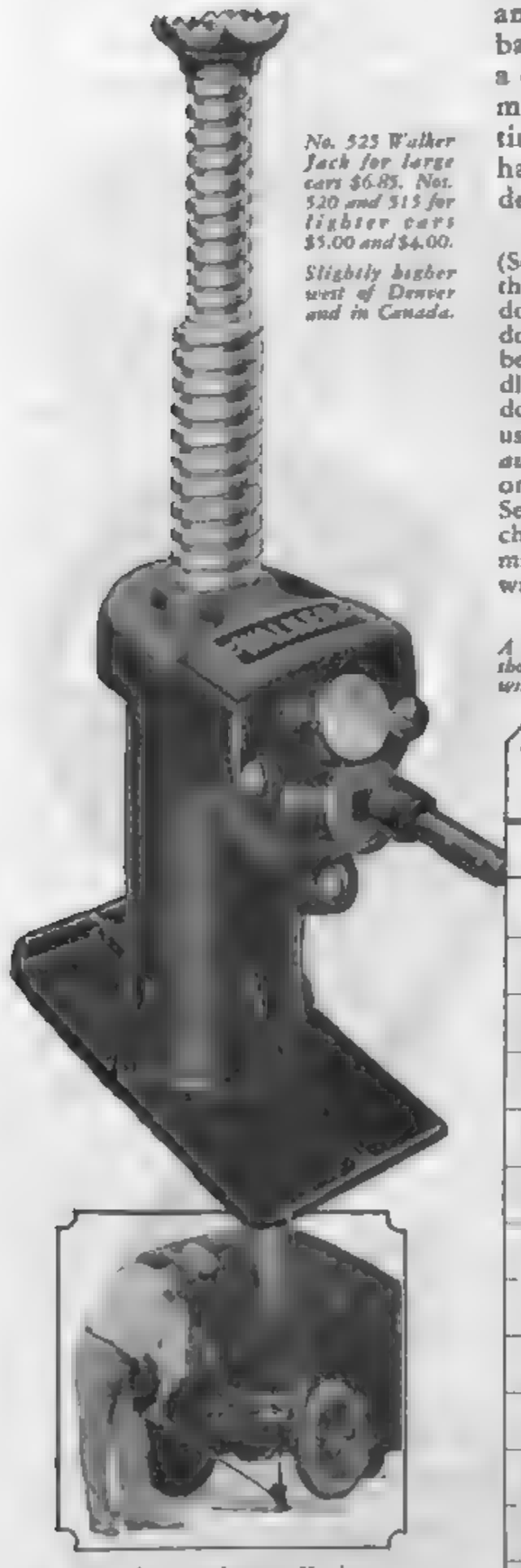
A nation-wide survey of all makes and model cars shows that half of all car owners are taking chances with inadequate jacks, broken jacks or no jacks at all.



He takes no chances. He has a Walker Jack in his tool box, ready for any emergency.

THE RIGHT WALKER JACK FOR YOUR CAR

Make	Model	Walker Jack Numbers 1st Choice	2nd Choice
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Auburn	6-66	No. 520	No. 515
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Buick	120, 124	No. 525	No. 520
Cadillac	All Models	No. 525	
Chandler	Spec. 6 & Std. 6	No. 520	No. 515
Chandler	Big 6, Royal 6	No. 525	No. 520
Chevrolet	All Models	No. 515	
Chrysler	50	No. 515	
Chrysler	66, 62, 70	No. 520	No. 515
Chrysler	72, 80	No. 525	No. 520
Diana	8	No. 525	No. 520
Dodge	4, Std. & Victory	No. 520	No. 515
Dodge	Senior	No. 525	No. 520
Durant	55, 65	No. 520	No. 515
Essex	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Erskine	6	No. 515	
Essex	Super 6	No. 520	No. 515
Falcon	10, 13	No. 520	No. 515
Ford	A & T	No. 515	
Franklin	11-B, 11-C & 137	No. 525	No. 520
Gardner	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Graham Paige	6-10, 6-19, 6-39	No. 525	No. 520
Hudson	Super 6	No. 525	No. 520
Hupmobile	A	No. 520	No. 515
Hupmobile	E & M	No. 525	No. 520
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Lincoln	8	No. 525	
Liberty	Junior 6	No. 525	No. 520
Marmon	68, 78 & 79	No. 525	No. 520
Marmon	6-66, 6-A	No. 520	No. 515
Marmon	6-75, 6-80	No. 525	No. 520
Nash	Light 6	No. 520	No. 515
Nash	Spec. 6, Adv. 6	No. 525	No. 520
Oakland	6	No. 520	No. 515
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Packard	6, 6-51, 7-51, 8-51	No. 525	
Packard	6-55	No. 525	No. 520
Peerless	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Pierce Arrow	80, 36, 81	No. 525	No. 520
Pontiac	6	No. 520	No. 515
Reo	Chord, Wolverine	No. 515	No. 520
Star	4	No. 515	
Studebaker	All 6 Sets	No. 525	No. 520
Studebaker	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
Stutz	8 BB	No. 525	
Velie	50, 60, 66, 77, 80	No. 525	No. 520
Whippet	4-B	No. 515	
Willys-Knight	56	No. 520	No. 515
Willys-Knight	66, 70	No. 525	No. 520

Walker Jacks

DEPENDABLE IN EMERGENCIES

Came then cautious break of yonder bushes, a hollow, terror-smitten voice: "Hey! Where was you? Hey, come here! I'm this way! Make quick hurry! Leave us git out of here!"

"Git out and set some more types!" yelled Easom strongly, and started the car.

Summer blew its warm kiss upon them, the moon hung low to their path. The car seemed to go of itself; and Easom's tongue, thus valiantly loosed, seemed to go of itself.

He told the lady everything.

"So you can see," he concluded wretchedly, "what fur a low, loose-moraled pup I am anyway."

And did the lady by his side grow taller, move from him farther, farther? Easom, upright, rigid, did not dare to see. He did not look to see until from somewhere down around the region of his heart came a small, sweet voice:

"But I have always fond fur pups. I think they're—nice."

ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 42)

you or dismissing you instantly. And if she rejected you, there was no use trying to win her attention—afterward; there was no use trying to be amusing or interesting. You were appraised on your beauty as a man. Naturally, Hardwick and myself hadn't a chance; Hardwick with his lean, clever, lined face and almost bald head; and I—— Well, that's not important. All I know is that women of Señora Romero's type do not like me nor I them. They confuse me. They are a trifle too earthy to be understandable, and in this case it seemed to be tropic earth—orchids, jungle. While as for them, they prefer something somnolent and almost mute—the passionate moron. Which accounts, I suppose, for the popularity of certain motion-picture stars.

Not that she was exactly rude. She smiled, talked a little about Philadelphia and New York, and relapsed into silence. Her husband, I think, was relieved, although by this time he should have known what her attitude toward men like Hardwick and myself would be. I suppose, however, he had come to look upon all men as potentially troublesome and was torn in his soul between the necessity of living part of the year in New York, where Señora Romero could do about as she liked, and a desire to live always in Mexico City, where, most certainly, she would do what he liked. I imagined that I saw upon her face the shadow of this latter approaching six months' imprisonment. Possibly it accounted partially for her languor and restlessness. She hadn't much time to waste. At all events, Señor Romero was relieved about something, for he unbent considerably and wanted to give us cigars, and walked on deck with us and talked endlessly of oil and Tampico and the political situation.

He was even relieved and liberalized to the point of saying, just before we went to the companionway that led to the broad, truncated deck above: "You want to walk with us, too, sweetheart? Eh—Mr. Hardwick and myself?"

Señora Romero raised her perfect eyelashes, the second time since our introduction to her.

"I? Oh, no, thanks."

She, too, spoke excellent English, with a slight Castilian lisp. Her answer made suddenly the question seem absurd. Walk with her husband and Hardwick and myself? Why in heaven's name do that? She faded out of the saloon as languidly, as quietly, as a lily is withdrawn from a show case by a tired florist.

Señor Romero was even more relieved. There was every prospect of a peaceful and relaxing voyage. I suppose he had seen the officers and discovered among them no more beauty than was to be found in the possession of Hardwick and myself. He hadn't seen Sparks. Or if he had, he had dismissed him as too insignificant to be alarming. He showed poor judgment, for, as I look back on it, it is safe to say, I think, that if Hardwick and myself had not noticed Sparks particularly until that third day at luncheon, Señora Romero had noticed him from the beginning.

He must have looked very much like the Golden Fleece to her dark and brooding Latin glance; a shaft of sunlight on a clear blue morning piercing the crevasse of an iceberg; exotic, northern and terrifically exciting. For when you looked at Sparks directly, you saw he had crisp golden hair and green wide eyes and a straight nose, and the slim, strong, clean figure that frequently goes with his complexion. A viking. He shouldn't have been the day radio man on a tanker named the Henry B. Elliot; he should have been handling the tiller on a little dragon-bowed ship bound for a raid on the Anglo-Saxons of the Norfolk coast or, in the wake of Leif Ericson, discovering Newport so that later on people could give horse shows there.

But, as I say, up to that third day, Hardwick and I hadn't paid much attention to him. He had been merely a blond young man, dressed in white duck trousers and a white shirt open at the neck, who, once every twenty-four hours, strolled into the saloon and absent-mindedly laid a typewritten sheet of radiograms on the table. You know the sort of thing you get at sea? A gorgeous lack of coördination and discrimination. Nothing comes out distinctly except some such fact as that a four-year-old child has been bitten by a dog in Dallas, Texas. That is clear. A four-year-old child. Her name is Sarah Snaith and her father is a laborer, and the owners of the dog are a family named Jenkins. The police suspect an outbreak of rabies. Otherwise:

"Japan indig x $. Stop. Mellon sends—plus. Stop. Stocks falter. Stop. China demands reply. Stop. Battle near Nanking. Stop. Minus x $ victorious ——"

And since we were bound for Mexico, the Mexican news was even more confused than usual:

"Revolt near $ minus plus. Stop. Foch and Pershing meet in Paris to consider visit of Legion. Stop. Oil situation serious. Stop. General Alvarez in retreat near dollar mark, minus, plus ——"

There were four of us at the long table of light oak, spread with a red-checkered cloth and, except for us, the stiff chairs—six on each side, one at each end—were empty, creaking a little on their stanchions, for we were off the Virginia headlands and there was a big sea on and all the officers were on deck. The brass-bound clock between the square portholes forward stared at us with its one eye, and Stoughton ran in and out from the galley, bringing dishes of smoking roast beef and browned potatoes. Outside was the throaty hiss and petulant withdrawal of the waves. On the wall opposite me, the only decoration except the clock, a large photograph of the real Henry B. Elliot, a vice president of the company, peered down gloomily. To judge from his looks, Henry B. Elliot was a landsman, and even his photograph objected to being taken to sea so regularly.

Señora Romero was bored. Her black eyelashes drooped across her cheeks. She was bored. You could see that she was counting up in her mind the number of similar meals yet to come.

The clock peered at us with its one eye. Hiss-s-s-s, slap, o-o-oop went the waves outside. And then the door to the passageway opened and Sparks came in. A great gust of salty air followed him, breathed through the saloon for a moment, was stifled by the closing of the door.

"'Spaper," said Sparks.

His twisted blue cap—the only suggestion of uniform about him—was still on his

(Continued on Page 156)

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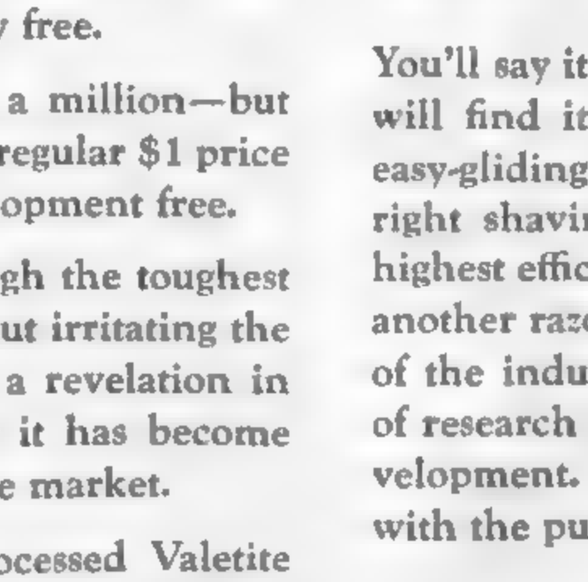

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INDUSTRIAL and AUTOMOTIVE

(Continued from Page 154)

head and a lighted cigarette hung from the corner of his mouth. I never saw him without a cigarette save on the rare occasions when he was on deck, and neither his cap nor his cigarette seemed to bother him when he came into the saloon, even when officers were there. He seemed remote from all discipline except the rather severe discipline and intricate etiquette of his own almost brand-new profession.

"Any Mexican news?" asked Hardwick.

"Yeah—that is, I think so. Got a band in Newport News. . . . Sunday noon."

"Dance tunes?" There was something so soft, so wistfully thrilling in Señora Romero's voice that I raised my head to look at her. She was staring up at Sparks' unconscious profile, a tiny smile on her lips but her dark eyes serious and childlike. She wanted him to turn and fall headlong, as it were, into those eyes, and her question was more an invitation to a dance than an interrogation. It suggested what dancing with her would be like.

Sparks flicked her with cold green eyes. It was, I am sure, the first time he had ever noticed her.

"Dance tunes? No-o. Hymn tunes."

He pulled his cap down a trifle more over one ear and sauntered from the saloon. Señora Romero's eyelashes fell exactly as dusk falls at the end of a gray day. You could almost hear her voice: "This young man requires more effort than most, but I suppose that makes it even more stimulating. At present, however, I am weary."

A dangerous man for women, Sparks, I found myself reflecting; very dangerous. Almost unconscious of them in his cold innocent way, and then, if they became too obvious, taking them in his stride and forgetting them for the much more interesting mysteries of transmitters and receivers.

At least, that is the way, being a writer, I sized him up—possibly wrongly. Writers are forever sizing people up—possibly wrongly. They are forever listening to the whispering talk behind conscious talk and watching always the gesture behind the gesture. And Sparks seemed to me the kind of man against whom women, all through history, have flung themselves in vain impalement. A marked type—vikings, adventurers, crusaders, explorers, engineers, scientists, artists—any man caught up by an idea in a way few women can be.

Afterward Hardwick and myself smoked cigarettes and then went out and leaned upon the rail, a fine mist from the endless rollers blowing in our faces.

"It's not a Latin day," said Hardwick thoughtfully. "Not a Latin day at all. It's rough and boisterous and distinctly northern. We won't run into tropical weather until we're off Florida, anyway. Nothing soft about this." He looked at me sideways, his sharp eyes amused. "Señora Romero has found her victim."

"If you ask me, I think it's the other way around."

"Oh, do you? Well. Well, I'm not sure there'll be much of a victim in either direction. All the excitement may be on Señora Romero's part, and if there's enough of it, she'll be satisfied. I imagine that if Sparks notices her at all, she won't make the slightest impression on his memory once she's gone. He belongs to a new type." It interested me to see that Hardwick had come to the same conclusions as myself. "Chauffeurs, radio men, aviators—they're not inhuman—merely superhuman. Women will have to invent a new niche for them."

He paused and turned to the lead-colored horizon again. His mouth twisted a trifle.

"It's all very funny—at least, it's sardonic, except for Señor Romero. He's the unknown factor. She'll make him angry once too often."

"What? That little dried-up man?"

"Yes, that little dried-up man. He has the mouth of an adventitious killer, and people do things at sea they wouldn't do anywhere else. Sparks is up against it no matter what he does. If he never lifts a finger, Señora Romero will make her husband jealous. That's part of the game, I take it. . . . Oh, of course, I'm not talking seriously. Lawyers don't commit murder, but we may have an ugly scene. You saw how he looked at her at luncheon?"

"When Sparks came in? No, I was too busy watching them."

"You missed something. It was like a basilisk. I imagine he's watched that trick of hers until he's fed up on it. This ship bids fair to be an amusing place—too amusing, maybe." Hardwick laughed. "Ever see how Sparks lives?"

"No."

"Come along, I'll show you. I've passed his door two or three times and looked in."

We went down the companionway and crossed the saloon and came to the starboard passageway, upon which gave the captain's quarters and the radio room. Hardwick paused on the threshold of the latter. Sparks, his shoes off, his feet on the bunk opposite, ear receivers on his ears, was sprawled out in a canvas chair, reading a magazine. He looked up at our entrance without changing his expression.

"Want to send a message?"

Hardwick smiled. "No, my friend here is a writer."

"Books?"

"Yes, books and magazine articles. I thought maybe that during the voyage he might get a story out of you."

"About what?"

"Oh, the life of a radio man at sea."

Sparks shifted his cigarette. "There ain't no story in that. Sittin' in a seat all day long and listenin' in, and wishin' you was at some of these seaside resorts havin' a good time."

"Ever been in a wreck?"

"Once—an old freighter, the Tamalpais. But we all got off."

"Well, we'll come in again sometime. You let us know when you're at leisure."

"I'm always at leisure."

Hardwick backed out of the cabin and linked his arm in mine. From the captain's cabin came the drone of an ancient phonograph.

"A ship is a queer place," said Hardwick. "Did you notice what that young man was reading?"

"No."

"Hazardous Stories. That's what I particularly wanted you to see. Hazardous Stories. That heap of magazines piled up over on the couch were all Hazardous Stories, and Venture, and Romantic Experiences—every one of them. All day long, as far as I can make out, he sits and reads with all about him this tumbling threat of the sea and this moving bit of steel. I don't believe he gives a thought to either. I doubt if he ever goes on deck except for mess, and the Henry B. Elliot is no more to him than a sending station on Long Island. . . . A ship is a queer place."

And a ship is a queer place. We found that out more and more every day. Presently one morning we woke up to the bluest of blue skies and the most dazzling sunshine, a soft breeze moving Stoughton's chintzes at our portholes, and we were in the Gulf Stream. The sea had turned a milky turquoise, filled with drifting strands of seaweed, and small flying fish leaped from the water like isolated jets of a fountain. On the port and starboard after decks awnings were broken out—I think that is sufficiently nautical, although again I am not sure—and under these awnings the engine-room force and the deck force messed, stolidly separated.

As Hardwick aptly remarked: "There are, as on all ships, three crews—the engineers, the sailors and the radio men"—Sparks and his night assistant, a pale young man, seldom seen—"and each crew holds the others in contempt and thinks it is running the show."

Over our deck forward awnings, too, were spread and underneath them canvas chairs placed, and in one of these Hardwick read Anatole France continuously; and in another I tried to read, but for the most part stared at the horizon; and in a third Señor Romero studied a great bundle of

Mexican newspapers and thumbed legal documents; and to the fourth Señora Romero came at times, nodding to Hardwick and myself with a complete lack of interest and then drifting away again after impatient intervals. Each time she left, her husband paused in his task and watched her retreating figure speculatively. The nearer we approached Mexico, the more she was rebelling, I think, against the annual six months' imprisonment that lay ahead of her.

"The flirtation is progressing?" I asked Hardwick.

"Not in the least, so far as I can make out, unless it takes place between midnight and dawn, which I hardly think probable. She merely walks down the passageway, looks in and says good morning, or whatever the greeting of the hour may be. Sparks seems to be still largely unaware of her. I suppose he's too absorbed in Romantic Experiences."

Once there was a singular, rather ghastly small incident. Señor Romero was cutting the leaves of a book with a knife, and as he watched the slim white-clad figure of his wife disappear through the door leading into the companionway, slowly, fiercely, absent-mindedly, he closed the blade into the palm of his hand. Blood sprang out between his fingers and a drop fell on the deck. He looked down, realized what he had done, smiled uncomfortably and jumped up and went below.

Hardwick peered at me over his horn-rimmed reading glasses.

"Did you see that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Umph! She's a brave woman—or a fool."

"There must be something going on."

"I swear I don't think so. But she's having almost as much fun as if there was. She has created a magnificent situation out of whole cloth."

Before long we were off Florida, skirting in the darkness, a mile or so out, the lean barricade of the Palm Beach lights, and not so many hours after that we were in the Gulf itself, wide and empty of sails. I think those last days across the Gulf were among the most transcendent I have ever spent, so blue, so quiet, so completely a picture of a tropic sea. We were on the edge of the hurricane period, but no hurricane struck us. A great moon came up at nights, and one afternoon we slipped between three waterspouts, whirling intently in the loneliness.

"I do not approve of Señora Romero," said Hardwick; "but how Sparks, considering the weather, can continue to sit in his cabin and read Romantic Experiences is beyond me."

"I think, taking into account your opinion of Señor Romero, it is lucky he does."

"Possibly."

We had got to know the personnel of the Henry B. Elliot fairly intimately by now. We had not realized at first how much the shyness of sailors hid a really passionate interest and pleasure in passengers. Passengers must have been a relief in view of so many solitary voyages. Stefanson, the captain, the huge young man of huge hands and feet, was the first to break through. He discovered that Hardwick and I liked music and he lured us into his quarters, where he played two and three year old records on a wheezy talking machine. We saw, to our delight, that his scanty library was composed almost entirely of books on spiritualism and psychic phenomena.

Stefanson was even younger than he looked—only thirty-two and extraordinarily isolated. One could not imagine a man being so isolated. He told us he had lived now for five years in Philadelphia and knew no one but the keeper of his boarding house. At sea he was equally isolated because of his position as captain. His vice was investing in worthless schemes and securities. For long periods he would save as only a Scandinavian will, and then—it was like the heady release of a drunkard—he would suddenly scatter these savings to the wind. When he discovered that Hardwick was a lawyer he consulted him about this, but you could see that the temptation and pleasure of these outbreaks were too great to promise any change.

Mr. Frisen, the first officer, a Dane, had a sad love affair. He was in love with a married lady. He consulted Hardwick about divorce. One by one they all consulted Hardwick; Curran and McLean, the third and fourth officers, tall, slim young Americans; Mr. Olson, the second officer, a Swede. Curran was engaged to a girl who was evidently trying to get him into a position where she could sue him for breach of promise; McLean's uncle had left an outrageous will; while as for Mr. Olson, having recently become an American citizen and having mistaken dollars for cents, or something of the kind, he had paid, quite needlessly, an income tax and was now trying to recover from a deaf Government.

Only the chief engineer, Anderson, who for some unheard-of reason came from Nevada and proudly claimed to be the only desert rat in his profession, failed to seize this opportunity. His trouble was drink, and apparently he cherished his trouble and did not want it changed. He exhibited the same mechanistic detachment as Sparks. He was a minute, hard-bitten little man, resembling a jockey. Five times during the war he had been torpedoed, and the last time he had been thrown up against his boilers and then had gone overboard with most of the skin off his back. He had been in the water for half an hour—a treatment that probably saved his life, but at the cost of considerable suffering.

He was proud of his back. He showed it to us. After I had looked at it, the Henry B. Elliot seemed to me, for the first time during the voyage, to be lurching unpleasantly.

An extraordinary race of men, these; innocent, ingenuous beyond belief, tight-lipped, shrewd. Stefanson was the gentlest large Scandinavian I have ever seen, but once we came upon him in a rage with his crew, and afterward we knew why discipline on the Henry B. Elliot was so well maintained.

In the evenings we went up on the bridge and watched Mr. Frisen or Mr. Olson hunt stars as big-game hunters hunt game. And so the time did not go slowly—it went too quickly, and we were altogether surprised when out of a red dusk a strange little schooner drifted past, a curious alien slackness in her handling. "Mexico," said Stefanson. We'd be there in a day now. This was our last night. It seemed unbelievable. We imagined we could smell the hot spicy smells of the coast. We grew homesick. The Henry B. Elliot became extremely dear to us.

At the moment, we were on the bridge after dinner, and as the tropic night fell with its breathless suddenness it grew cooler and Hardwick said he was going to his cabin to get a coat.

"Bring mine, too, will you?" I asked.

"All right."

He went down the ladder to the deck below, but in a moment he was back, pulling at my sleeve gently and mysteriously.

"Look here"—his eyes were narrowed and filled with a puzzled amusement—"come down with me. I want to show you something." Stefanson had gone into the chart house.

He led me down the ladder and along the shadowy deck to the open door of the passageway that led to the radio room and Stefanson's quarters, but as we approached the door he pulled me back against the rail so that we were in darkness, the lit corridor stretching away in front of us.

The passageway faded into partial obscurity just before it passed Stefanson's door, beyond which it turned a corner into a short hall that led to the saloon. Near us the door to the radio room was open, and standing in the doorway, smiling and murmuring to someone inside, was Señora Romero. She had a mantilla over her head and her dress was black. There was something in her attitude which suggested that, bravely, she was trying to make gay and

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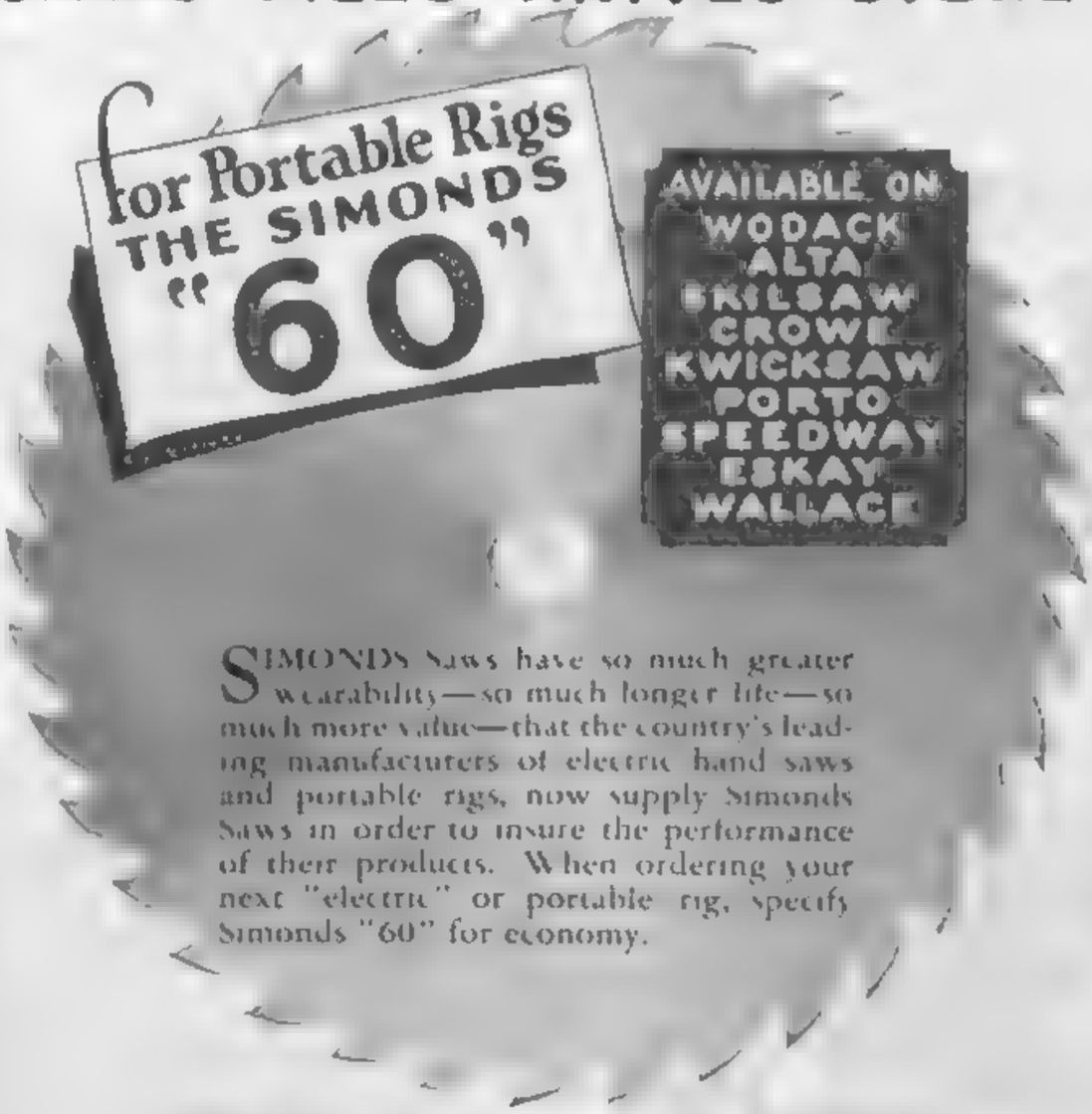

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intimate a conversation conducted almost entirely by herself. If she had been younger, one would have said she was provocative but ill at ease. But this was not nearly so interesting as what I saw at the end of the passageway where it turned the corner. Around the corner a man's head was protruding, and the head belonged to Señor Romero. He was watching rigidly.

This was an unpleasant thing to see; not the sort of thing you like.

Hardwick suddenly spoke out loud and stepped forward, and we entered the passageway as actors step onto a stage in the middle of a supposed conversation.

"Do you mind going by way of the saloon?" he asked. "I left a book there."

"Not at all."

We lifted our caps casually to Señora Romero. Inside the radio room, Sparks, stretched out in his canvas chair, a magazine open on his knee, was looking up patiently but with his usual lack of interest. Hardwick chuckled. As we approached the door to the saloon we heard the door on the other side close gently.

We crossed the saloon, went down the passageway on the other side, came into the soft night again and, taking the port flying bridge, found our cabin. Hardwick turned on the light. Until then he had been silent.

"Curse that woman," he said meditatively. "Do you think we ought to tell Stefanson? Do you suppose that fellow had a gun with him, or a knife?"

"He couldn't be so silly. Remember who he is."

"Yes, I suppose so. The sea makes a person romantic. But there's been right along more of a current of expectancy than we've admitted. I'm not sorry this trip is over. . . . Well, let's go up on deck and sit in our chairs. It's too lovely for bed."

We crossed the flying bridge again and climbed the ladder to the awning-covered deck. There was no light except that of the immense stars. The moon would not be up until after midnight. The darkness was heavily quiet and filled with soft winds coming and going. The Henry B. Elliot plowed steadily forward, a deep, contented purring in her throat.

After a while—after a couple of hours or so—Hardwick stirred from his contemplation and walked to the rail and looked down at the flying bridges and the dim waist of the ship. I joined him. Some bells struck. It must have been twelve o'clock.

"I think I'll smoke a cigarette," said Hardwick. "There's no one around but the watch and possibly Stefanson—he's always around and I suspect that the watch do it themselves. At all events, we're in water ballast and there's no possible danger."

He stepped into the lee of the deck house and lit a match and came back to the rail again. While he was gone, a white-clad figure had come out from the deck underneath and strolled to the far end of the flying bridge beneath us and, leaning on the railing, back to us, was watching the sea.

"Sparks," murmured Hardwick. "Smoking too. I wonder what he is thinking about—certainly not the Gulf of Mexico."

He stopped short and gripped my arm. Like a black familiar, another figure, bent so low as to be half hidden by the canvas stretched along the sides of the bridge, was creeping noiselessly toward the figure at the far end.

"Romero!" I breathed.

"Shut up!" Hardwick's whispering voice was fierce. He was watching the creeping figure intently. "Don't call! If you startle two people like that, one of them could have the other overboard in a minute." And then he laughed shortly and straightened up, and, to my astonishment, called out in a cool, casual voice: "Señora Romero! Oh, Señora Romero, could I see you for a moment?"

"Señora Romero ——"

My words were again cut short. A huge figure hurtled down the ladder beside us, took the deck at a bound and flung itself at the ladder to the right.

"Stefanson!" ejaculated Hardwick, and followed, I after him.

On the bridge, Señora Romero, upright and faced about, her hand to her heart, awaited us. Behind her, Sparks, disturbed in his meditations, stood perplexed. Señora Romero's breath caught a trifle.

"What is wrong?" she demanded. "Tell me. Is there a fire? My husband is sound asleep."

Stefanson, towering above her, speaking slowly, looked down.

"Ya," he said dryly. "Pretty near—pretty near a fire. I ban watching for it." He stooped down, picked up a little knife

(Continued on Page 162)

She: "Who's Ittie Ducky Is Oo?"

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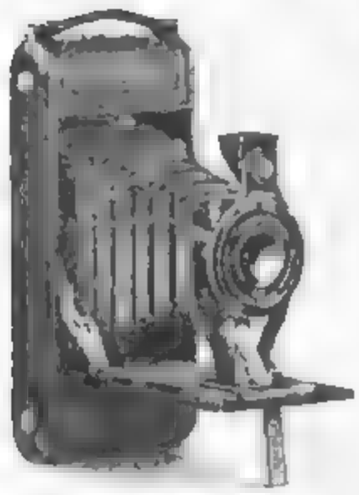

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FOURTH of July again—the greatest of outdoor fun days! New places to go. New things to see. New people. New thrills. Friends and relatives by the car-ful, house-ful, boat-ful! Parades, skyrockets, sports. And, everywhere you go, cameras and film!

No, there's nothing quite like picture-taking for pure, unalloyed, high-voltage fun. Unfailingly popular, because getting good pictures is so easy and sure. Think of it—Readyset cameras that you needn't focus or adjust; expert developers-printers right near your home; and best of all, Ansco Speedex, film which guarantees—

"Pictures that satisfy—or a new film free!"

Remember the Guaranteed Film in planning your holiday. It's an aid to good pictures that you'll be glad to have along. Wrapped with every roll, you'll find the Certificate which reads:

"If the results from this film do not suit you, no matter whose fault it is . . . we will send you postpaid a new roll free of charge . . ."

Camera stores, drug stores, department stores sell the guaranteed film. There's a size for every roll-film camera, no matter what the make.

You'll get it with a Readyset

You decide on a picture—and your Readyset goes right to work. No focusing. No adjusting. All you have to do is Open—Aim—Shoot! The first experience tells you: "You'll get it with a Readyset." Your enthusiasm goes on from there!

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AIM!

SHOOT!

Readysets come in three popular picture sizes. Vest-Pocket (1⅝ x 2½), $7.50; No. 1 (2¼ x 3¼), $10.50; No. 1A (2½ x 4¼), $13.50

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THE GUARANTEED FILM

The Ansco Memoscope illustrated here will show not only pictures from Ansco Memo negatives but also all other 35 mm. size pictures.

FIFTY pictures *at one loading* is only one unique feature of the Ansco Memo Camera. Weighing but 12 oz., and 2 x 2½ x 4 in. in size, it can be carried anywhere. It loads in daylight—and the 50-picture film costs but 50 cents a roll.

Positive film prints, made from your 50-picture negatives, cost about $1—2c per picture. See this camera at your dealer's, or send for free 48-page book.

ANSCO *Memo* CAMERA

$20 *Including Carrying Case. Advanced Models, $25 to $40. Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

ANSCO CORPORATION, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

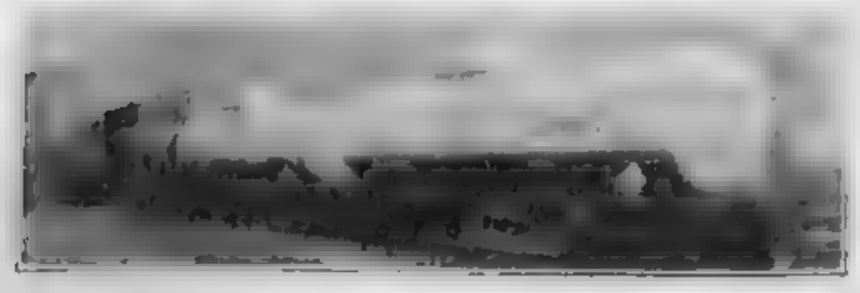
Aluminum Paint checks industrial waste

The pigment base for the better grades of Aluminum Paint is Albron Aluminum Bronze Powder, made of pure ALCOA Aluminum. In buying Aluminum Paint, tell your dealer how you propose to use it—and whether indoors or out. Most good paint dealers are prepared to furnish the kinds best suited to your needs. If yours is not, write us, giving his name and address, and we will see that he is supplied.

Shown above is a 55,000 Barrel storage tank of the Texas Company at its West Tulsa (Okla.) Tank Farm. Central picture shows four tanks at its Nashville, Tenn., Service Station. Below are typical Texas Company Tank Cars. All are painted with Aluminum Paint.

FLASHING its sheen over industry like a modern lamp of Aladdin, Aluminum Paint serves another smiling notice against needless waste — and against the forces of rust, corrosion and decay.

The Texas Company not only protects its tanks and equipment with this coat of metal covering, but *conserves its oil supply* as well. For Aluminum Paint reflects the sun's heat instead of absorbing it. Keeps oil cool and reduces evaporation.



Every industrial maintenance man *in every class of industry* should read the booklet "Aluminum Paint." We will gladly send a copy upon request.

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If he had a Monroe, he'd have the figures

A STUDENT of human nature said recently that man would rather risk his life than learn the multiplication tables. Certainly there have always been more volunteers for the wars than for the figuring of *vital business statistics.*

Doesn't this basic truth about human nature help to explain why so many otherwise well-managed concerns either try to get along without sales quotas, distribution percentages, stock turn ratios and other equally important figures?—or else find if they get them, that the figures are too out of date to be useful? The accounting staff, laboring under the burden of mental arithmetic in its daily work, is too busy to figure them out. And the rest of the organization shrinks from intricate calculations.

If you could place at your elbow a machine that does all kinds of figuring with the swiftness of thought and the infallibility that humans can never hope to attain, your business statistics would be complete and you would have them promptly—whenever you want them. And if that machine were as simple to operate as the writing of figures on paper, if it kept your mind free from the worry of error by giving visible proof of correct answers, you would never need to depend upon an always busy staff to fit in such important work, if and when possible.

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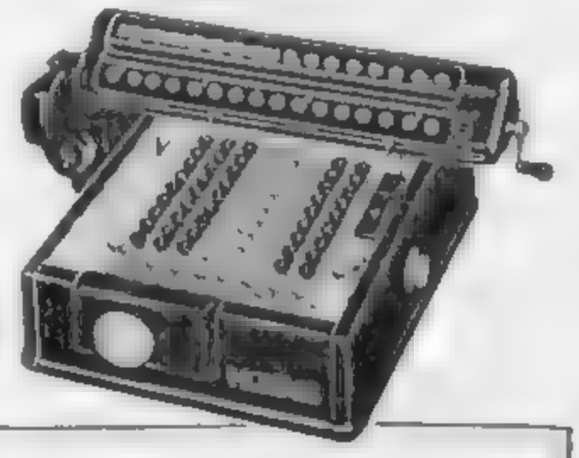

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(Continued from Page 158)

and held it out. "Not yours? No, I thought not. One of those damn sailors." He flung it overboard. In the silence we heard it stick the water. Suddenly he turned furiously on Sparks. "Smokin' again on deck, eh? How many times I tell you that's against regulations? Get to your cabin and stay there. You're under arrest until tomorrow mornin'."

And now here is the part where the Henry B. Elliot comes in, and that may seem incredible, although nothing is incredible. Hardwick will bear me out. For, as we stood there, taut and breathing heavily—all but Sparks, who didn't know what it was all about—there was a slight cracking sound above us and a piece of iron, or a bolt, struck the railing just behind Señora Romero's shoulder and bounded off into the sea. She screamed and fell into Stefanson's arms. Stefanson looked up at the mast.

"A piece of the aerial," he said in a wondering voice. "Now how that ban and happened?"

As Hardwick afterward remarked: "There was another woman whom Sparks never noticed and never would, and that was the Henry B. Elliot. Perhaps she'll kill him herself some day," he added thoughtfully.

Tampico, or rather the entrance to its harbor, came up over the horizon about ten o'clock the next morning—a long stretch of white beach with palm trees on it and a wide river with a squat whitewashed lighthouse.

On the seaward side of the lighthouse was a sign in Spanish bearing the words Welcome to Tampico, and on the landward side was another sign, as I subsequently discovered, saying You Are Now Leaving Tampico. Good-by. A Mexican pilot in a battered straw hat and a spotted blue serge suit came on board and took control. Sparks, released from his short imprisonment, leaned on the rail and regarded the sea without emotion.

"I'm going to find out how much he knows," said Hardwick. He crossed over to Sparks' side.

"Well, it's almost over, isn't it?" he began conventionally.

Sparks turned his head. "Yeah, almost over."

"Sorry or glad?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Oh, it's all the same. One trip's about the same as another. This is my fourth trip on this old sea lizzie. It sure gets monotonous. I think I'll try for a land job."

"Being a landsman, I find the sea pretty exciting."

Sparks' eyebrows went up politely but without sympathy.

"Yeah?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

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—writes Mrs. Miller of Washington, D. C.

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The dentist can find nothing the matter with my teeth. They are flawless and rest firmly in hard and healthy gums. I attribute this almost phenomenal preservation to the fact that I have used PEBECO twice a day for fourteen years. It is my conviction that the continued use of PEBECO will keep one's teeth and dental tissues in such a state of preservation as to render them almost immune to decay and disease.

Immediately after using PEBECO one experiences a feeling of thorough cleanliness. It leaves the mouth and teeth emanating the breath of wholesomeness.

I consider that Lehn and Fink have incurred a debt of incalculable gratitude by giving the public a Tooth Paste of such surpassing excellence as PEBECO.

(Signed) JOSEPHINE BRAENDLE MILLER

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Its salty tang protects youth's lovely mouth . . .

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Brush your teeth with Pebeco and discover how fresh and clean your mouth feels. How your teeth sparkle! The morning brushing protects for hours. At bedtime you disarm the burglar acids for the night.

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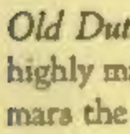
In the garage, use Old Dutch to remove grease and oil from the car and the floor. On the boat, it keeps the deck and paint spick and span.

After golf, use Old Dutch on the irons—keeps them looking like new—great for cleaning golf balls.

Painted walls, painted furniture, etc., sprinkle a little Old Dutch on a damp cloth and wipe the surface gently—no scrubbing necessary; you'll be amazed how quickly it removes the dirt and brightens the surface.

And for the hands, there's nothing else like Old Dutch for removing obstinate dirt, paint, and varnish stains, and discolorations. Will not roughen or redden the skin.

The remarkable efficiency of Old Dutch is due to its distinctive ingredient, "Seismotite," a natural cleanser. Through the microscope, it looks like thousands of flaky, flat-shaped particles. This drawing of a highly magnified particle illustrates how Old Dutch cleans—a smooth sweep without scratching.



Old Dutch contains no scratchy grit. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit scratches, mars the surface and provides catch-alls for dirt.

The Old Dutch way is the sure way to Spick and Span

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The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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